

## Tale Of Dust

Depresy

We are sooth great in our scruffiness  
never can be butterfly altered to eagle  
Thousand of subsistences  
so blind and vainglorious  
We are just a grain of sand  
carried by the wind in the vast desert  
We are falling into the void of our pride  
The light of wisdom is hidden from the sight  
astral world's gates are still closed  
Imprisoned by our material existence  
we are loosing the wings of spiritual being  
"We are sooth great in our scruffiness"  
Peer into your heart  
and your eyes will see.  
Lot of things are between the heaven and the earth, there  
but just abiding ones can understand  
We are doomed to live in darkness  
so "Long life to the new King !"