

Circle Of Dust "Nightfall"

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[Then] deep in the darkness without form and void
The hovering spirit of God
Man given life soon only to die
Fallen by deception

[Now] dwell in the confines of morality
Gripping the hand of despair
Children of dust blown by winds of distress
Into uncharted futures stare

[Whenever] again the night falls to darken our dawn
Silence our lips seek refuge from harm again
Children of trial offspring of pain
Wounds of existence leave scars that remain

Scarred hand of healing waits stretched from the sky
For those who would choose to receive

Chains of oppression shackles of fear
Forever broken for those who draw near
From storm to shelter from darkness to light
Wings cast a shadow a haven from falling night

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