

I'm lost, I'm lost, isolated,  
I'm drifting, I'm sifting through the sand  
of my motherland now I pay the cost  
Exposed to the rays of the heat  
that are burning down my back  
I'm crawling, then falling on my knees  
but no-one hears my pleas.  
I lie with the demons coming outta the sandstone,  
vultures strip my bones and now I'm conscious  
but yet I'm all alone  
and all the shit I've been fearing is now appearing  
Yes the air is screaming  
but I'm not dreaming, no.

Not dreaming now. No dreaming now.

And after tourniquet tightens on vein  
then I begin again.  
Retinas burn from the glare on the wing of a plane  
Now without thinking I respond,  
first comes to seal the bond  
with myself and then further beyond.  
The air, dry, breeds clear thoughts, a level head.  
I'll be no use to my loved ones when I'm dead  
so I pass the time learning, planning, assimilating  
till I excel and I can tell  
that these mountains are not a cage but a gauge  
of all the unseen majesty  
they will always be part of me.  
And though I trusted and was lied to by my own  
I bear no grudge and I carry no millstone.

No, I carry nothing.

Fucked over in a small pressurized cabin,  
a wound is a safe place to crawl.  
A warm place, would I throw it all away?  
End it all? The pain is so reliable.  
What do I remember? Old words.  
I learn new words, absorb, explore.  
Fall down in the dust  
and smell the rain, metallic.

When I fall I will stand up again,  
stubborn boy,  
disease passes through me like spirits.  
When I break I will heal  
and when I fall I will stand up again.