

To know one

Hades

Now we don't
Have to worry away
About our future
Dead at four months old

Was it all for naught?
Who would have ever thought?
To know one is to know
Why all our life's blood flows

She always had the time
To listen to you whine
About your problems
Like she had none of her own

When time runs out for those close to us
It seems surreal, a truth you can't trust

When all the dust has settled at last
You pull up your stakes and say good-bye to the past

So now we don't have to worry much
About anything... Anymore