

Viking

"Sandstorms"

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I love her little brown hairs
every freckle every fold in her skin there
and the scent of her lifting
dancing up to my nose
so i got the idea
to dig a hole and watch all the life there
i said a lonley prayer and i left them
they're on their own
oh i want to be in heaven
i hope theres someone there when i hold her
bless her little heart, keep it going
willful and strong
and the sun beats down
it's hot as you know
and the sandstorms tear
through skin as they blow
yes i understand fear
i get plenty of it built up right here
but when the sun goes down and the wind dies
we're left polished and clear

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