

# 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 again Lady in ashes, I forget her name  
Her beauty was matchless, her nature untame And 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 again And if you ask it, dear one plays again  
Her beauty was matchless, her nature untame  
Come, come, come on Deathless 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 stone If time is our master then I'm lost again  
Her beauty was matchless, her nature untame  
Come, come, come on

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