

## Cara Dillon

### "The Funerary Dirge Of A Violinist"

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Listen! Don't you hear these mad symphonies of  
grievance and fear?  
Melancholy and despair can be sensed when we draw  
near.  
Some hear a violin sound, others hear a man moaning  
in tears.

These fields are haunted by nature's most sombre  
melodies.  
Suicidal white noise absorbing the essence from light,  
mirth and vitality.  
These grounds are haunted by reflections from World  
War II...

Arise! 1941, '42  
The identity of warfare on the East Front is lugubrious.  
There's one soldier incapable of committing sin.  
Kept alive by his comrades thanks to his heavenly gift  
with a violin.

His brilliant music so beautiful and pure...  
Shining warmth upon every soldier... It helps them to  
endure.  
Breath-taking melodies consuming all hate, sorrow and  
fear.  
These magnificent tunes are like silk for their ears.  
And for a moment their pain disappears.

But this moment will not last when they are baffled by  
another blast.  
The enemy is near. Rain of bullets killing soldiers there  
and here.  
And so the instrument of peace is being silenced by the  
one of war.

It plays the music of the dead; music made of lead...

"I've had enough of this sickening war and it's  
murderous puppets!  
They don't understand the language of music cannot  
be spoken in Death. I

Never took a life! Maybe now is the time to take mine.  
In the name of music; shall I cut my wrists or hang  
myself high by a violin  
String?  
A symphonic suicide is what I shall bring!"

The enemy lies on the other side of the field.  
He decides to walk straight into the fire fight,  
Playing this dreamlike masterpiece.  
Every soldier stops, holds his breath.  
Not a single shot is being heard during an intro for his  
own Death.

And when the violin bow is being lowered at the end,  
Both sides simultaneously open fire.  
There's the corpse of the violinist lying in mud and  
barbed wire.

These fields are haunted by the funerary dirge of a  
violinist.  
The funerary dirge of a violinist...  
Can't you hear his call of Death?  
Listen! Don't you hear these mad symphonies of  
grievance and fear?  
Melancholy and despair can be sensed when we draw  
near.  
Some hear a violin sound... Others hear a man moaning  
in tears...

The Funerary Dirge of a Violinist,  
The Funerary Dirge of a Violinist.  
The Funerary Dirge of a Violinist...  
The Funerary Dirge of a Violinist!

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