

## Skepticism

# "Oars In The Dusk"

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The sun may stopped rising  
Light in mornings growing  
Horizon sky from sea dividing  
Clouds of waves separating

Grey have been our days  
For longer than one will remember  
Not a breath of wind in weeks  
And ages of the last rainfall

Yet the oars strike into the dusk  
Steady keep the rowlocks sounding  
Let the morning bring land or more sea  
Into the dusk will the oars lead us

Grey is night  
Grey new dawn  
Grey the light  
Grey light gone

Feel no wind  
See no shores  
Never shall we turn back  
Never shall we stop

Let the sun stop rising  
Moon at nights appearing  
Clear sky between clouds flashing  
Night from day differing

Grey shall be our days  
For as long as journey remains  
We welcome cold and rough wind  
Into the dusk will the oars lead us

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