

## To the Wind

Neurosis

I saw God in death through you  
Most things we'll never know  
The darkest water runs in  
The feasting cancerous  
The questions burn in cages  
Of a masterless life of disease  
All that feel the warning see to will its steeds  
Of black to cut us down  
Of white to light our sound  
Of red to burn and drown  
And grey to spread like ash to the ground