We are forever anew



When its time to be heard, prepared to be silent
When its time to be considered, prepared to be hurt
When its time to say how many times more
Be prepared to be reminded your time might never come
In the solace that in your grave site
You will be marked forget or remembered
You will be seen as saint either a saint or a sinner
A fool or a fearless brave
With flowers at your feet or weeds
With no visiting tears or many who will place stones around your bed
To this land we will all go one day
Become the dust where new flowers will grow
Can we be happy only to know
That on our passing by we will
Not be silenced, not be hurt, not be torn apart by inner tears
Its time my friends to see this too
Our saga will be told forever a new