

Countless Skies

Be'lakor

Countless times below me
Rivers rose and fell
Ageless stones eroding out
Across the endless swell Songs to pave the seasons
Wounds to follow birth
Cries to carry through the night
Wombs to feed the earth Countless skies above me
Each unlike the next
Lines of more than moon and sun
Glimpses of a text Countless hands have sought me
Reaching out in vain
Permanence observes without
Compassion or disdain Flames to greet the harvest
Storms to face in awe
Winds to weave through every wood
Walls to dull the road Purpose lost to frailty
Craning blades of grass
Strength and weakness on and on
All that is will pass Countless hands have sought me
Reaching out in vain
Permanence observes without
Compassion or disdain Flames to greet the harvest
Storms to face in awe
Winds to weave through every wood
Walls to dull the road Countless waves around me
Strong until the last
Leaning into dimming dreams
All that was has passed

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