

Iron Mask "Sahara"

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Have you heard of that old magic place
Where everything is like made of dust and stone
Once you have entered you cannot escape
Terra deserta will thrill you to the bone

Life is just but a caravan
What keeps you going is difficult to find
It never rains on a death parade
For it's the seekers everlasting lonely ride

Sahara - the hot wind rages
Sahara - vast hostile land
Sahara - on through the ages
Sahara - time is of sand

Buried deep under the golden shroud
There lies the desert son's greatest gift of all
You may not see what you're heading for
Still your origin is save behind dune walls

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