

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 swansong.

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,
For 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 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.

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.