

# Meadows End, Primordial Aeons

I mute towards the old I know that idle time rushes towards the past.  
A new beginning coming forth a time to face the old.  
I know that winning is not lost.

When the life has begun.  
And see a newborn era.  
I feel the presense of control.  
Though life can not be all.

I feel a reverance to the past.  
As the sun sets day one.  
Already so much is won.  
My mental courage sets the light.  
My hope is one way out.  
To face the dawn and set me free.

The words that you say, will show me the way.  
The truth is spoken like an arrow through the sky.  
The wind is broken but the will will never die.

I mute towards the old I know that idle time rushes towards the past.  
A new beginning coming forth a time to face the old.  
I know that winning isnt lost.

The truth is out there.  
A poetry of life.

I feel a reverance to the past.  
As the sun sets day one.  
Already so much is won.  
My mental courage sets the light.  
My hope is one way out.  
To face the dawn and set me free.

I burn the shades alive.