

# The Walk

## Gazpacho

Here's the map of the land  
Pour it through your old hand  
Give me more sand, more sand

Help is here within the snake  
Home is here while you're awake  
The end is near it's dancing in the sand and then you'll be mosaic

Help is near we made a plan  
Move your feet through no man's land  
If I know there'll be no back home to be had

In the bitterness of truth  
Where the curve of the horizon  
Feels like walking through a masterpiece  
Of evening blue in unread books  
And I fall but I can stand up  
Which right do I have to believe you

Leave the wreck in the sun  
It's on your head  
Into beyond

In the bitterness of you  
And the bird is so golden  
Feel like walking through a starry night  
The sky is bright and burning  
And I fall but I still manage  
Which right do I have to deceive you

Leave the wreck in the sun  
It's on your head  
Into beyond

Close your eyes it's all around you  
And now the wires are all too tight  
I've fallen look around you  
I'm the lore you learned today

I took a turn in my way  
And I shook the tide  
The plane is but a spec  
And Prevot has a gun  
One bullet two men  
The sky is white

Feels like a magic carpet  
Come fly a dying man  
His shoulders are like ice capped  
Mountains in the sand  
Curve of the horizon is feminine so then  
The eyes do not see anymore

Close your eyes it's all around you  
The heat's a blanket of decay  
Spirits dancing all around you  
Dusty coral hazy grey

I'm the one to survive this  
Soul is curled up tide  
The plane is but a spec  
And Prevot has a gun  
One bullet two men  
The sky is white

Feels like a magic carpet  
A wish for a dying man  
His shoulders are like ice capped  
Mountains in the sand  
Curve of the horizon is primitive man  
So we do not speak anymore

Close your eyes now  
It's all around you  
And you feel the wires are all too tight  
If I know there'll be no back home  
Beyond, beyond into unknown  
Pour it through your hand  
Here's the map of the land  
The horizon...

And the bird is so golden  
Feels like a magic carpet  
Come fly a dying man

The long haul back  
In no direction  
And no one knows we're ok  
And the curve of the horizon  
A masterpiece  
Survival on adrenaline it's over soon  
Doesn't everyone have their own walk to walk