

Ride, Endless Road

The fiery sun burns, from morning to evening
Across this stony plain, where nothing grows
Huge clouds of dust, are thrown up by the scorching wind
Why do we travel on this endless road?

Deaf and blinded, he comes to a river
Senses blocked by the dust and the night
Something is calling, he sleepwalks without falling
Sixth sense stops him, in the shadowless light

I don't remember, I don't remember
Help me to remember

One night by the fire, somebody is talking
His voice is so happy, it almost sings
Like a vision, somehow he remembers
Takes the road back to forests and springs