tales

RIP SLYME

We told our tales as we sat under morning's sleepy sky
With all the colors of the sunrise shining in our eyes
One, then another with a story of yesterday's life
Or of a lover who had gone in a moment of strife
No thought of sleep ever dwells upon the wise man's mind
Some task or audience stealing every moment of his time
Thus we have learned to live while mortal men stand waiting to die
How can we do what must be done in just one short life
And if you ask then you must know
If you still doubt you should be told
It was not we that made it so
It was by those who went before
And there you sit tomorrow's child
So full of love, so full of life
But you must rise to meet the day
Lest you become another tale
And there you sit tomorrow's child
So full of love, so full of life
But you must rise to meet the day
Lest you become another tale
Another tale, another tale, another tale

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