

Seven Cities of Gold

Rush

A man can lose his past, in a country like this ? Wandering aimless ?

Parched and nameless ?

A Man could lose his way, in a country like this ? Canyons and cactus ?

Endless and trackless

Searching through grim eternity

Sculptured by prehistoric sea ?

Seven Cities of Gold ?

Stories that fired my imagination

Seven Cities of Gold ?

A splendid mirage in this desolation

Seven Cities of Gold ?

Glowing in my dreams, like hallucinations

Glitter in the sun like a revelation

Distant as a comet or a constellation

A man can lose himself, in a country like this

Rewrite the story ?

Recapture the glory ?

A man could lose his life, in a country like this ? Sunblind and friendless ?

Frozen and endless ?

The nights grow longer, the father I go

Wake to aching cold, and a deep Sahara of snow ?

That gleam in the distance could be heaven's gate

A long-awaited treasure at the end of my cruel fate