

See the faces. Etched in stone.
The frozen faces of multitudes.
The songs of youth that sing forever.
Immortal thoughts of a myriad of souls
that echo forth and on forever and on forever.
All great things to come.
Onward now and on forever and onward now.
All great things to come.

We few, we lucky few.
Once more to the breach dear friends once more.
The hall of ages to welcome them.
The cheers of many.
The cries of parting souls.
Bravest thoughts of futures past.
The golden years.
All great things to come.
That echo forth and on forever
and onward now and on forever
and onward now and on forever.
All great things to come.