

A Previous Life As A Piano

Many, many life times ago
I was a tall, tall tree
Cut down so I could be
come a beautiful concert [piano](#)

Oh and how we could put on a show

My skin was polished to luminescent ebony
In love with a man who played this melody
So beautifully it made me wish I wasn't a [piano](#)

Made me want to have legs that can go
Made me want for my wires to be veins
So when he slammed me shut he would see me bleed

Wish that I had been my own ghost
So that I could play his favourite melody
And wake him from sleep

I am
In love with a man
And still damned
As an instrument
Of his love
For another

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