

Out Of Season, Spider Monkey

Time is but a memory
The bitter note unsung
Running
Tryin' to find salvation
From the sorrow that is done
For the life of me
Will the sorrow rise
For this under underlies all i see
For time is but a memory
Beautiful for some
Feathered like a majorette
In a rose unsaid and done
Moments like a rainbow coloured sky
How they come and go
They come and go but why
For unknown is our fortune
And our fortune won't let go
And our faith it will die with the sun
It will lie underneath
All will see
For time is but a memory
Beautiful for some
Feathered like a majorette
In a rose unsaid and done
But it's all
All for our future
And our future won't let go