

# Journey Of The Magi

Frank Turner

Moses was old, a chill in his bones.  
Falling apart, he knew in his heart that his time had come.  
As he lay in his tent in the hot desert sands,  
He smiled at how he would never see his promised land.

He sang, "I could have lived and died  
An Egyptian prince, I could've played safe,  
But in the end journey's brought joys  
That outweigh the pain."

Now Odysseus sat tired and alone.  
He'd always held out against all the doubts he would come home.  
But now he was here, his soul felt estranged.  
His wife and his dog, his son and his gods, everything changed.

He sang, "I could have stayed and ruled  
As an Ithacan prince, I could've played safe,  
But in the end journey's brought joys  
That outweigh the pain."

Now Balthazar rode for seven long years.  
Eastwards and far, he followed his star and it brought him here  
,  
To a stable in ruins in some backwater town,  
To a virgin defiled, no king but a child, too small for a crown  
.

He sang, "I could have lived with my Gods  
As a Persian prince, I could've played safe,  
But in the end journey's brought joys  
That outweigh the pain."

Paupers and kings, princes and thieves,  
Singers of songs, righters of wrongs, be what you believe.  
Saddle your horse, shoulder your load,  
Burst at the seams, be what you dream and then take to the road  
.