

# Winds, Under The Stars

Under the stars and beneath the sun, in this indefinite realm  
Being is beyond understanding, life-like yet just a dream

There are whispers from the other side, calling for path to reason  
But the desire of lesser kind holds strong in a world of treason  
It is only when the darkest hour approaches that our true nature is exposed

So the voice of reason remains but a whisper in the dark  
Everything that begins ends with the last of the two  
Until they anew will arise from the ruin of that single spark  
The one which is no more and that never was

For under the stars and beneath the sun, there is really nothing at all  
Yet even so we choose this path, for only to watch the aftermath  
Knowing all things that come to an end, leave only broken pieces to mend