

Steve Von Till "To The Field"

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The winds outside a change
Shadows move across the floor
Chasing the light

When the leaves fall to the field
I'll know the wrong from yesterday

Sky turns sustaining night
We all watch the frost
From the withered vine
Of the Autumn host

I'll pray on my sustaining life
I will be as you, with the grey

Driven through a sea
The tides wash in to inspire
Lay down in moon of the night
Flesh gives way to the worlds in her hives

The rain will no longer cease
Drowning gives meaning to breath

I come down to stake my claim
Runes in the clouds
Blood on the bones

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