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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