

## **Time Lies**

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When did time flash away  
like starlight bouncing off the sky?

My mind's-eye sees me young still.  
Yet time's reflection portrays truth as others see it.

We are as saw tooth mountain crests:  
ancient, weathered-gray, dulling of edge,  
and broken here and there.

Once we were young and bold  
and knew we could *never* die.  
How time lies with every second's tick...  
how we lie to ourselves.