

Windstorm

School of Seven Bells

Wind mills cut through, the voids of hiding the
Imagine then truth the eyes neglect to see what
The heart pursues then my heart finds a dream in me
It sees you in the untouchable
That's not to say that I don't feel the limitations and the
Dropped from the expectation its not lying
But the heart of creation is the only
Thing proven true to me

When the fires burn and from sky to ground
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Time passed has shown shadows of where my shoulder
That has goes on, movement of my desires
Lost like a storm, cast out and wished into
A well with no sound, you'll answer at the end

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