

Blinded behind walls of
self built stained glass
focus enters eyes well watered
at last, with vision split
hewn end to end, life-force leaked
from sun cracked skin
in the blink of an eye, dying too is the quick
this life story to tell with one second to live

The hammer comes down on thunder strikes
where we burn fast in the build of our lives

Slowing down to see the mountains you built
this life story to tell with one second to live
slowing down to see the time that passed you by
your life story to tell with only one second to live

Time takes throne to purge the fill of our flight
when days turn into years and a loss of life
death battles a mile away
from your restless symphony
the ridden thought unsound,
the shadows that crept lonely all around

The hammer comes down on thunder strikes
where we burn fast in the build of our lives
now waiting will just not work
when tales must be told, changed and retold