Toad The Wet Sprocket, One Wind Blows

Wouldn't know any more than home
And couldn't see much further
And light won't help
A wound untended grows
And never heals
Standing face to east
Waiting for an answer
But the only sound is desert wind
And when the wind was cold
Bundled up and packed away we shiver still
Finding more than one wind blows
I couldn't sleep
Something kept me still and wide awake
And gnawing at my breast
Something I don't know
I couldn't shake it
Laying face to wall
Plaster tells me nothing
But I sense a movement somewhere else
And 'though it's far away
Bundled up in safety here I shiver still
Finding more than one wind blows
He walked alone
Facing wind and snow
Moving slowly
He staggers, moves again
Somehow stronger now
The wind won't touch him