

The Bridge

The Loved Ones

On the bridge made of stone
Stands a man all alone
The bridge was his motivation
It worked him to the bone
With every nail that he drove, it drove him farther from his own
In his punishing isolation, but the bridge just feels like home

She didn't feel quite the same
She despised the bridge and who he became
She left in devastation
She left him there in shame

He said, "I don't understand, this was not part of the plan..."
But it got lost in the translation
Like a castle made of sand

In all the years he's spent struggling
He's been haunted at every turn
He fights the fear as he's growing old
And reminds us in all the he's learned
That we build and burn

Burn!
Burn!
Burn!
Burn!

Here I am all alone
On that bridge made of stone
With smothering motivation, I'm working to the bone

In the end it's what I've known
It's what I hate, but have to show
The bridge is my dedication; the bridge just feels like home

In all the years I've been struggling
I've been haunted at every turn
I the fear as I'm growing old
And remembering all that I've learned
That we build and burn

In all the years he's spent struggling
He's been haunted at every turn
(We'll build and burn)
He fights the fear as he's growing old
And reminds us in all the he's learned
That we build and burn

Burn!
Burn!
Burn!