Nunc Stans

Cynic

Hey comrade,
what will it be like,
on the day we face our mortal lives?We're all given,
the misfortune of loss,
But that's a gift we call impermanence,We don't own our work,
we don't own the earth,
at allWe're eternal Nunc Stans soldiers,
the eternal warriors.We're accountants,
in the firm of life,
entrusted with a body, heart and mind.Hey comrade,
did I love well?
Have I learned to live moment to moment?We don't own our work,
we don't own the earth,
we don't own our minds,
we don't own anything,
at all.We're eternal Nunc Stans soldiers,
the eternal warriors.We're eternal Nunc Stans soldiers,
the eternal warriors.It was not death,
it was not life,
it was love.

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