

Flour in the Wind

Stormwitch

Cold misty winter, late afternoon
The time is short, is running low
On the river's surface, appears a mill
It sunk a long, long time ago

The old, lame miller goes ashore
I know what he's searching for

Death, pain, agony
Famine is spread all through the land
Death, pain, agony
The white fog is carried by the air

Pale, bony fingers search through the fields
They scratch out nourishing seed
The wicked miller fills his bags
With all the stolen winter wheat

He grinds the corn and flour fills the air
Flour turns to fog bringing hunger and despair

Death, pain, agony....

Everytime when this fog appears
There'll be no harvest only hunger and tears

Death, pain, agony....