

I'm lost, I'm lost, isolated,
I'm drifting, I'm sifting through the sand
of my motherland now I pay the cost
Exposed to the rays of the heat
that are burning down my back
I'm crawling, then falling on my knees
but no-one hears my pleas.
I lie with the demons coming outta the sandstone,
vultures strip my bones and now I'm conscious
but yet I'm all alone
and all the shit I've been fearing is now appearing
Yes the air is screaming
but I'm not dreaming, no.

Not dreaming now. No dreaming now.

And after tourniquet tightens on vein
then I begin again.
Retinas burn from the glare on the wing of a plane
Now without thinking I respond,
first comes to seal the bond
with myself and then further beyond.
The air, dry, breeds clear thoughts, a level head.
I'll be no use to my loved ones when I'm dead
so I pass the time learning, planning, assimilating
till I excel and I can tell
that these mountains are not a cage but a gauge
of all the unseen majesty
they will always be part of me.
And though I trusted and was lied to by my own
I bear no grudge and I carry no millstone.

No, I carry nothing.

Fucked over in a small pressurized cabin,
a wound is a safe place to crawl.
A warm place, would I throw it all away?
End it all? The pain is so reliable.
What do I remember? Old words.
I learn new words, absorb, explore.
Fall down in the dust
and smell the rain, metallic.

When I fall I will stand up again,
stubborn boy,
disease passes through me like spirits.
When I break I will heal
and when I fall I will stand up again.