

## **A Hope For Home "Seasons"**

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We tend to think of ourselves as much more important  
to the grand cosmic  
Scale of the universe than we truly are. This is not to  
say that our  
Individual lives are not valued or of importance, but the  
universe will not  
Tremble at the thought of our passing; Truth exists  
regardless of our  
Existence, and nothing we can do or say can strip that  
Truth of it's  
Meaning. At the end of the man's life he faces all he  
has been, all that he  
Has known. He has traversed the tunnels of nihilism  
and faith, and found  
Himself facing one final, immutable Truth.

We've conquered everything, these minds and these  
machines.  
By our hands the earth stops it's spin, and with our will  
it begins again.  
But our first breath is as our last. Our first breath is as  
our last. Our  
First breath is as our last.

And will the heavens still shine without our gaze?  
And will the seasons still pass if there's no one to count  
the days?

We fade like the summer leaves in fall, then drift with  
the winters wind.  
And still we thought that we were gods, but we're  
nothing more than a grain  
Of sand in time.

We've conquered everything, these minds and these  
machines.  
By our hands the earth stops it's spin, and with our will  
it begins again.  
But when the mountains turn to dust, and the rivers all  
run dry,  
When my final breath has come and gone, this place  
will carry on.

We are nothing more than grains of sand on the shores  
of time.

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