

Pillars of Sand

Vektor

Blotted skies subdue stellar cries
Bleeding out from the pillars
Nebula of Aquila
You have served a killerTime warps these hallowed grounds
As if to draw a line in the sand
Time brings disdain for the weak
Time is what I have
With Reaper Squads still dispatching
You place your hopes on pillars crashingTime is a clock on the wall we command
And its hands made from pillars of sand
On our watch we don't seek what we find
Left bereft by the passage of time
I have built an empire
On the dust of Alshain
Collection sails extract the Enocules
From vast mines in spaceAnd so, we live as ageless men
From the time the reaction begins
The dispenser is strapped to your wrist
You are shackled to my every whim
You are enslaved by the promise of tomorrow
You've paid the price for the time that you borrowTime is a clock on the wall we command
And its hands made from pillars of sand
On our watch we don't seek what we find
Left bereft by the passage of time
Time moves like a crack in glass
Sometimes slow, sometimes fast
We all know the fate of the pane
But we move forth, piling on more strain
On the glass of melted sand
Forged by our greedy hands
On a path we choose to belie
It makes us feel alivePillars of sand fall down as gravity remands
The bones of the dead in a dusty mist
Pillars of sand cannot ascend
Such are we at the point of the obeliskAs Reapers dock in the Cygnus Port
My eyes are captured by the pillars
Nebula of Aquila
Your skies have never been stillerWe have come upon the line
Where gravity intercepts with time

Time is without mass
And cannot exist in broken glass
The unrepentant nature of all
Everything falls Time is a clock on the wall we command
And its hands made from pillars of sand
On our watch we don't seek what we find
Left bereft by the passage of time
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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