

Forever Changing

Renaissance

Where we threw the stone
The stream ran warm inside the sun
Along the bank we walked
So clear that day
Worn by time, dust and weeds
Light and dark fell through the leaves

Where we sometimes laughed
So full of light and morning mist
We walked beneath the trees
So clear that day
Stark in winter, shadows black
Still in my mind, no turning back
(We sometimes laughed the day we threw the stone)

Forever changing
Light and dark horizons
Always turning, moving on
Forever changing
Near and far horizons
And changes take the day
Forever gone

Where we sometimes were
Our words still swirl all around
Whispers come and go
So clear that day
Some tomorrow other words
Blend with ours, their voices heard
And sometimes we heard our words that swirl and dance around