

Ebony Lake

"A Voice In The Piano"

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As you drown, I fought oceans in vain; it's cold now
under the moon.
It's hard to breathe... breathe.

Her screaming I hear from deepest seas, her voice I
hear in the piano.

Amid the cold roof of the charnel house, arisen from
the sweet sick burning scent; I'm torn, lovelorn, lonely,
dying.

Her screaming I hear from deepest seas, her voice I
hear in the piano.

The quill it dances painting the paper, and I play not
the music but a woman's soft voice, a ghostly message
from the girl I'd die for.

Excuse me Mother, but I must join her now.

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