

# Outlive the Hand

## Be'lakor

In death she spoke of waiting  
Her final days were long  
These fields have changed since last she wept  
Before the silent throngShe sits where childhood memories lie  
Above, beside, within them  
The carvings have outlived the hand  
Which bled to first begin themAs features of the landscape merge  
The oldest trees are falling  
Awareness sweeps the view aside  
She stares as if recallingSeen first beyond the canopy  
They soon had reached the borders  
The clouds infused with burning breath  
Arrived from coldest cornersThe windswept valley hastens now  
As dying words are uttered  
From lips of earth and sapling's strain  
Like leaves, her last thoughts flutteredAgain it darkens overhead  
The knowledge of it stills me  
And when the water starts to fall  
Preserve the drop that kills me

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>