

Fold Zandura, Everything

late, winter light
folds the air, fills my eyes
there against the sky
i call on faith with arms stretched high

and would you know how much i love you?
would you feel the way that i do?
if i told you all the things that move my soul
and while the world is turning darkly
would you still be the earth beneath me?
if i tell you everything, would i be sure?

down the path were on
we cannot turn,
we cannot run
here, we share our wounds
how we embrace what we become