



BORROWED TIME

Movement VIII Fatherhood

So many years, I couldn't see,
the weight you carried silently.
Mistakes I made, the tears I cried,
wishing I could turn back time.

I didn't know, I didn't understand,
the lessons you held in your hands.
The love you gave, the care you showed,
and all the paths you helped me go.

Father, it's not a title, it's a vow,
a promise you've kept, somehow.
You taught me strength, you taught me grace,
now I see you in a different place.

Now that I'm a father, I know,
the burden, the love, it all grows.
The years have passed, but the truth's so clear,
you gave me everything, year after year.

Father, it's not a title, it's a vow,
a promise you've kept, somehow.
You taught me strength, you taught me grace,
now I see you in a different place.

It wasn't just your words that showed the way,
but your actions, every single day.
And now I hold my child so tight,
grateful for the love you gave me that night.

Father, it's not a title, it's a vow,
a promise you've kept, somehow.
You taught me strength, you taught me grace,
now I see you in a different place.

A different place.

It wasn't just your words that showed the way,
but your actions, every single day.
And now I hold my child so tight,
grateful for the love you gave me that night.