

The sound of breathing, the silence intense  
The hearts are pounding, endlessly here  
The wind tumbling steadily, traded between us  
It becomes a wild and powerful strength  
New Light

You took my wind, and gave me your wind  
It passes between us, invisible, pure  
The patterns in motion, the birds in their forms  
The horizon is only a point on the map  
New Light

The holy head dressed with feathers, and howling  
The mother protects the young, and the worn  
The clouded dusk drops, the burning sun cracks  
The natural world reinvents itself  
And turning the wheel, the iron fears crying  
The walls moan and sing as they shift in the wind  
The night is a prayer that beckons the dawn  
Hopeful and patient for new light to come  
New Light