

# 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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