

A Threnody for Modern Romance

It Dies Today

Alas, here is your serenade, my darling
That leaves you speechless and weak
May it teach you how to feel, may it remedy your heartlessness
And may your cries not interrupt this swan song
This is a call to arms for all those who recognize romance as
As a dying scene, who'll take it to their graves
This is a call to arms for all who hold this sacrament close
May our hearts burn on
How dare you weep
And it's insincerity that trickles down your face
Alas, here is your serenade, my darling
And oh, what a long time coming it has been
This cruel lullaby that shall plague
Your dreams and carry me, carry me towards revolution
This is a call to arms for all those who recognize
romance as
As a dying scene, who'll take it to their graves
This is a call to arms for all who hold this sacrament close
May our hearts burn on
I'll sing for you the threnody of modern romance, threnody
This is a call to arms for all those who recognize
romance as
As a dying scene, who'll take it to their graves
This is a call to arms for all who hold this sacrament close
May our hearts burn on
Take it to their graves
(Our hearts burn on)
Take it to their graves
This is a call to arms for all who hold this sacrament close
May our hearts, may our hearts, may our hearts burn on

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