

THE STALKING FEET OF TIME

11-14-13

(#31)

1. The days go slow,
the years rush on by too fast,
the clock sweeps it all into the past.
The fun we spun
like a golden web of riches won,
but reality proved it doesn't last.
2. The stalking feet of time
whisks away another day,
the shadow of the sundial is cast.
A pacing silent metronome
racing to break free to roam,
our destiny — reality surpassed.

BRIDGE: Great goals shot through with holes,
shimmering gold decayed like mold,
nothing craved could be saved,
the new all turned to old.
Our dreams of gain we chased in vain scattered
— grand lottery that so much mattered,
like precious pottery, now sand, all shattered
nothing left, from it, to hold;
nothing left, from it, to behold.

3. So what did we earn
in this no-refund, one-way quest ?
Did we finally learn it was a test ?
To forsake the vain and transitory
selfish gain for our grand story
till only in internal, real treasures we'd invest.

[TURNAROUND X 2]

4. The stalking feet of time
grasps its prey aimed to slay
the very most unwary of its quarry.
But time can't be blamed
for the leftovers that remained
to those who forsook true riches for worldly glory.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

[REPEAT BRIDGE]

TAG: A pacing silent metronome
racing to break free to roam;
reality — our destiny surpassed . . .
Our destiny — reality surpassed . . .
Reality — our destiny surpassed . . .
Our destiny — set free, from the past . . .

[END]

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