

Inca Steppa

Juno Reactor

Mexican Horizon the colors of gold
Silk and satin, our stories untold
From here to this moment
Mysteries of time pulling us further
On this journey of mine. This journey divine

Hill and gully rider the Inca Steppa
Hill and gully rider the Inca Steppa

Crossing over water. Fly through the air
I hear you calling. My heart I declare
Head's on the highway. Stretching space
Leaving the wasteland. A world in disgrace

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