

Kris Kruger

"Untitled"

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untitled

by: KRIS KRUGER

The day shall come

The day shall come when we see what we are

That day shall come; it's not too far

Tomorrow shall fly by

Tomorrow shall fly by and we will know what we are

As tomorrow flies; it has gone past our eye

Love can be great

As love can be grand

But love is only love when there are two in its master
plan

Yesterday shall always be

Yesterday shall always be filled with fate's empty
sorrow

If we aren't careful and miss tomorrow

And life is a rhyme

And life is a puzzle

And life is a game

And life is a dream

But life is nothing without those we love with us this
time

And life is nothing if we all look beneath our muzzle

And life, life can be fun but it may get boring, it may get
lame

And life can be beautiful when we and they are not so
mean

And if the end is really when(re) we begin

Then is this the beginning of the end or the end of the
beginning?

Do what we do, think, and say

Make a difference, Do they help in anyway?

We all know that any rhyme gets old with time

We all know that as with any puzzle there is a way past,
past its muzzle

We all know any game after a while gets old and lame

We all know that any dream, any dream is in itself
mean for it is just that...a

dream

You ask When. I ask When Not.

You ask Why. I ask Why Not.

You ask Where. I ask Where Not.

You ask How. I ask How Not.
When we seek the unseekable, when we speak the
unspeakable
When we think the unthinkable, when we achieve the
unachievable
The impossible is possible
I leave you not. You leave me not
I am a part of you as you are a part of me
Don't let yourself begin to rott.
To see what you want to see, open your eyes, believe in
you, believe in me
And we shall both see.

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