

# Skepticism, By Silent Wings

Sweet is the air under the forceful wings  
Sharp is the gaze to read  
Reflections from distant lakes  
Whispers from distant woods  
Calls from distant mountains  
That brings summonings from the ones  
with the swords

Come, carry the seeds  
Of storms  
Come, satisfy the lust  
and the craving  
Come, fleet, come  
By silent wings