

Charon "Air"

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Unspoken witness neaver reached the eyes of the day
Yet the moon was the one to hear
How she prayed forgiveness for each shattered little
word she made to weep
Why these woods still echo, how the whispering tangles
on
When the moon was the only one here
How I pray to loose my burden in this place where I love
you dead
And you are the air, the cold beneath this whispering
wind, carried within
You are the air, the warmth in sorrow I took when I
could feel the end
The air fç, -ç, the air I breathe was gift from you.

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