Epilog

Minerve

And if in time the day's defeat
Should seal those lips I love so sweet
I'd catch up to her wandering feet
And lay the law down upon her sheets
And if in time this love should pass
And throw my heart upon the grass
I wouldn't hang on to the past
I'd sell my sorrows for a glass
And pull myself from this morass
And save myself this sombre cast
But no so fastAnd if in time I find my soul
And liken myself to a bowl
That takes the milk but leaves it cold
Then I will have defined my role
To work on myself till complete
And transform all that life secretes
So I won't have mistakes repeat
And save myself from sure defeat
So peace to all that my voice greetsSo peace to all that hears my voice
We survive because we have no choice
So peace to all that hears my voice
We survive because we have no choice
So peace to all that hears my voice
We survive because we have no choice

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