

# At Day's End

## Redemption

In quiet hours, still awake  
I listen to each breath you take  
And I wonder what you dream aboutHow far we've come  
Since we were young  
Our preconceptions now undone  
So I wonder what you dream aboutIn mind I might be soaring  
Pushing things to greater heights  
But like Icarus, the flames are real  
And dreams turn into nightmaresI know my wings might falter once up in the sky  
But I don't want to fall, I want to flyI never saw myself as one who went outside the lines  
Our life's momentum takes us, and in an instant it's behind usIt'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 faceIt'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 returnWhile 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, childIt'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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