

“The Knowledge Of What May Be”

The rolling hills will one day fade,  
And the golden trees will turn to grey  
Leaving me in a world of decay,  
Filled with memories of what use to be

For the place I once called my home  
Won't recognize my face  
And the lands that I use to roam  
Won't be my special place

Even though the world still spins  
And everyone lives on  
I will be lost and never found  
For the rolling hills are gone

The people stop to listen  
To the voices that remain  
The old grey trees still whisper  
And the hills still know my name

One day it will all be gone  
Every rolling hill and tree  
For now I will enjoy my simple life  
With the knowledge of what may be