

## Nazareth

# "Shapes of Things"

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Shapes of things before my eyes  
Just teach me to despise  
Will time make men more wise?

Here within my lonely frame  
My eyes just hurt my brain  
Will it seem the same?

Come tomorrow, will I be older?  
Come tomorrow, may be a soldier  
Come tomorrow, will I be bolder than today?

Now the trees are almost green  
But will they still be seen  
When time and tide have been?

Oh, into your passing hands  
Please don't destroy your lands  
Don't make them desert sands

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