

## Yields of Sand

### In Mourning

I denied your swinging flail  
Cutting through my shields  
And you feel just right here  
But you feel so dark  
The night, it's all gone  
You made me weak  
You made me feel like i belong

Burning rain  
Falling blade  
Penetrates the ground  
Search for shades  
Staining the skies  
With the blood of your hands

In darkened shapes  
We're loosing all reflections  
With an arrow to your broken heart  
March in the fire

Fading trail  
Demon tail  
Cutting through the sand  
Shielding hand

Burn, kneel before the empress  
Before the face of defiance  
So treacherous  
Obey, deceptive are her hands

Burning trails in the blackened sand  
Weaving a greater escape  
Hiding all that would never be true  
Beckoning grail of storms  
Crushing all in it's path  
When the shadows fade You will find your way

By the hand  
The yields of sand  
The blood  
All will fail