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One Small Life

The trees are all turning to the rhythm of the seasons
Their golden leaves are dying and as I watch them fall
I'm wondering if my life has any rhyme or reason
For if living has no meaning, it makes no sense at all

And though it's only autumn I can feel the breath of winter
Burning deep inside with a cold dark flame
My thoughts all tumble round, sweet sad and bitter
For I know I'll never see the spring again

Chorus:

One small heart in it's own time beating
One small voice singing to infinity
One small life, so precious and so fleeting
One small pulse of eternity

The trees are all turning to the rhythm of the seasons
Their golden leaves are dying and I'm thinking as they fall
Maybe one small life needs no other reason
Than the pain and the joy and the wonder of it all.