

Creed, Young Grow Old

He said he's falling to pieces
Fighting the boy and the man
Over his shoulder there was freedom
But consciousness has tied his hands
Embodied youth was his distinction
Now inhibition's in demand
So driven by his fear of weakness
That's his key to understand
So far in a distant land
There's a fight between boy and man
See the light through the open door
Sit and watch as the young grow old
Trading places in the circle
Turn the glass, spill the sand
They say that time can make the difference
But age doesn't make you a man
So far in a distant land
There's a fight between boy and man
See the light through the open door
Sit and watch as the young grow old
So young but overblown
So young but overblown
So young but overblown
Take a look now, see the boy is weakened
Watch him fade, watch him fade away
Take a bow and the boy is defeated
Is this the way, this the way?
So far in a distant land
There's a fight between boy and man
See the light through the open door
Sit and watch as the young grow old