

Trophies

Sixty seven years have gone
My trophies lined upon the wall
I can't even count them all, Lord.
 Some are for accomplishment
 And some for fame and wars I've fought
 And some for reasons I forget.

In my younger driven days
I fought for fortune, fame and praise
And battled all who stood in my way, Lord.
 Now all the victories of the past
 And trophies given for conquest
 Have such a hollow loneliness

I strongly feel what I must do
Offer a sacrifice to you
Of all I've done and all I'll ever do, Lord.
 I'm puzzled that you don't receive
 My gift. Oh. But now I see
 All you ever want is me.

Opus 94 (1987)

TROPHIES (opus 94) R.J. Marks II ^{by}

SIXTY SEVEN YEARS HAVE GONE
IN MY YOUNGER DRIVEN STRONGLY FEEL WHAT I MUST DO

MY TROPHIES LINED UP - ON THE WALL
OF - FOUGHT FOR FORTUNE FAME AND PRAISE
FOR A SAC - RI - FICE TO YOU

AND OF I BATTLED ALL WHO STOOD IN MY WAY,
I CAN'T EVEN COUNT THEM ALL, DO,
LORD LORD LORD

NO SOME ARE FOR ACCOMPLISHMENT
I'M ALL THE VICTORIES OF THE PAST
PUZZLED THAT YOU DON'T RECEIVE

AND AND MY SOME FOR FAME AND WARS I'VE FOUGHT
TROPHIES GIVEN FOR CONQUEST
GIFT. - OH. - NOW I SEE

TO CODA ⊕

AND SOME FOR REASONS I FOR-GET
 HAVE SUCH A HOLLOW LONELINESS
 - ALL YOU EVER WANT IS ME

(LONELI)-NESS

ME