

Winds, Realization

Truth to existence'
I found in my dreams
Yet I saw, in the fields of souls
Doubt in the glints of an eye

Among the many I found the few
And none could foresee the coming of their fate

Be wildered by confusion
Fearing what they knew
They chose to remain' restrained

Grieved I was to the depths of my soul
For I could not reserve the tide
By tragic mourns for the vile
I cleansed my essence, and thus became divine