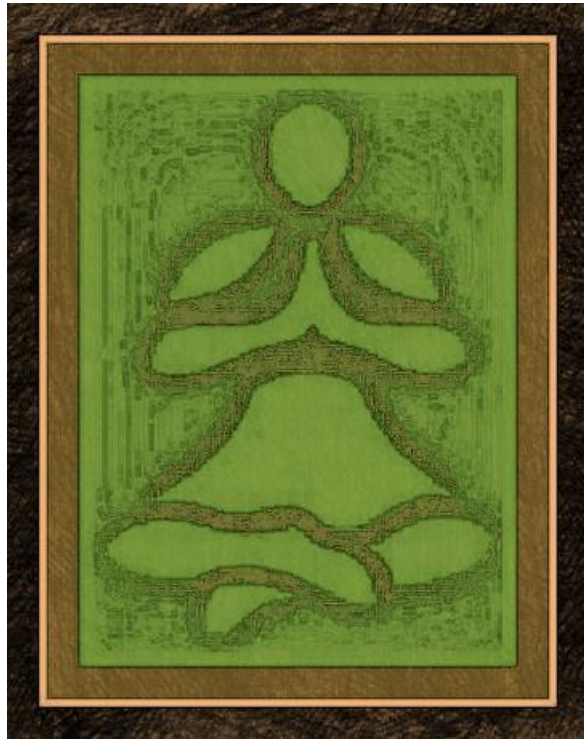




A thousand years, a thousand more, a thousand times, a million doors to Eternity.

I may have lived a thousand lives, a thousand times, an endless turning stairway
climbs to a Tower of Souls.

If I chase another thousand years, a thousand wars, the towers rise to numberless
floors in Space.

If I shed another million tears, a million breaths, a million names but only one
Truth to face.

A million roads, a million fears, a million suns, ten million years of uncertainty.

I could speak a million lies, a million songs, a million rights, a million wrongs in
this balance of Time.

But if there was a single truth, a single light, a single thought, a singular touch of
Grace.

Then following this single point, this single flame, this single haunted memory of
your face.

I still love you,

I still want you.

A thousand times the Mysteries unfold themselves

like Galaxies in my head...

I may be numberless, I may be innocent, I may know many things, I may be
ignorant.

Or I could ride with Kings and conquer many lands, or win this world at cards and
let it slip my hands.

I could be cannon food, destroyed a thousand times, reborn as fortune's child, to
judge another's crimes.

Or wear this pilgrim's cloak, or be a common thief.

I've kept this single Faith, I have but one Belief.

I still love you,

I still want you.

A thousand times the Mysteries unfold themselves

like Galaxies in my head.

On and on the Mysteries unwind themselves,

Eternities still unsaid, 'til you love me.

Sting