

The Wilderness of Manitoba

"The Aral Sea Southern Winds"

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Down across the border somewhere bound a southern
wind
Cold upon the landscape trees that shed their midnight
skin
Don't bother days the coming of a star and now we rise
Feels would fall with winter and a January skies

And we wait where the wide would supine with the night
on the track
Through the train, through the haze on the hills as it
fades into black

Down a certain highway by the sky like we are led
Moon to beg in twilight darkness comes to lay its head
To dance among our dreams we will wait to forge in
strong
Through the city sorrow journey end will soon unfold

In the land of the song where we were born by the sand
and the sea
In your hand on the one who will touch to the fallen tree

To the southern winds (x4)

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