

A single perfect dew drop forms  
The first pearl of the morning  
And as the air surrounding warms  
And darkness ebbs away  
Another fragile day  
She's there observing silently  
A witness to creation  
She understands the irony  
This is her final scene  
A picture in a dream  
The way it's always been

But it comes as a cost  
With this sense that something permanent is lost  
That a line has been crossed  
An argument to which there's no riposte  
That's a singularity  
It's your own mortality  
It's the punishment and prize  
It's the lights before your eyes  
Come alive, oh firefly of mine

Tomorrow is un-reachable  
Tomorrow is invention  
Tomorrow is un-teachable  
It's where the answers hide  
It's where we don't arrive  
How precious is the time we've left  
How priceless every moment  
We must abandon hopeless quests  
This business of forgiveness  
This notion of atonement

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