

There is a way to break the glass
I found a hole in the black mass
There is a place where one will learn to see
To glimpse the vast

Senses speak of something grand
Just beyond the grasp of hand
A place within to which I wish to return
I stand on the threshold
Focused and prepared to burn

Winds, take me on
I wring my body to lose control
Through the music's violence, I bare my soul
Ill will
Is the fuel that has to flow
The opposition
The friction that allows minds to grow

This inflation makes the spirit lift
As if in chaos, ghost from flesh may shift
For moments may their senses lose their way
Its being's grip
Then I am gone
And flying free

Winds, take me on
Moments of the vast and great
Well beyond both love and hate
The humble eyes where all appears as one
As if undraped

Lift my soul, take me away
Unfolded wide is now the sky
So the Earth and so am I
Winds, take me on

Of the world, I am a son
Through the world, my will is done
By my will, I will become
I am free, I am gone