

Where Waning Winds Lead

Crimfall

Away flows the hourglass sand
She wields on her hands
Away flew the spirit tied to the land
Dies the elan on her dance

Away, the whispers in reveries
Leaves with wind they breath
Away, faith-sealed old memories
Grief and fire in dreams

Where waning winds may lead
Howling the storm wails weak
Dark is now shades of bleak

Gone is the zeal, fading vivacity
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Lost is the fate, promised in prophecy
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Surcease the stir of the seven wheels
What greed once sowed is ripe for child to reap
So dies the light, in hearths frost now creeps
So dies the light, we fall in dreamless sleep

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