

# Into The Unknown

Thomas Sanders

Led through the mist  
By the milk-light of moon  
All that was lost is revealed  
Our long bygone burdens  
Mere echoes of the spring  
But where have we come?  
And where will we end?  
If dreams can't come true  
Then why not pretend?

How the gentle wind  
Beckons through the leaves  
As autumn colors fall  
Dancing in a swirl  
Of golden memories  
The loveliest lies of all

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