

# Tides of Time

## Epica

You were always there to hold my hand  
When times were hard to understand  
But now the tides of time have turned  
They keep changing Seasons range, but you remained the same  
A steady heart, a sun to rain  
You'll be the light that's shining bright  
High above me Autumn gold losing hold  
We are leaves meant to fall  
There is meaning to all that fades Freezing winds were stayed by warming words  
To touch your healing to the hurt  
I'll treasure every lesson learned to the embers  
Fire fails, blushes pale  
We will answer the call  
There's a meaning to all our Seeds of eulogy to sow along with dreams  
Fill the need that can leave us grieving alone Frail is our beauty in the end  
But all we count is sentiment  
A memory stays to guide the way  
And whisper Don't lose sight, don't deny  
We are leaves meant to fall,  
There's a meaning to all our Seeds of eulogy to sow along with dreams  
Fill the need that can leave us grieving alone  
A symphony resounding in our minds  
Guides us through what we knew would come all a long  
Sometimes I feel I don't have the words  
Sometimes I feel I'm not being heard  
And then I fear I'm feeling nothing more Sometimes I feel I don't want this change  
I think we all have to rearrange  
And now I feel there's no one losing more Seeds of eulogy to sow along with dreams  
Fill the need that can leave us grieving alone  
A symphony resounding in our minds  
Guides us through  
(As you hear me)  
As you do  
(As you need me)  
Making true  
What we knew would come all along

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