

The Last Poet

Take That

If I was the last poet left on Earth
Known by all as man of words
If was the last poet heard by all
They would watch as the silence roars

Got my hands up
Gotta stand up

But for you I can't find words
But for you I can't find words

With a broken feather and unused ink
Going crazy trying to translate what I feel
When we see something so beautiful
A monastery of light and soul
Stand taller than the high cathedral walls

Got my hands up
Gotta stand up

But for you I can't find words
But for you I can't find words
But for you I can't find words
But for you there are no words

Last poet, last man in this century
To lay down with no sympathy
To put words where they shouldn't be
The last poet, last man in this century
To lay down with no sympathy
To put words where they shouldn't be
No, they shouldn't be
They shouldn't be there
They shouldn't be there