

## 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