

IT'S ALL JUST A MATER OF TIME

Everyone's appointed to die someday
Except the Elect and those He chose to stay.
Your trials & troubles, ^{the line} they all will burn away.

[It all becomes some other matter -- so what's it matter?] PAUSES -

HOOK: It's all, just a matter, of time.
And your space, they say, is based,
on your state of mind.
Yes, it's all just a matter of time.

ADD THIS AS A BRIDGE
LINE, BRIDGING THE 4-LINE VERSES
TO HEAR
- 2-28-2000



1800 Market St., #130
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TIME: 3:43

DATE WRITTEN:
10-23-95 [Concept
began months earlier].

STYLE/ARTIST/MARKET:
Lazor-rock. Easy
pop-rock.

You who commit your evil deeds deliberately
especially hypocrites who hide it in secrecy,
there'll be a day to pay a reconing penalty.
[So what's the matter with you, that matters to me?] *Bridge line*

For...[HOOK]

~~Some suffering in this time of our lifetime~~
~~There are those who in this life never will be free:~~
the blind, ~~and~~ lame, & those in prison for life unjustly.
But there ~~is~~ ^{day} will come a day when they'll fly, & run, & see;
~~what they do till then is all that matters...until then...~~

[And if you've traded places with them, will it matter to you then?] *Bridge line*

HOOK

Not everybody always gets a second chance,
some never get a first, massacred in a glance.
Some never got invited to life's glorious dance,
was their Creator's attention on some other matter...
You thought? Makers focus was didn't think it mattered?

No...[HOOK]

In your heart under the shadows in the alleys ^{deep}
reclines someone who day & night writes down & tallies
the etchings of your conscience, mountains, plains and valleys
[And truly that one knows it all really matters...] *Bridge line*

He knows, it's all just a matter of time...
It all eventually fits within a just & perfect design,
Yes, it's all, just a matter, of time.
That is all, just a matter of time...

END