Eternity

Benjamin Clementine

You know it all, I seek in vain
What lands to till or sow with seed
The land is brief and weed
Nor cares for falling tears or rain

You know it all, I sit and wait
With bundled arms and hands that fail
Till the last lifting of the veil
And the first openin' of the gate

You know it all, I cannot see
I trust I shall not live in vain
I know that we shall meet again
In some divine eternity

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I know that we shall meet again
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