

Wasteland Serenader

Rough Silk

I can feel a desert wind
hear it howlin' in the streets tonight
it's a warning noone fears
and there ain't no place where we can hide

strangers lost in silence
empty hearts and blinded eyes
dangers taste like violence
tears - while conversation dies

lack of communication leads to
asphalt - deserts - streets of pain
darkness calls the light

when all the water's banned
and cares are buried under sand
the wind will turn into a wasteland serenader
so wake up - just stop feeding dust
open your minds and learn to trust
it's never too late - never too late to try

cages of confusion
in this world of broken dreams
social constitution
tries to hide behind the streams

lack of communication leads to
asphalt - deserts - streets of pain
darkness calls the light

when all the water's banned
and cares are buried under sand
the wind will turn into a wasteland serenader
so wake up - just stop feeding dust
open your minds and learn to trust
it's never too late - never too late to try

I can feel a desert wind
hear it howlin' in the streets tonight