

# Skepticism, The Curtain

Wind in the dawn  
Screams  
Does not whisper  
Through the day  
Distant  
Dark clouds gather  
Fear not  
In here  
Storms will enter  
Winds are still  
It is us who move  
Storms are weak  
Against ones  
Who stand time  
Dark clouds  
Like them  
Beautiful but helpless  
Wind in the dusk  
Whispers  
Or stays silent  
The dark clouds  
Stay  
Or slowly shatter  
Sky in the night  
Is dark  
Like high ceiling  
Fear not  
The curtain  
Slowly closes