

# Windstorm

School of Seven Bells

Wind mills cut through, the voids of hiding the  
Imagine then truth the eyes neglect to see what  
The heart pursues then my heart finds a dream in me  
It sees you in the untouchable  
That's not to say that I don't feel the limitations and the  
Dropped from the expectation its not lying  
But the heart of creation is the only  
Thing proven true to me

When the fires burn and from sky to ground  
Swing my weight around, begin the windstorm  
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Time passed has shown shadows of where my shoulder  
That has goes on, movement of my desires  
Lost like a storm, cast out and wished into  
A well with no sound, you'll answer at the end

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