

## Displacement

Atheist

The air stirs up the galaxy!  
Be!!!.....  
The crosswinds of forever become me and place me on  
The porch of the breeze  
Without my sounds would be silent  
No gullible gusts through the trees  
Carrying seasons to bring us  
The atmosphere we all can enjoy and we destroy

The blur on the horizon disturbs me  
It casts a disguise on the sun  
In the end it's the wind that will weaken  
And the human goes from billions to none  
The wind will regain all its motion  
And clear the air for the following to...(breathe)  
(spoken) The breeze of; a new creation  
Moving clouds, from everywhere  
Sensing a rainy stare  
Smelling the moisture in the air  
In the air.

The weather can be deemed as deceiving  
To predict the unpredictability  
The passion that it peels for the ocean  
Air and water sharing laughter  
A bond between two forces of nature  
All to live and breathe  
The breeze of a new creation  
Breathe  
The breeze of a new creation.