

Beggars

Thrice

All you great men of power, you who boast of your feats -
Politicians and entrepreneurs.
Can you safeguard your breath in the night while you sleep?
Keep your heart beating steady and sure?
As you lie in your bed, does the thought haunt your head
That you're really, rather small?
If there's one thing I know in this life: we are beggars all.

All you champions of science and rulers of men,
Can you summon the sun from its sleep?
Does the earth seek your counsel on how fast to spin?
Can you shut up the gates of the deep?
Don't you know that all things hang, as if by a string,
O'er the darkness - poised to fall?
If there's one thing I know in this life: we are beggars all.

All you big shots that swagger and stride with conceit,
Did you devise how your frame would be formed?
If you'd be raised in a palace, or live out in the streets,
Did you choose the place or the hour you'd be born?
Tell me what can you claim? Not a thing - not your name!
Tell me if you can recall just one thing,
That's not a gift in this life?

Can you hear what's been said?
Can you see now that everything's grace after all?
If there's one thing I know in this life: we are beggars all.