

Omen

Brieve Morison

It's not an omen for the future  
It's a memory of the past  
It's a little bit of last night  
Still left in the glass  
And that memory  
Tries to hold us  
In it's realistic grasp  
Quietening the tick of time  
It will not let us pass.

But who's not enchanted  
By a story so old  
And who is not spellbound  
By the glitter of gold

Now you may try  
To forget it  
Pretend that it's gone  
Believing that one day  
It will seem obviously wrong  
But do the stars hold us  
To the heat of their embrace  
and do the waves tie us  
To the time if their race

But who's not enchanted  
By a story so old  
And who cis not spell bound  
By the glitter of gold x3