

## Sand And Ice

Fanfarlo

What's the point in building a house here  
The nearest light is five miles away  
The woods are still in control

What's the point in sending your thoughts here  
To work by night and just die here  
Failing to reach a result

What's your chance of storming a fortress  
When all you do is distorted  
You're running out of time

I'm so sorry  
For all the strain the worry  
Don't be cross about it

Please don't ask me to stand still  
I can't hate you for being just what  
Everybody thinks you are

I'm no worse than the rest  
But I'm easily impressed  
You've seen my file