

Every Age

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Every age has its turn
Every branch of the tree has to learn
Learn to grow, find its way,
Make the best of this short-lived stay

Take this seed, take this spade
Take this dream of a better day
Take your time, build a home
Build a place where we all can belong

Some things change, some remain
Some will pass us unnoticed by
What to focus on, to improve upon
In the face of our ancient tribes

Feels so clear, feels so obvious
To each one on their own
But we are here, together
Reaping what time and what we have sown

We don't choose where we're born
We don't choose in what pocket or form
But we can learn to know
Ourselves on this globe in the void

Take this mind, take this pen
Take this dream of a better land
Take your time, build a home
Build a place where we all... can belong