

Craft

"the conclusion"

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soulful winds sing across our skies
we hear the song, but do we listen?
we watch the eagle as it flies
but is it's path it's own decision?
a wandering stream, but is it free
to cut it's track or follow fate?
is what's meant to be, just meant to be
to destiny we denigrate?

in natures hand there is no key
no gates to bar or doors to lock
but still we cannot see we're free
we just see walls of solid rock
just close your eyes, reach out your hand
cast off the dreams that hold you back
all that was rock just turns to sand
objectivity is what we lack

without our walls just where are we?
the truth for some is all too much
to accept responsibility
denial but a simple crutch
to take our place in natures plan
we give ourselves, our spirits blend
and know we can't, but hope we can
conclude ourselves a happy end.

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