

## Magna-Fi

### "Every Grain Of Sand"

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In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest  
need

When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every  
newborn seed

There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out  
somewhere,

Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.

Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,  
Like cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must  
break.

In the fury of the moment I can see the master's hand  
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of  
yesteryear,

Like criminals, they have choked the breath of  
conscience and good cheer.

The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the  
way

To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay.

I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame  
And every time I pass that way I always hear my name.  
Then onward in my journey I come to understand  
That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand.

I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the  
night

In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a  
wintry light,

In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space,  
In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten  
face.

I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea  
Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, other times  
it's only me.

I am hanging in the balance of the reality of man  
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand.

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