

## **Thorns Of The Carrion "To Covet The Dancing Wind"**

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[the angel speaks]

"The wind is the carriage from which I arrive  
And the storm's the road I travel  
The frost on the window is my kiss  
And the tears on your cheek is the wine they sip  
You will never see again the ones you love  
For I am your light and I am your darkness  
This is your dream, this is your rapture  
And bittersweet is this journey, this death"

[the old man]

I have seen your eyes shine before in this room  
And through the years I cried the tears you sowed  
You took from me my only love, my only care  
And gave to me this empty shell, of empty days  
I have waited for this night amid endless sorrow  
Yet the agony of life is now too great a task  
Though I dear your serene touch, I envy you  
So let the trumpet blare the funeral march

[the mourners cry]

The dried flowers fill the room with the scent of death  
On this night with the wind, may she carry you away  
Your time is spent, the day is done, your struggle is  
gone  
The rain is here, the time has come,  
may you join your love beyond

[the old man]

I have seen your beauty among the hills  
Among the graves that rest on pastures pure  
With the fall of life I sought a god  
Yet with this journey I found nothing...

[the mourners cry]

The dried flowers fill the room with the scent of death  
On this night with the wind, may she carry you away  
Your time is spent, the day is done, your struggle is  
gone  
The rain is here, the time has come,  
may you join your love beyond

