

# Chalice, As Powder Turns To Dust

When they finally claim you  
All matter will cease, all dreams will expire  
And with a dead angel's touch  
And the loss of myself  
The vapour will fade  
Until the day that I join you  
When you finally take yourself  
Day will be night, all will be nothing  
As the flickering candles that lit up our chess  
Can burn no more  
When the queen has fallen  
Now I cower in this hollow room  
Acutely aware that the time is approaching  
When what I love above all else  
Will be only my greatest memory  
It's both tragic and symbolic  
That in your darkest hour  
You can still shine so bright