

Thrice, Of Dust And Nations

the towers that shoulder your pride
the words you've written in stone
sand will cover them, sand will cover you
the streets that suffer your name
your very flesh and your bones
sand will cover them, sand will cover you

so put your faith in more than steel
don't store your treasures up, with moth and rust
where thieves break in and steal
pull the fangs from out your heel
we live in but a shadow of the real

step out from time, see the dust of nations
step out from time, hear the stars ovation

Saturn will not sleep, until the sand has made us clean
still we stack our stones and bury what we can
but it all will be undone, and nothing built under the sun
will ever stand before the endless march of sand

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