

Still

Hurt

A music as beautiful and blue as her eyes
Full of pain in his beliefs
Came from this small room
That meant the world to him, being his escape from reality

He played and listened
His mind spoke better through his hands
His feelings in three minutes
Gave her insight to his life

In his life he needed two things only
Her and his guitar
But that he wasn't strong enough to carry
A river of joy and grief
Then she left the room of life and he was alone

He cried for her
His voice echoed in that empty room
And he was alone
Just him and his guitar without strings

And the music was silent...

His thoughts were so bright when he played
So pretty and colorful
Nothing in the world could provoke him
He was perfect as anyone else

Music was his resort, a medicine for his disease
He had everything under control, everything was fine
Day in, day out he thanked God for his hands
Music was his sanity

He played louder and louder
But time wasn't on his side
He could hardly sense his fingers, but he could feel them
It got very quiet

And the music was silent...