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|-------------------------|---|---|----------------|--|---------------------|--|--------------|---|
| Greetings | When the new day dawns it dawns here first On the richest and the poorest The best and the worst The day gives light to all The best of virtue the worst of crime And those here send you greetings From the edge of time | Listen to the words they're all around They speak of hope and dreams and fear Listen to the words they are the sign of Deep delight and heartfelt fear Heartfelt joy and deep despair | After the Rain | It was Monday night after the rain And the world took a break From it's hurt and it's pain The crowds disappeared along with the light And the world closed early tonight | Grace Is Everywhere | There's lots of anger All around me People waving fists And raising fingers in the air There's indignation At the violation Of the rights they claim But no one really seems to care | Greysky Blue | The sky has been the colour of Dirty dishwater For what seems like living memory But just today the clouds divided Monochrome was superseded By the vista we have yearned to see A golden ray cuts through the grey Turning grey skies blue |
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| The Edge of Time | Here on the edge of time Where history is made The things we do are where Future foundations are laid Maybe not now but there will come a time When the piper will have to be paid | Listen to the words they're from the hearts Of people here and everywhere Abundant words yet no one seems to Listen to the words that they hear It's hard to find someone to care | | I went outside to look around The water shone Where it lay on the ground There wasn't a single person in sight 'Cause the world closed early tonight | | O what would this world be like If we took a step back And chose to respond with Kindness not with anger Courtesy not hatred | | Hope is just around the corner Just you wait and see Even in the darkest moments Hope is there to set you free Even when the clouds afflict you With no colour in your view Hope is in the outlook for you |
| | | Listen to the words of the silent scream Of a world that's starved of food and hope Listen to the words of those whose plight Far exceeds their means to cope They're at the end of their rope | | On the motorway home I was free to drive And I felt like the only Person alive It wasn't that late so it didn't feel right But the world closed early tonight | | Fellow travelers on this journey Keeping to themselves yet Everyone is headed in the Same direction With the same preoccupations Could help one another Yet dead set on making it alone | | You know that no matter what happens That you can't lose |
| Wordsmith's Lament | Here on the edge of time The wise proceed with care And fools advance without Any perception of fear By how we live we are building the world That our descendants will share | Listen to the words you might just find that Words are spoken that could mean A world of hope for those who hear them Opportunities unseen In the words and in between | | Under the bridges the homeless they dwell Living their lives In their own private hell There was no one around to notice their plight 'Cause the world closed early tonight | | O what would this world be like If the population Learned to help and be helped Lifting one another Up out of their mire | | In the midst of hard times It seems good times never existed Happiness a distant memory But be assured as with the earth's turn Good times will once more return And hindsight will enable you to see Clouds are parting light returning Grey skies turning blue |
| | Oh the cutting edge of time Advances regardless It carries no respect For the strong or the helpless The future of this world is not ours to possess We are but riders on the edge of time | A blank white sheet of paper Awaits the attention of a Mind that's been bombarded by The onslaught of information | | There's a side to this town that not many know In the dark corners Where few of us go The people are there although out of sight As the world closes early tonight | | Grace is everywhere If we look we'll find it Grace is everywhere for us to see v | | Hope is just around the corner... |
| The Edge of Time | Here on the edge of time There is opportunity We have the option to Design the world yet to be The legacy we leave must be a world richer for The contribution of you and me | The words do not come quickly Although words are everywhere They refuse to take a form That deserves to be called song | | From my window I view each end of the day The motorway crowd As it travels each way I've seen the sunrise and the last of the light I hope the world closes early tonight | | From inside this present darkness Circumstances grim appear Hope it seems is too distant to see But take comfort from the words of hope Reject the words that would speak of Impending doom foretelling misery Pain will cease just like the rain Grey skies will turn blue | | Hope is just around the corner... |
| | | The urge to create verse Is overshadowed by the mental wall That won't allow the rhyme to form That won't let chordal harmony Make something that warms the heart And comforts all those yearning for a cure to their surroundings filled With discord and cacophony | | | | | | |
| The Edge of Time | I know that when the flow begins It will defy containment But until that time I'll have to be Content to use predictable cliché | | | | | | | |
| | Oh there's nothing in this world More daunting than a blank sheet of paper | | | | | | | |
| Don't Let the Dream Die | Don't let your dream die Spread your wings and fly Reach for the sky and you'll at least clear the trees | Don't let the worries of this world bring you down When all your longings and your dreams Are falling top the ground Even in your darkest hour hope will still be found | | Don't let your dreams die... | | Don't let the worries of this world bring you down Don't let the worries of this world bring you down Don't let the worries of this world bring you down | | One picture said it all There were far more than a thousand words Hanging on that wall One picture told me All I need to know About a love so deep and high and wide That refuses to let go |
| | | | | | | One picture told me all About a love so often spurned Yet still repeats its call One picture sends this love's echo Sounding through all time A love beyond imagining Entirely sublime | | One picture painted in the richest shades Intricate in artistry With a hue that never fades One picture a masterpiece beyond all others Ever to be viewed A message clear and simple Yet so often misconstrued |
| Regeneration | Here in a unique situation With a need to engage your conversation To converse without hesitation On the subject of regeneration | My query is from necessitation And a yearning for reconciliation I'm as king you with determination About the process of regeneration | | I urge you to heed my remonstrations To respond without abrogation To this proposal of mitigation And your need for regeneration | | The time has come for no more hesitation As you can tell by increasing palpitation So dispense with procrastination This is the day for regeneration | | |
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| The Challenge | To be happy in the moment Is the challenge to behold To embrace this life and live it Without fear of growing old To regard each conversation As a chance to change the world That's the challenge that's the challenge | To see time as a precious gift And not a thing to waste And yet take time to notice What we tend to miss in haste That times of deep reflection Are allowed their time and place That's the challenge that's the challenge | | To make the most of sunshine Yet be grateful for the rain To know the greatest truths Are most often learned through pain And that each experience Will be a source of future gain That's the challenge that's the challenge | | What are to us now hardships Will be cherished memories The days we waste in youth In years to come we'll wish we'd seized The course that life will take Will be set by what we believe That's the challenge That's the challenge | | |
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| Mystery | Don't destroy the mystery Don't take that away from me There has to be more than what I see | Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly There is so much that I have for you to see It remains to be seen At the end of all things Which of us will be the beneficiary | | Don't destroy the mystery... | | I'm not looking for answers As much as I am Seeking something far bigger than me I'm convinced, I believe, But I'm hoping that there is So much more than merely what I see | | |
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| Farewell | When the darkness falls it falls here first On the outcast and the favoured The blessed and the cursed May the troubled find relief As the day is left behind And those here bid farewell From the edge of time | Over land and sea you travel In pursuit of listening ears With the message of your ideology Those receptive are transformed Into a greater son of hell Than the one who purports to set them free | | For the world in my view Is tainted and flawed And beset by pandemic misery Yet you say this is the product Of all that has been The highest order of humanity | | Don't destroy the mystery... | | |
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| The Climb | Pressing onward up the hill Driven by my force of will Things are hard but I'm here still The climb continues on | The future's dim or so they say Foreboding shadows each new day I find myself with feet of clay Yet still the climb goes on | | I believe that you have erred In the message you have brought That the highest order is humanity I'm not looking to be lord Of all that I survey I'm searching for a sense of mystery | | If I prove to be the pinnacle Of all that yet has been The highest order of humanity I don't believe I qualify For such a state Forever silencing the search for mystery | | All songs written by Tim Page © Tim Page 2007 This recording © Ten Cows Music Ltd 2007 |
| | But there's still hope while there's still life If we look we'll find that good is rife As a haven in this world of strife And the climb continues on | | | | | | | |