

# Where Waning Winds Lead

Crimfall

Away flows the hourglass sand  
She wields on her hands  
Away flew the spirit tied to the land  
Dies the elan on her dance

Away, the whispers in reveries  
Leaves with wind they breath  
Away, faith-sealed old memories  
Grief and fire in dreams

Where waning winds may lead  
Howling the storm wails weak  
Dark is now shades of bleak

Gone is the zeal, fading vivacity  
Where waning winds may lead  
Lost is the fate, promised in prophecy  
Grief and fire in dreams  
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Surcease the stir of the seven wheels  
What greed once sowed is ripe for child to reap  
So dies the light, in hearths frost now creeps  
So dies the light, we fall in dreamless sleep

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