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How It Ends

Reference number PT0799

EDWARD

I've seen this all before when I was just a child.
I met a witch who took a bow and showed me how it ended.
We stood here on the shore.
The air was sweet and mild.
With disbelief implausibly suspended.

And in my child's imagination, I remember you,
though, I didn't know if we were foes or friends.
But now you're standing here, I see the vision coming clear.
I know exactly how this ends.

It ends with you. It ends with me.
It ends the way a story's ending is supposed to be.
A bit insane, a touch of pain.
Adeptly told, yet uncontrolled,

It ends with faith. It ends with love
It ends with water in the river and the sun above.
Part epic tale. Part fire sale.
But all sincere, and standing here.

I know I wasn't perfect, I know my life was small,
I know that I pretended that I knew it all.
But when you tell my story, and I hope somebody does,
remember me as something bigger than I was.

It ends with sons. It ends with wives.
It ends, with knowing when the pavement bends we find our lives.

So let it come, and let me go.
Show me the waves, and let them flow.
It all ends well.
This much, I know.