

# Circle Of Dust, Nightfall

(Then) deep in the darkness without form and void  
The hovering spirit of God  
Man given life soon only to die  
Fallen by deception

(Now) dwell in the confines of morality  
Gripping the hand of despair  
Children of dust blown by winds of distress  
Into uncharted futures stare

(Whenever) again the night falls to darken our dawn  
Silence our lips seek refuge from harm again  
Children of trial offspring of pain  
Wounds of existence leave scars that remain

Scarred hand of healing waits stretched from the sky  
For those who would choose to receive

Chains of oppression shackles of fear  
Forever broken for those who draw near  
From storm to shelter from darkness to light  
Wings cast a shadow a haven from falling night