

Inches And Ages

Attack In Black

I'll not often think of often times in sadness
I'll not let a lovely life become a lonely mess
I'll not rest a moment 'neath some broken vale
for if undisturbed, its sorrow would prevail

distances from star to star
like lonesome, endless time
inches to our eyes
are ages in our lives

I'll not wish for suns to rise as they set
I'll not beg for closeness as something drifted further yet
I'll not hang my head with hopes for all to cease
for, if end's born, then in its stillness I won't sleep

and surely I'll not fall before your feet