

Rites Of Spring, All Through A Life

All through a life
And through the lives that came before
The ties that bind to blind
Of those that came before
I'm looking back
And in looking back I hope to get beyond
And start to mend all those days
That they left undone

But in my veins a trace remains

And to want in the face of need
Well it just seems so obscene
But that's all that's left
And that's all they've left to leave
And then they point to themselves and say,
"I look like you."
And it hurts to hear and so it must be true

But in my veins a trace remains

But I think it's going to be alright
I think it's going to be o.k.
I think of those days that came before
And together we will mark these days