

Hands of Time

Shelter

All of our heroes, they were forces to go. The wealth, strength, and glamour they were made of, where is it now? Profit, position, prestige, and name all that was valued, but was it again? Seems I best refrain from all that nonsense that won't remain. Seems like a crime. Hands of time. All the kings and all the things they thought they possessed. As time ticks they soon realize, nothing could be kept. Even beauty of the body, not to mention the strength of the strong. We were wrong, it's gone, so tell me to whom did it belong? This world's a mirage that we embrace with our love and energy. Collecting and protecting all that we see. It's a suckers bet, we get upset. Filled with these and heartaches and regrets. The best investment I see: Something to hold on to permanently