

# Every Mother's Son

[Matt Dusk](#)

Life goes on like a carousel  
Life goes on, a never-ending tale  
Of love reborn, from the cradle warm  
A web is spun for every mother's son  
Life goes on like a spinning wheel  
Life goes on, never standing still  
The Gods decide how blessed am I  
The days to come for every mother's son  
And these footprints in the sand, maybe nothing grand  
But if we leave a mark in somebody's heart  
What more can I say than I was a king for a day  
Once the web is spun for every mother's son  
Life goes on like a tapestry  
Life goes on, each thread a part of me  
That master plan of who I am  
A day will come for every mother's son  
And these footprints in the sand, maybe nothing grand  
But if we leave a mark in somebody's heart  
What more can I say than I was a king for a day  
Once the web is spun for every mother's son  
A thorn a winter rose, some highs and then some lows  
That's the way it's spun for every mother's son  
Every mother's son

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