

Times

We keep sailing through the times,
we live - but do we lives the times?
Too fast we change, we are being changed
We turn around, even you got strange.

No sailing, it's more like hasting,
all the beauty we are wasting,
all the moments, gone forever,
for the one who's is no believer.

God make me see the times,
make me feel the wonder of the rhymes,
show me round in garden Eden,
be the guide for the soul so laden.

F Sz 23 Aug 2006 Siena