The Garden

Rush

In this world of many possible worlds,
All is for the best was some bizarre test.
It is what it is, and whatever.
Time is still the infinite jest.
The arrow flies when you dream;
The hours tick away
The cells tick away
The Watchmaker keeps to his schemes.
The hours tick away
They tick away
The measure of a life is a measure of love and respect;
So hard to earn, so easily burned.
The measure of a life is a measure of love and respect;
So hard to earn, so easily burned.
In the fullness of time,
A garden to nurture and protect
In the rise and the set of the sun,
Til the stars go spinning, spinning round the night,
Oh, it is what is it is, and forever;
Each moment, a memory in flight.
The arrow flies while you dream;
The hours tick away
The cells tick away
The Watchmaker has time up his sleeves.
The hours tick away
They tick away
The measure of a life is a measure of love and respect;
So hard to earn, so easily burned.
In fullness of time,
A garden to nurture and protect
Its a measure of a life
The treasure of a life is a measure of love and respect:
The way you live, the gifts that you give.
In the fullness of time
Is the only return that you expect.
The future disappears into memory,
With only a moment between.
Forever dwells in that moment;
Hope is what remains to be seen.

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Hope is what remains to be seen.
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