

That we could lose it all, tiny grains of dust swallowed by the sway
And ocean thunder.

Its been said, that we could walk for 100 years and never take one step
Toward heaven. That we have to wait to be gathered.

And here we are, gathered all in all. Lighthouse with a gaze.
A primitive form of wonderment.

There's nothing more magical than the simplest thoughts of the faithful stars,
Tiny portraits of history. Polaroid nebulas, kinetic only by starlight.

When the sky blinks, even the oceans take notice.