

The Faint Horizon

Piano Magic

In youth, we think too little
In age, we think too much
In youth, of what's to come
In age, of what we've lost
We always want tomorrow
So never live today
And that's the curse of our lives
We wish our lives away

With time, the faint horizon
Comes clearer by the day
For some, it's far too soon
Whilst others cannot wait
And all men need distraction
And some men need their gods
For without these diversions
Then everything is lost

In life, we carve the land up
That is not ours to carve
We cannot take it with us
But cut the greater half
And herein lies the problem
And herein the blame
You enter life with nothing
You leave it with the same