

Delicate line between heaven and earth...
The calm of the ages,
all the world's worth.
Such minuscule measure,
while we think it so grand...
Just five specks of smallness,
This soft quiet land.
So frail and so fleeting,
in the end you will see
Simple dreams were Horatio's philosophy.

For all the truth,
all creation,
all secrets of yore
Can be told in an instant,
by then they're no more.

Ah, The Unexplainable
All worries unsettled,
heartache unresolved...
All questions unanswered,
with death, shall be solved.

We already teeter,
this sheer cliff so high.
When we fall to corruption,
insecurities die.

To end is to start;
to surrender is to know.

Despair and depression,
together they grow.
Hope shall meet hopeless
when there's nowhere to go.