The Writer and the Written

Playing With Punkarella

You light your last cigarette
And sit up at the window, at the window
You send your good thoughts my way
And write what you hope will grow
Roles have become reversed
This used to be my way
I will put my seat back
If you really wanna have this day
You've become much deeper than me

You'll capture the daylight
And make the most of the dark
You'll refer to everything as ours
And make it so I can't go back
Just before the moon hits
You'll catch an eye off the waves

I've hated this moment
Since I was old enough to make it
I thought it was taking away
And not yours to create
Now you've become the writer
And I am now the written
I see it from the other view
I'm gladly sitting
You've become much deeper than me
You've become much deeper than me

What comes from the eye of a storm
If not a place to call home?
I broke like this in the light
My wait has been far too long
I donâ€™t hate how your pen and paper made me
But I canâ€™t be this thing that you need
I canâ€™t match this love that you bleed
Try to stay on my side
You've become much deeper than me
You've become much deeper than me

This fault is not to be shared

This cage of noise and ribs stays scared
Blinking slowly, arranging carefully until right
The chapters rage

Page leans on page, leans on time
Leans on me, becomes mine
To mould as I wish, to make a list
Our faults laid out and mourned

Only one can be forgiven
Itâ€™s tonight that we listen
We decide the writer and the written

We looked into the boathouse when we shouldâ€™ve ran
We took the wrong stones from the sand
Sometime you canâ€™t go back
This time we canâ€™t go back
We canâ€™t go back
We canâ€™t go back
We canâ€™t go back
We canâ€™t go back

For all the years making promises by the coast
For all the borders I wish were never lost and never strained
I play the same songs over and over stuck on a parallel
For all the ghosts and all the seasons that I made but never explained

We lied, we cried until nothing would break us
I put on that dress as if nothing was wrong
The sins of my former and the grace of my now
Have done nothing to clutch at whatâ€™s gone
The lust and the influence of a lifetime over thought
Is leaving me breathless in a din I always sought
Only one can be forgiven
Is it the writer or is it the written?

The writer or the written
The writer or the written
The writer or the written
The writer or the written
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The writer or the written

Lyrics Submitted by Lee Blades

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