

Tarot "Of Time And Dust"

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There's only one we've all fought for.
Give us your grace.
We're the eager sons you bear and eat
with skies on your face.
In all the flesh the craving lives for the embrace
of our cruel mother, the dark queen of our short days.

The heart of flame, the skin of snow,
the cloak of air to kindle our lust.
The womb of seas, the bosom of stones,
The cradle of earth will kiss your bones to dust.

When the earth has gone
will we be adopted by strange stars?
The love won't die, neither will war
and we find no rest apart

The heart of flame...

Timeless the burning, the anger of suns.
Endlessly turning what never has begun.

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