

## Aether

## Skepticism

Deep in layers unwarm drifting  
Lower in depths still descending  
On wide billows slowly floating  
In colder streams smoothly drifting

Beauty unleashed  
Light wind flowing  
Heard Silence

A dance to abyss would soon follow  
Once another would soon swallow  
Darkness as the light most silent  
Silence as the darkest of voices

From Silence and anything  
To Silence and nothing  
Is the path of final solitude