

Dark stone, moss grown, I was a wall in me.
Blood-handed, climbing trees,
Foss cliff, deep trip, I am the roaring wind,
Swallowing all that I am.

All of the hills I've lied in, pulling the tall grass inward.
There was a stillness I've known for a thousand lives.
So many hearts like embers, spit from the fire.
But yours is mine, but yours is mine.

Dark stone, seeds sown.
Pouring my blood into the soil I'm walking through.
Dark stone, half moon, it's like I never die.
Claw through, come back to life.

All of the hills I've lied in, pulling the tall grass inward.
There was a stillness I've known for a thousand lives.
So many hearts like embers, spit from the fire.
But yours is mine, but yours is mine.

But yours is mine, but yours is mine,
But yours is mine, but yours is mine.