

## Flour in the Wind

Stormwitch

Cold misty winter, late afternoon  
The time is short, is running low  
On the river's surface, appears a mill  
It sunk a long, long time ago

The old, lame miller goes ashore  
I know what he's searching for

Death, pain, agony  
Famine is spread all through the land  
Death, pain, agony  
The white fog is carried by the air

Pale, bony fingers search through the fields  
They scratch out nourishing seed  
The wicked miller fills his bags  
With all the stolen winter wheat

He grinds the corn and flour fills the air  
Flour turns to fog bringing hunger and despair

Death, pain, agony....

Everytime when this fog appears  
There'll be no harvest only hunger and tears

Death, pain, agony....