

Magellan, Songsmith

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 fx
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
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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...