

# Weaver At The Loom, But You Can Enjoy Life Be

Tiny spheres float in fragile fashion on fluid surfaces,  
Like time capsules of all ages and spacious intervals.  
All days and months and years, they hold.  
Days and months and years, they hold.  
Days and months and years, they hold on to.

They are so exposed to surface tension and pressures of the atmosphere.  
They're cashing death threats; their obituaries merely substance of memories.  
But death can bring new life, though most things must die.

Float on in fragile fashion.  
Float on in fragile fashion.

Floating onward, ever waiting for the end to come, that brings all to closure.  
Clocks are grinning, bearing witness to the passing time, that turns all to memory.  
Floating onward ever waiting for the end to come...