

# Cynic, Nunc Stans

Hey comrade  
What will it be like on the day we face our mortal life  
Were all given the misfortune of loss  
But thats a gift we call impermanence  
We dont own our work  
We dont own the earth at all  
Were eternal nunc stans soldiers  
The eternal warriors  
Were accountants in the firm of life  
Entrusted with a body, heart and mind  
Hey comrade, did I love well?  
Have I learned to live moment to moment?  
We dont own our work  
We dont own the earth  
We dont own our minds  
We dont own anything at all  
Were eternal nunc stans soldiers  
The eternal warriors  
It was not death  
It was not life  
It was love