

Sands of Time

Do you ever wonder as I do, if life is measured with some sand?
Do we start our life out full? Does anyone know firsthand?

When we are born the hourglass is turned all the way around.
The sand will fall fast or slow, it never makes a sound.

We grow from kids to adults, living the best life that we can.
We never think about the sand, or if there's a higher plan.

The day may come too soon but never comes too late.
When we finally realize that the sand has held our fate.

We live our lives so carefree, never giving a second thought.
The sand we had is all we have; no extra can be bought.

Never take your sand for granted, as no one really knows.
Today could be the last few grains, the lowest of the lows.

The sands of time are falling, a little more each day.
I'm grateful for each grain and the lessons learned along the way.

If we are smart, we'll do our best to leave a trail of love behind.
It's the best gift we can give the world, it takes so little to be kind.

I want my sand to count for something, I want to leave my mark.
I want the world to see my light, and take away the dark.

So, I'll spend each day embracing all the love that was before me
And leave a trail of my own, creating my own story.

My only wish I have for you, please hear me when I say
The sands of time don't matter if love guides you every day.

