Carlos Lyra, Waiting For The Day

A long road winds
Across the winter day
A brief encounter with another
Marks the way
Leaves a cross, a sign to answer
For the thoughts I pray
You'd think a sun
That's shining, shining
Has to bring the day
Musty death and murky water
Broken breath and frozen laughter
Mock the sun
Still waiting for the day

I spent a long time
Looking for the way
Along a thousand summers
Searching for the sun
Seeking out the preaching prophets
And the truth they say
I heard the word of promise
And believed them everyone
Desert lands have roads to follow
Trapped in minds with no tomorrow
Burnt by sun
Still waiting for the day