

Open Hands To The Wind

Hopesfall

Nothing can be obtained by grasping at the wind
There is no escape from the dualism of life, vanity of vanities
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I am embittered towards humanity for it's 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 sad countenance the heart is made stonger in time
So, i embrace this burden and weep for the fools that chase
The wind