

Ocean of Sand

The Stone

Like a cold north wind I'll force you to drop your leaves
Whip your bark, rip off the ground
Like the burning sun I'll melt the frozen trunk
Arise back to life but then drain your veins

Like a black rain cloud I'll wrap you in the dark
Fill your veins again by pouring acid rain

World - Is turning clockwise
Moon - Is turned inside-out
Sun - The sun is upside-down

Like a twisted choir I'll howl in every slit
Even those who can't hear are afraid
Like a funeral pyre I'll awake respect and fear
Cos I eat every colour that comes in my way

World - Is turning clockwise
Moon - Is turned inside-out
Sun - The sun is upside-down

I burn the bridges behind me and ahead I blow my way clear
My ways are unknown, don't try to follow, my dear

Like a low tide I'll draw you into deep water
No land can you reach
Your roots are taking you deeper
Trying to touch the ground
The bottom

Like polluted ground around your roots
I could suffocate you or let you swallow
The filth
Like north wind, burning sun, black rain cloud
Like low tide

World - Is turning clockwise
Moon - Is turned inside-out
Sun - The sun is upside-down