

Bejelit "Dust In The Wind"

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[Music and Lyrics by Giulio Capone]

Rising from the dirty downtown
Dreams of glory, fame and power
Came from a muddy road
Looking for your wish to come true

Doom in your hands
This is your life-law
While your draw is rotting inside of you...

Riding the storm toward a dream
Trying to reach the moon this night
That you're running like the dust in the wind

Now that you're greater than a king
Holding light and dark in hand
Obsession is the name of your nightmare

Doom in your hands
This is your life-law
While your draw is rotting inside of you...

Riding the storm toward a dream
Trying to reach the moon this night
That you're running like the dust in the wind

Higher than a star you will fly
Trying to let your past behind
Now you're living like the dust in the wind

Rise your hands my lord
Now I offer you my young arms for your dream...and
Bless my life, Holy Knight, please rise me from the
mud of my old time

I'm your lamb my lord, won't you sacrifice my life now for
your dark dream?
No, damn my hope to reborn like a puppet on your
strings painted of blood
Die...

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