

Oh memory,
I sing of thee,
And gifts you bring through age.

Through time you trawl,
But all things fall,
And death will burn the page.

Oh, woe, time and sand,
Join us in the sea,
Oh, no, arm nor hand,
Can save my memory.

The poor, the slave,
The king that waves,
Who dance their final waltz.

But time is fast,
What's now is past,
And onwards we must crawl.

Oh, woe, time and sand,
Join us in the sea.
Oh, no, arm nor hand,
Can save my memory.

A man is dead,
And in his head,
The stories left untold.

His kids will cry,
And won't know why,
Until they're gray and old.

Oh, woe, time and sand,
Join us in the sea.
Oh, no, arm nor hand,
Can save my memory.