

# 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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