

# The Sojourner

## In Mourning

The flaming one, sojourning sun  
She will return and melt the ice  
The shifting sky will turn again  
And we will mourn the passing grief

The roaring waves will wash away  
Her ghastly grace still haunts this place  
When ashes rest, a flame gone out  
And then the smoke will cover all

Walk away and leave this ship  
We're never going to make this trip  
If the tide will turn, we're still too late  
I see demise on the horizon

Here was the place where we got lost  
Old wisdom gone  
And we could have known  
The sands of time would all run through our hands

The spiral that never ends  
The red sky that still remains  
A story told but never heard  
Over and over again

Walk away and leave this ship  
We're never going to make this trip  
If the tide will turn, we're still too late  
I see demise on the horizon

Here was the place where we got lost  
Old wisdom gone  
And we could have known  
The sands of time would all run through our hands