

The Grain

Hammers of Misfortune

Far from the ridges and rivers we crossed
So in our wandering we're lost
Far from the shores, the mountains and hills
Nothing but dust moving still
Try to forget the leaves and the shade
Focus instead on the time we made
Now the horizon is nothing but sand
So we have reached the deserted land

But the grain is so fine
In your teeth in your time
But the grain is precise
In your veins, in your eyes

Nought but the sand and the night-fallen stars
Only the cold desert moon
Sound of your voice is so shocking and strange
Suddenly so out of tune
Oh how the sound of our hearts beating down
The gusting and howling will drown
There is no shade but the shadow of you
Lost in the dust of the dunes

But the grain is so fine
In your teeth in your time
But the grain is so nice
In the veins of your eyes
But the grain in the breeze
Is like fire in the trees
But the grain is precise
In the veins of your eyes