

CAPTOR TIME [7-99]

Time is a gift to each and each,
That hastens through our life.
Bringing love, contentment, peace,
And a fair-measured bit of strife.

It's provided free to you and me,
Given by (God knows) who.
And it comes through grace, setting the pace,
Controlling our destiny.

Some fight it hard, by the foot and yard,
Yet along does it choose to go.
As our shoes get worn and our kids get born,
And the weeds in our backyards grow.

Explain please Albert, this medium,
That enslaves us all within.
Why must we march to this cadence beat,
To never return again?

Where is the key to that shadowy door,
To our bygones of yesterday?
Where is the path that led from there,
Why can't we go that way?

Why can't we run as a child again,
With freckles, barefoot, free?
Where went those endless summer days,
We romped through, carelessly?

What is this time in a bottle,
We desperately clutch and hold?
Where went those days called yesterday,
Leaving memories...old?

Why must the seasons come and go,
The years blur by and pass?
What is this thing we're measuring,
With sand through an hourglass?

Why does the paint on our dwellings faint?
Why do our teeth fall out?
In order to hear our friends so dear,
Why must they most-near shout?

Ahh...yet on we go, as our hair turns snow,
And our dads and moms bid bye.
To finally turn in despair, and yearn
And stare to'rd the boundless sky.

But never before have we seen so clear,
As our vision begins to dim.
There's order in all and the orders are:
"Report for your interim."

What was this gift from Captor Time,
We've squandered, wasted-gone?
Spent, although we could ill afford,
As we rise to our final dawn.

So, find we now in this time-ship line,
For that magic carpet flight.
Will the Captor yield as we break its field,
And exceed the speed of light?

Since time is grace, as we meld with space,
To enter the realm of Heaven.
We'll finally know as our faith did show,
The eternal gift that's given.