The Burned Horizon
from "The Dark-Eyed Chameleon"

Words and music by
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Piano

\[ \text{j = 94} \]

A bit faster

\[ \text{mf} \]

with emotion

\[ \text{molto rit.} \]

\[ \text{q = 108} \]

\[ \text{q = 94} \]

\[ \text{q = 108} \]

Be - hind your mask___ lies a

sec - ret__ face__ that the world has ne - ver seen.

But
I have. It is beautiful and terrible,
tearing at my desolate heart.

How I sought to heal what can never be healed;
with resignation
you cannot be healed.
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The damage was so long ago.

telling a story $j = 88$

To survive, you buried the un

poco accel. $j = 94$

speakable, for protection took a mate you

did not love, constructed an identity

(8)
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It seemed stur-dy to most. But the fa-cade was al-ways

brit-tle

and cracks ap-peared,

time and a-gain, flak-ing the plas-ter off your och-re wall.
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Much slower, freely
\[ J = 108 \] with intensity
Troubled one, an

A bit faster

Odyssey would be your fate.
From city to city

you roamed, with a child now

A bit slower

building then breaking bonds,
never happy.
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**A quiet, eerie curse hung over you.**

**Slightly slower**

**Slower still**

**Tenderly, sadly**

And finally you came to me,

**my dark-eyed chameleon.**

If only I had known all this.