

Mayfly

Unbroken circles of beginnings and ends,
There's nothing in everything that time does not mend,
But as feelings will alter, as places will change,
Don't you know that time can be bent.

Misty morning hiding my day,
The mist will dissolve and float away,
The uncertainty of what my day might hold,
The rising sun will illuminate my road.

If I want it too bad, to be happy and glad,
I turn away from the things that brings me down, makes me sad.
Thinking of yesterday or what tomorrow might bring
So it's in minor I sing, every time that I sing.

Like seasons will come, and seasons will go,
The cycle will be complete when now is a year ago.
Days and the months, years succumbs,
In relation to light time never runs out.

And when the attraction has come to an end
With an explosion it all will start over again,
Through dimensions, through ages lovers will part
But all endings are also a start.

Like for the mayfly, my day pass in a blink of an eye,
Barely time to form a question less alone an answer too,
The deeds that I do as I'm walking through
My day towards the night, the suns standing high, shining bright.