

# Hopesfall, Open Hands To The Winds

nothing can be obtained by grasping at the wind  
there is no escape from the dualism of life  
vanity of vanities  
i am embittered towards humanity for its failures  
yet i possess all of these same shortcomings  
there is grief in wisdom, there is sorrow in truth  
yet, the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning  
and by a sad countenance the heart is made stronger in time  
so, i embrace this burden and weep for the fools that chase the wind