

## Sand

28 Days

the sand is sifting by  
I only know that I will die  
and pay my taxes the rest is touch and go  
I wish I could just catch a glimpse  
of what's in store  
I've wanted since  
I can't recall  
I never know what to do  
I've never had a clue

I feel the future  
don't tell me you don't  
feel it slip away