

Blinded behind walls of  
self built stained glass  
focus enters eyes well watered  
at last, with vision split  
hewn end to end, life-force leaked  
from sun cracked skin  
in the blink of an eye, dying too is the quick  
this life story to tell with one second to live

The hammer comes down on thunder strikes  
where we burn fast in the build of our lives

Slowing down to see the mountains you built  
this life story to tell with one second to live  
slowing down to see the time that passed you by  
your life story to tell with only one second to live

Time takes throne to purge the fill of our flight  
when days turn into years and a loss of life  
death battles a mile away  
from your restless symphony  
the ridden thought unsound,  
the shadows that crept lonely all around

The hammer comes down on thunder strikes  
where we burn fast in the build of our lives  
now waiting will just not work  
when tales must be told, changed and retold