**Goosebump melodies**

A note on its own, displays little emotion

Amongst all the others, a key ingredient to the potion

The right combination, always majestic not bland

It speaks a different language, one not of this land

Without words the soul, is the only one who listens

Occasionally letting go, of memories that glisten

The crystals of liquid, can be of joy or of pain

The feelings invoked, words fail to explain

It doesn't force its way in, it only enters with invitation

Your heart must be open, for it to have its salvation

The wick is now lit, its ember won't dishearten

The song is the seed, the willing populous its garden

Once the soul is awakened, there's no going back

The lenses are changed, the old ones have cracked

The world more vibrant, clarity now increased

A new perspective you welcome, the old one deceased.