

27 (Curse or Coincidence?)

Nightingale

Someone said he gave his soul
To the king of where hell fires burn
And he got the blues in return

A crossroad midnight rendezvous
For a slice of the fortune and fame
But sadly it all stayed the same

A street corner serenade
Spread with the wind to an enchanted crowd
With merciful hearts

Some people thought otherwise
And jealousy arose and venomous alcohol
Was drunken in rage

He slowly decays, the poison dilutes the soul
Bringing him closer to the end
Unaware of the legacy he's leaving behind
And what a legend that he will become

Is it a curse or just a coincidence
That after twenty seven years
All of his dreams would be taken away
But his spirit lives on to this day

His rivals said "He had it all"
Mastery out of this world
Destined to redefine art

Knew how to kiss the sky
He was bolder than love
Spellbound the third stone from the sun

Up from the skies to the top of the world
Enjoying the stardom in every possible way

The wind cries "change"
The curse of the genius dragging him
Down into the dark
Where no one can follow or pull you away
A bright burning star is led astray

Into his own purple haze
The wine and the sedatives
Unite in the poison of demise
And a night in September
His bleeding heart drowned
Now it's his turn to ride with the wind

Like he came out of nowhere
Shot to fame overnight
Changed the limelight from colour to grey
Leader of the sonic revolution

Plagued with pain and depression
A man at war with himself

Didn't like what his world had become
Slowly consumed by the darkness inside

Lost and falling apart
He found the remedy at the barrel of a gun
And as he had written:
"It's better to burn out than to fade away"