A Treasure Abandoned

Spock's Beard

We followed the strange map of his memory
Back through the landmarks of a life
Though sometimes painful he'd remember
A world of splendor and wonders to behold
As he told his story

He was lost in the land of the angels
And the red temples in the trees
In the tempest of time was
A treasure abandoned

He spoke of those days of hope and destiny
Of dreams and the often-answered prayers
But of an age now gone forever
And though he'd never find that place again
He relives the glory

Of the garden of gods he would tell us
As we hung on every word
Of the choices he made and
A treasure abandoned

Captured by the hands of the master
Colors on the canvas of time
Painting over days ever faster
We witnessed the world
Through his ageless eyes

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