**Winds of Time**

*September 24, 2012*

Winds of Time.

Old Friends and Foes.

Wrack my Soul Yet lift my Weary Heart.

Through my Spirits Fragile Walls.

Beneath its Tattered Wings doth Sing and Blow At Strike of Three AM the Joy

And Torment start.

Noble Grapes Forebears have tended with their All.

Ferment of Hardship Toil Stress of Bite of Hungry Mind.

Bear Fruit of Wine both bitter.

Yea yet sweet.

The Mournful Call. Of that my Search ordained at Spark of Birth.

Candle in the Dark for I We Thee and Thine.

I seek. I may yet so find. Answer to the Why I Cry to Know.

Cyper of Riddle of the I.

Whisper of the Yes. Yes it be so.

I am One with Mountain Sea Earth Air and Sky.

As Storm Clouds Batter.

Buffet. All they touch.

So too they grant with Kiss of Rain the Stuff of Life.

Bear with Quiet Strength the Brutal Blows to Noble Tree.

What Yea may weather such. So by the Face of Raw Entropy set Free.

Meet Greet Return of Sol.

Reborn. Refreshed. With eternal Will to Be.

Embrace with Grace.

New Moment nurtured by Precious Sustanace.

What Flows. Cycle of Conception.

Being. False God. Imposter Death.

Fed by Morsels of All Natures Gentle Kin.

And Then. Strengthened by Dry Ceaseless Heat Dews Endless Flood

North Winds Hoary Breath of Elements.

Comfort of the Ages.

One has Survived.

Miracle to Know and See.

To Be Alive. At Break of Dawn.

From Couch of Hope and Torment.

Black Grey Blue Room of Night.

One Carrys On.

With Dread of Inner Demons Shed.

Dead. Gone. So Strong.

Impervious to the Heat. Cold. Storm.

Tempered by Lash of Fellow Man.

One will. One can.

With Mettle of the Self forged in Cauldron of The Ancient Fire of Strife.