

# 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