

## The Grain

### Hammers of Misfortune

Far from the ridges and rivers we crossed  
So in our wandering we're lost  
Far from the shores, the mountains and hills  
Nothing but dust moving still  
Try to forget the leaves and the shade  
Focus instead on the time we made  
Now the horizon is nothing but sand  
So we have reached the deserted land

But the grain is so fine  
In your teeth in your time  
But the grain is precise  
In your veins, in your eyes

Nought but the sand and the night-fallen stars  
Only the cold desert moon  
Sound of your voice is so shocking and strange  
Suddenly so out of tune  
Oh how the sound of our hearts beating down  
The gusting and howling will drown  
There is no shade but the shadow of you  
Lost in the dust of the dunes

But the grain is so fine  
In your teeth in your time  
But the grain is so nice  
In the veins of your eyes  
But the grain in the breeze  
Is like fire in the trees  
But the grain is precise  
In the veins of your eyes