

# Endless Running Out of Time

The Secret Sisters

Count the days away  
So few of them remain  
Watch the moments fade  
The light before the rain

From the hands upon the numbers  
To the edges of my mind  
There's a grieving ache for what's at stake  
In the endless running out of time

Bring me consolation  
Where past and present meet  
Stories from my childhood  
Lay them at my feet

Leave the pain of losing  
For in all of it I find  
Nothing quite so bitter or so sweet  
As the endless running out of time

Who am I to live and die  
To dream, to breath, to burn  
That I exist is it a gift  
I never could have earned

Until the ties are broken  
This purpose will be mine  
To hold you close, and try to slow  
The endless running out of time

Who am I to live and die  
To dream, to breathe, to burn  
That I exist it is a gift  
I never could have earned

One day I'll meet my memories  
In a moment so divine  
Perfect love and ceasing of  
The endless running out of time