

Upon the stone that stands above your head
Cut deep the words that you once said
Here lies a man that never knew his name
His heart to know his only fame

Will of the wind calling through your darkest dreams
It's all in the way the dice have fallen, so it seems
Will of the wind, the tempest on a thousand seas
Will of the wind, so cold the warmest heart will freeze

Who will cross the river mama, whose son will bleed?
Who will bring the sacrifice, a foul god to please?
In the rise of a constellation we count the seconds slowly
We declare the fall of a nation and its soldiers holy

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Who'll cross the river ... the chosen