Our Time is Now

Guerrilla

January, February, March
The days are marching forward
April, May, June, and July
They fly like a hummingbirdAugust, September, October
The year is almost over
November, December arrive
Another year, come and goneTime is illusion
Time is a curse
Time is all these things and worse
But our time is now
Yes, our time is now
Let us sing before our time runs outThe sound of your laughter
Your smile
These things are never changing
The Monday I blink and its Friday
I wish we could slow it down
Saturday, Sunday, now Monday
Another weeks starting over
Seconds, minutes to hours
Heres what Ive foundI wanna sing before my time
Runs out

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