

Sitting On A Weathered Bench  
In The Middle Of A Park,  
The Names Can Barely Still Be Read  
Where Two Lovers Carved A Heart.  
I Wonder Where They Are Today,  
Are They Together Still,  
Or Does Only One Return To Trace  
The Heart That Never Healed?

And On, And On, And On, And On We All Pretend,  
Day After Day Goes By But Someday It Will End

Turning Of Time, Sowing Of Seeds,  
Saying The Words We Seldom Speak.  
Say What You Should, Do What You Must.  
Turning Of Time, Sowing Of Seeds,  
Not For The Now But Eternity.  
Hearts Like A Wheel Can Turn To Rust.

Mother Saved The Photograph,  
Now She Keeps It In Her Book,  
She Cries Every Time She Sees,  
Though She Can't Help But Look.  
Her Only Child Made Her Smile,  
Though She Can't Accept The Loss,  
She Spends Her Day But Not Alone At The Foot Of The Cross