

# Enchant, Rough Draft

[Music: P. Craddick & D. Ott. Lyrics - P. Craddick]

Why do we loan ourselves to things by which we will never be repaid  
And feel consoled by tomorrow when today has been profaned?

Confused by choices ... or blind to cause-and-effect and a future gravestone

Today's a draft of your epitaph  
Keep changing it, 'til you meet the grave  
Update your draft of your epitaph  
'Till you crash and break like a wave

I'll hope to file away my account today, and see in it some value  
And appreciate all that I've had, before I quit this venue

Confused by choices ... but alive to cause-and-effect and a eventual gravestone

Today's a draft of your epitaph  
Keep changing it, 'til you meet the grave  
Update your draft of your epitaph  
'Till you crash and break like a wave

Something about someone with a hood and a scythe ...  
Something about a date you just can't ... cancel  
Eulogies, memories, services, tombstones, flowers, candles, tears and regrets  
If I ask myself, every day, 'is today the day?'  
Then one day, it will be ... my final draft  
Lost in today ...

Confused by choices ... or blind to cause-and-effect ...  
And a future gravestone, an eventual gravestone ...  
Today's a draft

Today's a draft of your epitaph  
Keep changing it, 'til you meet the grave  
Update your draft of your epitaph  
'Till you crash and break like a wave