

Be'Lakor "Countless Skies"

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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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