

Centenarian

Excalion

Time it moves too slowly
Life's too short for such a pace
I have conquered my days
Outlived my meagre years

Every nightly hour I lay low and hide
The window opens wide
This glowing screen, these worlds unseen
They are my private time machine

On every page a key to my cage

While the centuries are walking past
The first and last alive
Cast aside to watch the world go by
Some stories just were made to last
Across the seams of time
I sleep to keep my dream alive

Time and place are only passages I cross at will
Ages pass, I'm here still older than I seem to be

Every nightly hour, I am on my way
To escape the present day
The future dreams, the histories
I craft my own realities

On every page a key to my cage

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While the centuries are walking, oh...
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