

# Aletheian, Break In The Clouds

The storm clouds move in overhead, drowning out the light of day.

Blinded in the darkness, soul torn apart by the falling rain.

Cold and alone, trembling with fear and shame.

Arms stretched to the sky as blood drips from my eyes, I wait for a break in the clouds.

Withered from the absence of glory, fruitless from the absence of light.

Barren from self-reliance, empty but not without hope.

I still remember the glory of the light; I know the power of the sun.

Amidst the despair, hope will prevail, as calm follows every storm.

Hungry for renewal, longing for the warmth that awaits, I wait for a break in the clouds.