

The First Movement

Make Them Suffer

There's a voice in the wind so familiar it sings him to sleep,
and yet it's melody's so terribly empty.
So the boy drops his pin and wind section instruments cling to
the beat,
and now together they ascend to an ending.

It was a beautiful song, the first of many to come.
But meant the start of a bond, precious only to one.

But the question remained and it plagued the boy's conscience f
or days.
Who was this beautiful voice he kept hearing?
So he sat and he waited so patiently.
Aching to say that it was of her he'd been dreaming.

It was a beautiful song, the first of many to come.
But meant the start of a bond, precious only to one.

Patience, for she's heard you and it's only a matter of time.
She's on her way to come get you and you're going to be just fi
ne.

She pulled up at the street lights.
"Get in we're going for a ride. The walk's too long, you'll get
there in half the time if you take a seat on the shotgun side.
"
She's in the palm of your hand.

It was a beautiful song, the first of many to come.
But meant the start of a bond, precious only to one.

He sat and he gazed to the driver's seat, somehow afraid.
Now it's the chance you've been waiting.
Come now boy, at some point you would have to be brave.
You should trust in yourself at least once in a while,
if not today...

And now she's driving in circles.
She's in the palm of your hand.
It's now. Don't skip on your chance.
It's time. Don't skip on your chance.
But what the future holds no one knows...