

1000 Years

Third Day

In a thousand years this all will fade away
When it's all said and done what matters is today
And I hear the echoes they sound like a ghost
They're from missed opportunities and unfamiliar roles

Nations rise and fall and leave their legacy
But in the end we're just the same
And some day we'll understand the mystery
And we'll all know the glory of your ways
In a thousand years

In a thousand years we all will be gone
And in the end all we want is something to pass on
Ambitions dance on the edge of my mind Lord
Your treasure's much better than this fool's gold of mine

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