

All these things
That have come to pass
Emptied well
Of times that never last
Rhythms speak
Sun to winter's call
Pouring forth they
Beckon to enthrall
Burnt clean eyes
Reach into our graves
Into the scars
Of our truth
Of life within
The stars

All these words
Are dust within my mind
In these times
That burn within our sight
Yearning to know
Deep into the marrow

Fall
And see
When there's no ground
To feel
To endure
Rise in the heart
Time will crawl
To the sea
Time will fall
Inside the dream

Weathered stone
Rivers running deep
Flying wings
In skies that never sleep
Earthly blood
Speaking in the stone
Sounding calls
That want us to believe
Cleansing flames
Burn into the night
Into the scars
Of our truth
Of life within
The stars

Restless souls
Flickering light
Painted in gold
Tearing at the seams
Needing to feel
One true moment
Needing to feel
Something true
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