

Hot of the hell, no shadows  
The sand and stone, the petite dust  
The dry out landscape a sand dunes  
A silent and untiring killer  
A marble mountain is bury of sand  
Sometimes oasis - little paradise  
A chameleon is in a hurry to shadow  
So as scorpion incorruptible cannibal

A flood of sweat flowing down over body  
E few drops of water remaining in the pack  
A camel kneeling down of tiredness  
And a bleary eyes gape at heaven  
A death arrivaling - a last spasms  
A carcass of animal lies at desert  
A sand makes a move, so when he flowing  
And carrions running to food

A gigantic thirst torturing your body  
You must go on over your legs  
A death wave to greetings in hells oven  
A fatal mistake - travel alone  
A blue peoples fro the Tuareg clan  
They watching your hopeless fight from the hiding place  
They will wait with pleasure of soon the end  
You are only next source for them