

# Minor Earth, Major Skies

## Textures

Cursed we are above all contentment  
Breaking the evolution  
Our history swept away  
We are shattered by our prey  
Lashing, spoiling  
Staring through the eyes of decay

Comfort is losing contrast in this light  
Ignorance eradicating  
This life draws to an end

We need to find the strength to put the earth in motion  
Behold, ignorance is our new messiah  
Abundant rays, all light from the sun

Gaze into the fire  
And the soothing winds

In our eyes, in our nerves  
As our colors are fading out  
Just like birds in the storm  
So let the squall come, waking us

"As tidal waves hit solid ground  
No permanence is ours  
We are a wave that flows  
To fit whatever form it finds"

Minor Earth, major skies  
The summit of the syntax of all life  
Is eroding along the path  
The great ocean road  
And its walls that always change  
Are still rising up  
The distribution of energy  
In dissonant directions  
A shift of paradigms  
Are these enough answers to our questions

As we dive  
We might see a new dawn  
This life that carries on  
Promenading through the storm

The everlasting chase  
The ways that seize the days  
Predicted to amaze  
Serenity will pave  
The inner state of grace

As tidal waves break down  
Consciousness collides  
No permanence is ours