

Standing where the house once was
Running through tall dry grass
Fault lines scatter
Holding back from falling in

Bury your hands 'neath the clay
With the ash of promises we made

Guided by rocks and trees
A bridge of piñón smoke
Rising slowly
Shedding the outer skin

When the fire's glow finds your eyes
We'll breathe the ocean one more time
Bury your hands 'neath the clay
With the ash and bone of the day

Returning to a field of fears
Ancient maps to navigate
Circling overhead
Wondering where this all ends

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