

Persephone

"Nightingale's Lament"

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Long, long time ago, I knew a kingdom
Where everything was made of glass
The palace, their dreams, their hearts
But the most amazing thing was a nightingale
Small and unimposing
She lived down by the river
Her voice was beguiling
The king heard of her wonderful voice
And invited the nightingale to sing in the palace
She sang, the king was moved to tears
So he wanted her to stay and built a splendid cage for
her
The cage was made of glass
The little bird sang and sang
But humans couldn't get enough
Her voice got weaker with each day
Sad were her songs
They reminded her of freedom
And the wind she felt through her wings
In her dreams she was down by the river
In her dreams she was free
Her songs, laments of a better life
In time humans grew weary of her
She was forsaken
A relic of past times, awaiting the last breath
When dreams were made of glass
One day a child was standing in front of the cage
And touched her gently
The girl was pale and never before spoke a word
The girl opened the cage
But the nightingale was too weak to move her wings
The child gently took the bird and brought her to the
river
For one last time the nightingale saw the sun again
Then she closed her eyes
But when she died, a part became one with this child
The girl broke her silence
And sang beautiful songs
It seemed that the nightingale was singing through the
child
From then on the child also knew of pain and sorrow

And sometimes her small heart
Which was made of glass
Was aching
Years later the girl became a woman
She fell in love and sang of joy and happiness
But one day their love ended and her heart
Which was made of glass
Broke

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