

# Sting, A Thousand Years

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 it takes another thousand years, a thousand wars,  
The towers rise to numberless floors in space  
I could 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,  
The 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