

Journey of the Magi

Frank Turner

Moses was old, a chill in his bones
Falling apart, he knew in his heart that his time had come
As he lay in his tent in the hot desert sands
He smiled at how he would never see his promised land
He sang, "I could have lived and died
An Egyptian prince, could have played safe
But in the end journey's brought joys
That outweigh the pain"
Now Odysseus sat tired and alone
He'd always held out against all the doubts he would come home
Now he was here, his soul felt estranged
His wife and his dog, his son and his gods, everything changed
He sang, "I could have stayed and ruled
As an Ithacan prince, could've played safe
But in the end journey's brought joys
That outweigh the pain"
Now Balthazar rode for seven long years
Eastwards and far, he followed his star and it brought him here
To a stable in ruins in some backwater town
To a virgin defiled, no king but a child, too small for a crown
He sang, "I could have lived with my Gods
As a Persian prince, I could've played safe
But in the end journey's brought joys
That outweigh the pain"
Paupers and kings, princes and thieves
Singers of songs, righters of wrongs, be what you believe
Saddle your horse, shoulder your load
Burst at the seams, be what you dream and then take to the road

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