

## Staple "The Songwriter"

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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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