

Nothing Changes Nothing

Stampin' Ground

We don't mellow with age
But our priorities change
Life is so brief a play
And years pass by in what seems like days
We battle against the currents
That would sweep us away
All grim reminders
Of our frail mortality You'll wonder why, you didn't act sooner
When you had the chance Your actions all laced
With the bitter poison of defeat
This onslaught of truth
Will engulf your conceit
Slow self-destruction
At your own idle hands
Staring down at your palms
Smeared with your own blood stains Nothing changes nothing
Nothing you give and nothing you get
Nothing changes nothing
You'll never know unless you try

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