

Tarot, Of Time And Dust

There's only one we've all fought for
Give us your grace
We're the eager sons of you bear and eat
with skies on your face
In all the flesh the craving lives for the embrace
of our cruel mother, the dark queen of our short days

The heart of flame, the skin of snow,
the cloak of air to kindle our lust.
The womb of seas, the bosom of stones
The cradle of earth will kiss your bones to dust

when the earth has gone, will we be adopted by strange stars?
the love won't die, neither will war
and we find no rest apart

The heart of flame, the skin of snow,
the cloak of air to kindle our lust.
The womb of seas, the bosom of stones
The cradle of earth will kiss your bones to dust

Timeless the burning, the anger of suns.
Endlessly turning what never has begun.