

Countless Skies(ending riff)

Be'lakor

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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