

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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