

### III

One of these days  
You will be gone  
It's not your fault  
There's nothing wrong  
With thinking about it  
Or singing this song  
Sometimes letting go  
Is like holding on

I'll always remember  
The times you have left  
The things that you say  
The things that you do  
As the end draws one-minute closer  
These last years you have  
Will tick away

Infinity looms  
Like bones in the soil  
Rain breaks the clouds  
Wind rustles the trees  
And the truest lies of a poet  
Like something in the light  
Are not explained

When forever has gone  
The lines and the dates  
Etched upon my stone  
Will mark out the years  
That are passing  
Do pass and will pass  
Every delicate  
Fragile new day