

Winds, What Is Beauty

Can you hear the stepping on twigs?
Can you see the heart of the dark?
Can you smell the scent of vigor lost?
Can you feel the gust of cold?

I can show you what beauty is
But needed is a heart of trust
We ignite the spark of sound
And seem blinded to the enlightened

The sting of rot is our perfume
Where god's icy wind will blow

When I smell the roses humanity smells
When I hear the voice of belief
When I see the light of a sunny day
And when I feel the caress of love

Remind me what ugliness is
I cannot seem to recall

Charmed by the smell of the roses
Fainted by the voice of belief
Deceived by the light of a sunny day
And lured by the caress of love