

The Songwriter

Staple

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The date was set, this night was saved

(the music played)

For holy vows to be unmade

Silent bouquets fell to the floor

(with no remorse)

Forsaking what they're living for

Your passion cut so deep, it bled

But now, the songwriter is dead

Now here's to the way, here's to the truth

Here's to the life that you once knew before your passion died inside of you

Now here's to the song that you once played

Before all meaning died and all the words faded away

We are composers who have fallen

We are the poets who've died young

We are directors who've forgotten

We are life's writers and all our hope is gone

How far will we fall?

Our passion dies, here tonight.

We've forsaken our first love...

Look how far we've fallen from!

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