

# Within and Without

Minsk

Our life remains  
A process of guilt and obfuscation  
And it stays the same  
No closer to the deeper truths  
And further from a divine light

We rode on wings, baring our souls / Into the night  
Leaving scattered remnants of self / When the stars fall  
We fell from the sky / The depths went black  
And with a blink / The lesser wind  
Stood and teetered on the chasm's brink / Submitting to the darkness

And grey, and black and nothingness  
We form a line, from there to here  
Hoping to find our way back

Gave way to green, and the ultimate question / With the remnants of light  
All things seen and heard / You've sewn the seeds on the altar  
All intangibles given a word / The new dawn's fire  
And now a new breath, a decree / Burns brighter still

Of purpose, of inspiration, of necessity  
To the many possibilities left unheard

We bend, we wither, without the wind  
Wearing borrowed skin  
Dethroned, feet set firm  
I see the liars, cower in their dens

To defy concern, by discerning, we rise again  
To gain a hold, by releasing  
The chaff blows away with the wind

Fear of death is a delusion we must escape  
While weakness preys upon the Will  
Yet we offer the excuse of self

With scream and whisper a call will be heard  
Unable to say where the mountain ends and the clouds begin  
Floating in the aether awaiting the grasp of all who dare  
Unwilling to say where the mountain ends and the clouds begin

We bend, we wither, without the wind  
And grey, and black, and nothingness  
With scream and whisper  
Our call will be heard