

Air

Charon

Unspoken witness never reached the eyes of the day
Yet the moon was the one for hear
How she prayed forgiveness for each shattered little word she made to weep

Why these words still echo, how the wispering tangles on
When the moon was the only one here
How I pray to loose my burden in this place where I loved you dead

And you are the air, the cold beneath this whispering wind, carried within
You are the air, the warmth in sorrow I took in when I could feel the end
The air... the air I breath was gift from you