

At Day's End

Redemption

In quiet hours, still awake
I listen to each breath you take
And I wonder what you dream about How far we've come
Since we were young
Our preconceptions now undone
So I wonder what you dream about In mind I might be soaring
Pushing things to greater heights
But like Icarus, the flames are real
And dreams turn into nightmares I know my wings might falter once up in the sky
But I don't want to fall, I want to fly I never saw myself as one who went outside the lines
Our life's momentum takes us, and in an instant it's behind us It's sacrilege to take advantage of the blind
But what about uncertainties that work to cloud our mind?
If our perception causes us to go astray,
Who can help us try to find our way? I never saw myself as one whose life was just a race out of control
But in the mirror I see the lines grow deeper on my face It's sacrilege to take advantage of the blind
But what about uncertainties that work to cloud our mind?
If our perception causes us to go astray,
Who can help us try to find our way? When I look back on all that's happened
When I look back on choices I have made
Should I regret the contours of my path?
The broken cobblestones that I have paved? We're only given just so many sunny days
We're only given so much time to build a life
Our choices all along the way construct a maze
And when our time is up we could be trapped inside
Lost in fantasies and never to return While we are building, tearing down or making plans
The days are vanishing, the world won't fail to turn
Choices have consequences, limiting our future
And yet the weight of outcomes cannot be discerned
Make them wisely, child It's hard to look around me now at everything I have
And not derive contentment from it all
Dreams made real, and the future unforeseen has played out well
But is contentment the enemy of growth?
Could I have overlooked what might have mattered most? You must have been something else when you were
younger
You must have been something else when you were free
When all that you had was time and the world of choices was yours
And you chose me
You must have been something else when you were younger
You must have been something else when you were free

When all that you had was time and the world of choices was yours
We spend half our lives repairing bridges
that our selfish actions helped destroy
But it's still so hard for us to recognize that a life is such a fragile toy
We spend half our lives making disguises; we perfect and use them as our tools
Then spend all of our remaining years searching for someone we cannot fool
At day's end we'll throw out our
disguises with nothing to defend
At day's end we'll pick up all the pieces and learn to live again
When you look back on all that's happened,
would you do it all again?
That's the honest measure of our lives
Knowing then what you know now, would you choose me once again?
That's the question carrying most weight at day's end
I know my wings have faltered once up in the sky
But even if you're falling, there's still time to fly
And looking with dispassion at the choices I have made
I know it's self-defeating to carry regret unto my grave
I know that there's a reason why my road returns to you
And why, despite the obstacles we both had to fight through
We both have had our doubts, but I think we know it's true
That you remain the best of me, and I the best of you
And all our struggles, and every time we've cried
They're rendered meaningless in our embrace
'Cause we're still standing, and nothing can prevail
Against a love that's meant to be
At day's end we put down our disguises with nothing to defend
At day's end we pick up all the pieces and learn to love again

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