

Paramaecium, My Thoughts

(Music by A. Tompkins)

My life, my days, they all just seem to pass away
My dreams, my thoughts
They all just seemed to come to nought

I find each day has its own little story
Each waking hour its own little glory
The pages say that my soul has been borrowed
The night time calls to my aching,
Tomorrow never comes

My life, my days, they all just seem to pass away
My dreams, my thoughts
They all just seemed to come to nought
My life, my days, they all just seem to pass away
My thoughts, my dreams,
All are seldom what they seem

Given time all the pain seems to melt away
Even time cannot heal that which
Promised to stay for evermore
Given time even pain I can hold in sway
I will wait with it hidden then loosed on the final day

At times I've hated the lives of the living
Wished all could see their salacious forgiving
The pages say that my soul has been borrowed
Can't spend my life
Making sure that tomorrow never comes

My life, my days
My dreams, my thoughts

At times I've hated the lives of the living