

Sepia

All this beauty turns to dust again.
A time to live, a time to die.
The light fades, this dance is over now.
Every tale comes to an end.

Season change, ages come and go.
The gathered stones are cast away.
Hopes and dreams are just a vapor trail.
Soon forgotten, soon erased.

And as we toil the world is moving on.
All the actors will be replaced.
Memories fade into sepia.
One path forgotten, some other way revealed.

Beyond these shores lies another land.
As we sail a light will glow.
A distant beacon, a call from far away.
The vessel finds its way back home.

Soon this place will be too small,
And I'll be washed into the sea.
Listen to the wind, you'll find me there.
Breaking waves chant endless songs.