

Ride these crashing waves and the winds of god.
Are these crashing days? Is the future dark?
Is it all man made? Is it all from god?
Is it all man made? Is it all from god?

Still heat hold me close.
Will you be safe if i saved all?

Sweet dreams. Dead of night.
Will you be brave or will you deprive?

Khamsin, oh.
Khamsin, oh.

Set east. The sun is mine.
And if you can gleam the world will shine.

Still dreams and so are you.
Will you behave? What will you do?

Khamsin, oh.
Khamsin, oh.