

## Interpol "Arabia"

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Between the walls of a golden palace  
That came out like a bud from the desert sand,  
The poet of the court glorifies the deeds  
Of the sultan who rules over that wasted land.  
A caravan of words threads before his eyes,  
But a distant whisper breaks his dream.  
Could be the wind? Could be just a lie?  
Slowly, the whisper turns into scream.

... And the wind keeps on calling his name  
And the desert drives him insane!

Arabia! An endless land,  
Where there is no boundary  
Between dreams and reality...  
Realm of sand,  
Where the mirage floats in the air,  
Turning the hope into despair.

The words, so plain, seem to draw a shape  
That soon becomes crystal clear.  
A girlish pale face, black diamonds as her eyes...  
He never felt the same... He, who never dropped a tear,  
Suddenly decides to go and meet his love  
Through those deceptive desert sands.  
He walks, she runs... He runs, she disappears  
Deep into the desert... Where he'll find his end.

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