

A Song Of Ashes

Elend

Onde de sang, vent ardent.
I rolled like the sand
the
water
unfurls.

We are the everdead, the spark in the air.
Dust and water,
The blood of the harvest

And aimless on those muddy fields,
We wandered all night.
from the pyres draw
a solemn temple:
We have reached the altar.

Les corps n