

## Beirut

### "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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