

Under The Stars

Winds

Under the stars and beneath the sun, in this indefinite realm
Being is beyond understanding, life-like yet just a dream

There are whispers from the other side, calling for a path to reason

But the desire of a lesser kind holds strong in a world of treason

It is only when the darkest hour approaches that our true nature is exposed

So the voice of reason remains but a whisper in the dark

Everything that begins ends with the last of the two

Until they anew will rise from the ruin of that single spark

The one which is no more and that never was

For under the stars and beneath the sun, there is really nothing at all

Yet even so we choose this path, for only to watch the aftermath

Knowing all things that come to an end, leave only broken pieces to mend