

The Prophet

lyric · March 1, 1995

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom if the grave wither though goest. —Ecclesiastes

Sage was a man I'll always remember
He lived out in the woods somewhere
I used to fish the Steep Rock river
And I would often see him there

He was a man of peace and wisdom
Although his outlook was rather grim
He said he'd seen all the works of this world
And life was a striving after wind

Just look around-what do you see here?
The sun brings forth abundant light
And then just strips it all away
The more you learn the more your grief is

Stare into the deepest well
The answer's never going to sound
And all the happiness you've found
Will not join you in the grave

And though he held these strong positions
He was far from an embittered soul
He often talked of his great adventures
Though these were all so trivial

He taught me to rejoice the morning
Savor the smell of the springtime wind
Embrace the day as a celebration
For it's all vanity in the end

Well I don't know-if I believed him
Surely he was quite sincere in the convictions that he held

But when he died-I still remember
I saw a smile upon his face
It broke my heart to see it shine
Could it be he changed his mind
In the end after all....?

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