

# Tarot, Beoynd Troy

Blind, searching the dark, stand, pray and leap  
watch, not with your eyes, the creatures of the deep  
sail, the waters are black, don't rock the boat  
cry the unseen away 'til it breaks your throat  
inside a dream is where we find each other  
I'll follow the scent of your need  
there, a crack in the sky, whiteness ablaze  
god of thunder, he rides to impale us with his gaze  
inside the storm are the hounds of the father  
they will find your scent if you bleed  
the children of love torn asunder...  
heaves ring, the seas cry  
there are things trying to pull us under...  
just find your wings and fly  
fly to me, I'm your faithful defender...  
heavens ring, the seas cry  
my wounds are yours to tender...  
just find your wings and fly  
fly to me  
inside the soft flame of our desire  
I'll follow the some to your fire