

## Timberless Skies

Clou

Time, a spear that divides  
the hollow insides of timberless skies  
place your aging grey hand  
over the land and swallow the countryside

Picture yourself on a throne carving kingdoms  
shaper of wood, air and bone, steel and fire  
look at the festering wound you've created  
wave to the future you mold, say goodbye

Raise your torch, hold it high  
first study the light and then set a fire  
now the time has arrived  
for sinister minds to pay for their crimes

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