

It's Time (Chapter Three)

Saga

Large and tall ones, short and small ones
Working 'round a frame
The pieces fit so perfectly
Like some large metal game

The time draws near, and with it fear
All senses a new kind
I'll not look back, on watered thoughts
Rearranging mine

It's time!
This time!
Make me now!
It's time!
This time!
Change me now!

The book has said, that all the plans
Would be well within my reach
And here things were
Even larger than I'd dreamed
This metal gift, a perfect shift
From the art of being kind
I'll not look back, on tired thoughts
And all those changing minds