The Mill

Empyrium

Tall it stands
With twisting wings on high

Built on stones
From the olden mine

The winds forevermore
Will drive its wheel
Draw the circle
And make it squeal

The wheel keeps turning – merciless
We try and burn
We hope and break
The mill grinds on
We lose and earn
We give and take
The mill grinds on

By the water's spring
Stands the mill

Hope and loss
Have built its iron spine

In raging move
And in infinite line
It grinds away the sands of time

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