Strategem

Atheus

Angry hands upon the wheel turn slow
Without a star the water turns to stone
Here I stand by lovely strategem
Love is gone I'll invent againLady in ashes, I forget her name
Her beauty was matchless, her nature untameAnd by now her face is far below
Still beneath the desert rivers flow
Take the sand in empty hand and then
Blow away to bring her back againAnd if you ask it, dear one plays again
Her beauty was matchless, her nature untame
Come, come, come onDeathless hand in land where devils roam
With a switchblade cut the head of hope
It's time to exchange the evil, blow by blow
Without a star, the water turns to stoneIf time is our master then I'm lost again
Her beauty was matchless, her nature untame
Come, come, come on

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