**ON**

Must one know

The depths

For to taste the heigths

Walk with spirits death

To grave the fears tears

And years with sweet

Repast of that

Was meant to be

As dancing night grants

Birth to dawn

Such is lifes fruit

Bestowed by timeless trees

With roots that twine

With precious soil of toil

State and yes heart agile

For what one dareth touch

As sweat on tides of

Souls end lovers soul

One sets sail

By the wind

Of chance

What curve the paths

Have chartered

Yea perhaps

The call of dance

And whisper of

Lifes trail

A glance into the

Soft abyss

Sparing a stead one

More a dance

Of that

Such as this

Trust of

Veil beyond the veil

The lot is cast

For all those who

Soldier on and see

Dare to gaze with the cosmos

Face of wind

For thee

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