

Tarot, Shining Black

I've been fasting face to the dawn
from the desert of thoughts only prayers will carry on
I've been waiting knees in the sand
will there be time enough for me to understand?
I've been breathing the air of high pass
the cold reaches into my bones turning me to glass
I've been bleeding but the cup's not filled
I hope to see into it now, see my heart stilled
far and away from here I'd lie down to find some rest
something whispers in my ear, the hurt has found a place to nest
shining black... I see you now
shining black... you're made of steel
shining black...
I've been fighting the worm of despair
the hollowed me is losing strength, maybe I don't care
the demon whispers in my ear the hurt has found a home here
shining black?