

# All Through a Life

## Rites Of Spring

All through a life  
And through the lives that came before  
The ties that bind to blind  
Of those that came before  
I'm looking back  
And in looking back I hope to get beyond  
And start to mend all those days  
That they left undone But in my veins a trace remains And to want in the face of need  
Well it just seems so obscene  
But that's all that's left  
And that's all they've left to leave  
And then they point to themselves and say,  
"I look like you."  
And it hurts to hear and so it must be true But in my veins a trace remains

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