

Time is such a fickle thing
For with you it fades in a blink
Never fastens when I want
Yet through the years makes me appear
gaunt.

Time is such a curious thing
Sometimes a friend,
Others a foe,
But always fair about the time to go
Time is such a tricky thing
It loves even without a reason
And heals throughout the seasons
It misses the short-lived youth it once held
And fears the growing wrinkles it collects
Yet Time is a beautiful thing
For it gifts you every second you spend
And holds a meaning
we could never understand