- Windswept plains strewn with remains of broken memories of the pains from lost gains of fortunes, now but token pennies. Down the drains washed by the rains of time's many, many, hopes and dreams and plans — that spans eternity.
- 2. Hollow heart, that wasn't from the start, bent that way. So many gone into withdrawn attrition rent in decay. What happened to the promises that as a child you made? and vowed that you would honor them no matter what price you paid!

It's life! - It's life! - It hurts! But in its majesty - How lovely...

3. Battles fought for chattels sought, the loser wins the prize.

Or so it seems when distant dreams, close up show their disguise—
of greener grasses in the pastures you just left for where you are.

But would anyone, think they could run, this gauntlet without a scar?

Life! - O, life! - How you hurt! But in your glory, Oh, what majesty!

4. I wouldn't part with this breaking heart for the treasures of Solomon. For, all these stitches sew a soul of riches, in the fabric deep, deep life has spun. And while it spun, somehow we won, the greatest prize there could ever be: The wealth of self afire, burning from the churning of life's pain & glory!

It's life! - It's life! - How it hurts! But in its majesty, what awesome beauty! Deeper, deeper, take me; You great mystery!

It's life! - It's life! - It hurts!
But in its majesty -- How lovely...

· COPYRIGHT @D WORDS & MUSIC by PF LAZOR (ABOUT 1996 ?)

 Windswept plains strewn with remains of broken memories of the pains of the lost gains of fortunes, now but token pennies. Down the drains washed by the rains of time's many, many hopes and dreams and plans — that spans eternity.

DOUBLE RAPID INSTRUMENTAL RUN

2. Hollow heart, that wasn't from the start, bent that way. So many gone into withdrawn attrition rent in decay. What happened to the promises that as a child you made? and vowed that you would honor them no matter what price you paid!

It's life! - It's life! - It hurts!
But in its majesty -- How lovely...
[2 INSTRUMENTAL MEASURES]

FULL INSTRUMENTAL / DEAD STOP / REPEAT

3. Battles fought for chattels sought, the loser wins the prize.
Or so it seems when distant dreams, close up show their disguise—
of greener grasses in the pastures you just left for where you are.
But would anyone, think they could run, this gauntlet without a scar?

Life! - O, life! - How you hurt! But in your glory, Oh, what majesty! [2 INSTRUMENTAL MEASURES]

4. I wouldn't part with this breaking heart for the treasures of Solomon. For, all these stitches sew a soul of riches, in the fabric deep, deep life has spun. And while it spun, somehow we won, the greatest prize there could ever be: The wealth of self afire, burning from the churning of life's pain & glory!

It's life! - It's life! - How it hurts! But in its majesty, what awesome beauty! Deeper, deeper, take me; You great mystery!

It's life! - It's life! - It hurts!
But in its majesty -- How lovely...
[2 INSTRUMENTAL MEASURES]

FULL INSTRUMENTAL TWICE AND FADEOUT

END

MARKET: #1 HIT/MOVIE/HISPANIC MKT./ECLECTIC LAZOROC Copyright © (P) by PF Lazor, Lyrics & Music. Rhythm Of Creation.ROC Music. Music. Rhythm Of Creation.ROC Music. Music. All rights reserved worldwide. PF Lazor is a BMI writer & publisher - since 1978.

CONTACT: PF Lazor c/o G. Travis · Box 2994 · San Ramon, CA 94583 USA

TIME: 4/4
LENGTH: 4:15
DATE WRITTEN: 4-23-2000