

# Songsmith

Magellan

A writer like a blacksmith-forging works of iron  
The jagged edges tempered into solid scripts for hire  
Solitary craftsman at his console merging audio discrete  
An ever changing soundscape sets the stage;  
The twains shall meet in a union strong

Just like a working stiff  
He is a Songsmith  
In a strange synthesis  
"Restoration" announced  
It's the new riffs that count (no mainstream bore playing 13/4...)

Break out of silence-complete the curve  
The Songsmith maintaining his avant-garde nerve  
Innovation his palette-the urge and the test  
Adrenalin flowing, he can't even rest unless-  
Harmonic elements and special fix  
Conform to all his whims, an interpretive text  
But he'd sing for the masses if he just had the time  
With a vocal ideal and a long lyric line  
He is a Songsmith

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The Songsmith maintaining his avant-garde nerve  
Innovation his palette-the urge and the test  
Adrenalin flowing, he can't even rest unless-  
Harmonic elements and special effects

Conform to all his whims, an interpretive text  
And he'd sing for the media if he had equal time  
With a vocal ideal and a long lyric line  
He is a Songsmith  
It's not too late for the Songsmith

The curtain opens for creativity  
Give a backseat role to conspiracy  
Hear the signature and the melody  
Of the author flow in polyphony  
Will the writer last?  
Will his trade survive?  
In a world of commerce  
Can he hope to thrive?  
If his final sequence is not contrived  
Keep him honest now  
Just to keep him alive

We need the Songsmith...