You had a room full of windows,
you had a world outside,
a thousand songs inside your head,
a million ways to shine.

You had the time to make them,
you had a voice to give,
people waiting for your next song,
so many lives to touch.

Then somewhere in the darkness
the night became your home,
the bottle became your shelter,
the powder became your throne.

And I keep asking myself:

How did you get so lost
when you had so much to find?

You weren't only famous.
You weren't only rich.

You were a human being
with something beautiful to give.

All that you had to give,
all that you had to say,
all of the songs inside you
that never saw the day.

All that you had to love,
all that you had to do,
all of the lives you might have changed
if you had made it through.

You had another sunrise.
You had another song.

You had so much life left.
Why did it have to end so soon?

A hotel room at midnight,
a lonely television,

a body full of chemicals,
a headline in the morning.

Another name.
Another picture.
Another “gone too soon.”

And somewhere there's a melody
that never made it through.

Another painting never finished.
Another film unwritten.
Another laugh your friends won't hear.
Another heart you could have lifted.

That's what breaks me.

Not the money.
Not the fame.

The future.

Because having everything
doesn't mean you're free.

Sometimes the darkest prison
is the one nobody sees.

All that you had to give,
all that you had to say,
all of the songs inside you
that never saw the day.

All that you had to love,
all that you had to do,
all of the lives you might have changed
if you had made it through.

You had another sunrise.
You had another song.

You had so much life left.
Why did it have to end so soon?

I won't tell you
it was easy.

I won't tell you
you should have known.

Pain doesn't disappear
because the cameras follow you home.

And money can't buy a cure
for every war inside.

Sometimes the people shining brightest
are fighting hardest to survive.

So this isn't about blaming you.

It's about what we lost.

We lost the album
you never made.

The words
you never wrote.

The people
you never helped.

The hands
you never held.

The places
you never saw.

The mornings
you never woke up to.

We lost the person
you were still becoming.

All that you had to give,
all that you had to say,
all of the colors waiting
for another day.

All that you had to love,
all that you had to do,
there was still a world out there
waiting for you.

So if you're standing in the darkness,
if you're losing sight of the sun,
stay.

There is another morning.
There is another song.

Because somewhere inside you
there's still something
the world has never heard.

Don't throw your light away.