

Slow passer by,  
Staring death in the eye.  
No mind escapes its own decline.

So say goodbye  
To the home of your youth.  
“Son, my god, I think of my tomb,”  
But soon, there’ll be no fear.  
A child, now gone to the past,  
Knew not what it had,  
‘Till we blow out her wish,  
And she says she wants youth.  
At evening’s crest my old woman  
Smiles, “I’ve known you long  
And I’ll love you longer.”

Tonight, it floats without fear,  
For a wish has been received.  
My loved ones, they say goodbye,  
And forsake she’ll say it too.  
Now a rebirthed child,  
Doesn’t know who we are,  
When we blow out her wish,  
And she says she wants two.  
Now a little child  
Smiles, “I don’t know who you are,  
But I think I’d like to.”

No mind escapes its own decline  
Past the foggy breaches of time’s  
Slow passing by.