

## Number

Tristania

Death I hear you calling  
But I can't come home right now  
My days were few and numbered  
But somebody lost count  
Unlike the dust that settles down  
Or fragments in the breeze  
I'm now prone to supremacy  
And I go on with ease  
Time to climb - regain  
What I've given up  
Low or high - I'll never be satisfied  
Transcending - I'll roam  
The end is my home  
I'll surmount and deride  
The benumbed hands of time  
Bribing the ebb of tide  
It's time to climb  
Time to climb - regain  
What I've given up  
Low or high - I'll never be satisfied  
Transcending - I'll roam  
The end is my home  
At the mercy of the pouring rain  
My fire inside  
At the mercy of life's waterfall  
My shelter's dry  
All is dead and done  
All is said and sung  
But united and untied -unified  
I'm turning the stone  
The end is my home