

Air

Atheist

The air stirs up the galaxy
BeThe crosswinds of forever become me
And place me on the porch of the breeze
Without my sounds would be silent
No gullible gusts through the treesCarrying seasons to bring us
The atmosphere we all can enjoy and we destroyThe blur on the horizon disturbs me
It casts a disguise on the sun
In the end it's the wind that will weaken
And the human goes from billions to noneThe wind will regain all its motion
And clear the air for the following to breathe
To breathe, breathe
The breeze of a new creationMoving clouds from everywhere
Sensing a rainy stare
Smelling the moisture in the airThe weather can be deemed as deceiving
To predict the unpredictability
The passion that it feels for the oceanAir and water sharing laughter
A bond between two forces of nature
Allowing all to live and breatheThe breeze of a new creation
Breathe
The breeze of a new creation
Breathe
The breeze
The breeze of a new creationThe air stirs up the galaxy

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