

## Jon Kenzie

### *Winds of approaching night*

All our wings  
Spread out for flight  
All chest thrust out in pride  
Whether to play or ride  
Those winds of approaching night  
Those winds of approaching night

In a man's meditation  
He's lost amid all he's made  
And he stands indignation  
To cast off body and trade  
To cast off body and trade

We will vanish with our breath  
And reach with all things to end  
To clutch a lucky death  
And send all our dreams to mend  
And send all our dreams to mend

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Those winds of approaching night  
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