

# Shapes Of Things

## Scorpions

Shapes of things before my eyes  
Just teach me to despise  
Will time make men more wise?  
Here within my lonely frame  
My eyes just hurt my brain  
But will it seem the same?  
Come tomorrow, will I be older?  
Come tomorrow, may be a soldier  
Come tomorrow, may I be bolder than today  
Now the trees are almost green  
But will they still be seen?  
When time and tide have been  
Come tomorrow, will I be older?  
Come tomorrow, may be a soldier  
Come tomorrow, may I be bolder than today  
Fall into your passing hands  
Please don't destroy these lands  
Don't make them desert sands  
Soon I hope that I will find  
Thoughts deep within my mind  
That won't disgrace my kind

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