

April in the Fall

Suspyre

April has always been a child without love.
Her parents are in constantly arguing around the
house and never have any time for her. When she
is alone in her room she listens to the radio to focus
her energy on something worthwhile. Her mother is a
good spirit led astray by her father, but manages to
buy April a small piano.
That is where our story begins...

April was never really that good for her
So Mother and Father would say, as they screamed out
her name
A Child they never touch, never talk to
The instruction of their ways may leave nothing but pain

They say the outside world will only hurt you
They say the dreams of children die in you
Still your mother noticed and heard your radio
The only gift she gave was that piano

So unbridled, she came unfurled
And who makes her hold it in
How overwhelming a song can be
To drive her cold within

She plays for hours
She practices the day away
It keeps the noise down
From constant battles down the hall
Only her fingers
Captured in movements of the keys
Could feel emotion
From her distorted withdraw

So unbridled, she comes unfurled
And who makes her hold it in
How overwhelming a song can be
To drive her cold within

And through the radio she hears her song
So she learns it, she embraces it
Her fingers tremble when she plays the notes
But she feels it, and she knows it

April needs someone for these feelings
Piercing down through her head
Only the darkness in her father
Came flowing out instead
As her fingers began so simply
The father gave his peace
The bullet that killed her piano
Was also her mother's release