

Dylan Ware, The Touch Of Time

Here I am
One more man
In these hands
The touch of time

And after all
I'm not so tall
I never scrawled
The master rhyme

The spider spins
A web so thin
I'm fading in
To dry

This face has changed
I feel so strange
There's rearrangement
In my eyes

And when I go
Will anybody know
The words I spoke
Through my mind

And tomorrow I was grand
But today I stand
In these hands
The touch of time