

We told our tales as we sat under
Morning's sleepy sky
With all the colors of
The sunrise shining in our eyes

One, then another
With a story of yesterday's life
Or of a lover who had
Gone in a moment of strife

No thought of sleep ever dwells
Upon the wise man's mind
Some task or audience
Stealing every moment of his time

Thus we have learned to live
While mortal men
Stand waiting to die
How can we do what must be done
In just one short life

And if you ask
Then you must know
If you still doubt
You should be told
It was not we
That made it so
It was by those
Who went before

And there you sit
Tomorrow's child
So full of love
So full of life
But you must rise
To meet the day
Lest you become another tale

Another tale