

Rez Band, At Land's End

At land's end, I breathe light as air in this world of my imagination,
There is nothing I cannot have, there is nothing I cannot know, in this world at land's end.

Here are my friends, we speak of Heaven,
And in between how we share...we share the mystery of creation,
We share the fantasy of the drum,
Honesty, exploration,
We are here, we are everywhere,
Like a hot-air balloon cast above fields of discretion,
I move along, move along,
Through the mist, without direction.

It is my right,
Here I am free, though it's only make-believe,
I'm satisfied,
Here I'm alive,
My own best friend, (my own best friend)
My own best friend at land's end.

Here at land's end.