

Under a silver sky I wander
These broken highways have become my home
Alone in a world of rust and ruin stay
Through grey civilisation's dust I roam

And my wasteland soul
Never will be truly whole
My only remaining goal now to survive

Someday the rains will come and wash it all away...
The heart of the wasteland will awaken on this day

Shattered remains of once great cities
These silent highways lead to halls of stone
Every horizon sees it closer now
I venture onwards into the unknown

And my calloused hands
Have learned to weather and withstand
The tribulations of this land
In which I strive

Someday the rains will come and wash it all away...
The heart of the wasteland will awaken on this day

Tin cans and bottlecaps and twisted steel
This world's seen better days I'm sure
But I'd give every withered wealth I've found
For just a glimpse of something pure

But my wasteland soul
Never will be truly whole
My only remaining goal now to survive

Someday the rains will come and wash it all away...
The heart of the wasteland will awaken on this day

The heart of the wasteland...