

# THE ETERNAL

[Grant-Lee Phillips](#)

Procession moves on, the shouting is over  
Praise to the glory of loved ones now gone  
Talking aloud as they sit round their tables  
Scattering flowers washed down by the rain  
Stood by the gate at the foot of the garden  
Watching them pass like clouds in the sky  
Try to cry out in the heat of the moment  
Possessed by a fury that burns from inside  
Cry like a child, though these years make me older  
With children my time is so wastefully spent  
A burden to keep, though their inner communion  
Accept like a curse, an unlucky deal  
Played by the gate at the foot of the garden  
My view stretches out from the fence to the wall  
No words could explain, no actions determine  
Just watching the trees and the leaves as they fall

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