## Ryan Powers Boyle "It's All So Beautiful, It's All So Strange"

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Time, it tells us when to begin, when to end endeavor on this earthly spin. When to wake up, when to die.
Appointments made, a scripted life.

The moment comes, the moment goes. Tethered to time and its onward flow. The moment burns it all away, a nothing lost, everything gained.

It holds us, and it molds us.

It's all so beautiful, it's all so strange. We cry for meaning through the blinding pain. And then the moment's over and we feel alright, just a shooting star in the night.

Love, it seems, is everything.
The grass we lay, the thoughts we sing.
But there are times love pulls away
the everything that lights the day.

And it pains us, remakes us.

And it's so damn beautiful, this...this pain.

Cuts the deepest hollow to fill up with rain.

And life's almost over even before it began, a perfect blade of grass in the sand.

Rain clouds part, the moment stops. No, I'm not gonna give in right now, no, I'm never gonna stop.

It's all so beautiful, it's all so strange. We keep on walking, we must be insane. But, a deeper meaning I just cannot fight; shake the hand painting clouds in the sky.

It's all so beautiful, it's all so strange, this great experience of love and pain. For a moment's beauty that'll never die. Just a shooting star...a million shooting stars in the night.

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