

What You Leave Behind

Edenbridge

As sure as fate
as all draws to a close
a momentous weight
as an era goes
homeward bound am I
but will my heart ever be
the sands have run out

Woebegone the face
the parting hour is near
the beauty of this place
this flame of passion here
a bitter errand waits
in the wake of memories
the sound of my fate

The end
we could all be heroes then
when things may take a turn
and all boats come to burn
what have we got by it in the end?
the end
casts a lurid light on me
the eyes of friend and foe
when all was touch and go
it's always what you leave behind

If wishes were horses
and hopes were butterflies
the span of life forces
our thoughts to memorize
but it remains to be seen
if we are bound for any way
when the die is cast
is cast

The big pond of the scalding tears
the flicker of a smile
a mode of motion keeps us holding on
when all is said and done
and time is striking sails
scattered to the four winds we'll be gone

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