

Live Old

Faun Fables

One two three

Time will slow you down
If you're lucky
A chance to be ground
Into the earth
The wind playing with your sands
Before you leave this land
Impatience kills good chance

Slow down
Slow down
Slow down

Better not count on winning
There may be no race
Better not scorn the old
Wisdom may need a slower pace
When the pressure of youth are gone
Sing a vaster song
What mattered so much
Time seeded with it's touch

Something age brings
With invisible things
Freed from broken dreams

Grow old
Grow old
Grow old

Better not kill it in youth
You might pass through that portal
Better not count on dying
You just might be immortal
It seems a long wait
For treasure beyond the gate
And your looks and prizes aren't worth taking with you
The trumpet blares
Of youthly cares
Might obscure that view

Theres more
Theres more
Theres more

Something age brings
With invisible things
Freed from broken dreams
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