

Rough Draft

Enchant

Why do we loan ourselves to the things by which
We will never be repaid
And feel consoled by tomorrow
When today has been profaned

Confused by choices or blind to cause-and-effect
And a future gravestone

Today's a draft of your epitaph
Keep changing it 'til you meet the grave
Update your draft of your epitaph
Till you crash and break like a wave

I'll hope to file away my account today
And see it in some value
And appreciate all that I've had
Before I quit this venue

Confused by choices but alive to cause-and-effect
An eventual gravestone

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Update your draft of your epitaph
Till you crash and break like a wave

Something about someone with a hood and a scythe
Something about a date you just can't cancel
Eulogies, memories, services and tombstones
Flowers and candles, tears and regrets

If I ask myself every day, is today the day?
Then one day, it will be my final draft
Lost in today

Confused by choices or blind to cause-and-effect
And a future gravestone, an eventual gravestone

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Till you crash and break like a wave
Break like a wave