

## **Mar De Grises**

# **"The Bell And The Solar Gust"**

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...and so the bell-maker flew high  
Modeling wind and light  
Tolling, he kept every soul inside  
Once inside a time.

Toll, toll, resound, echoes too far  
Wind is independent of time  
It carries the truth in form of sound  
Vibrating to the eardrum of the sun.

Burn, burn, ablaze, flares too fast  
Sun becomes wind at last  
Wind becomes truth in action  
And tolls the bells of deception.

Untimely bell vibration  
Fooled soul direction.  
Time intoxication!  
Fooled by the gust of purification!

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