

Overview

"Desert Sand"

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Sometimes I feel I am
Sailing through the desert sand
With the sails and the stars
To explore the land afar
But everything I seem to touch
It always seems to turn to dust
Optimism
Your fatal attraction
Sailed far from reason
To find your own beacon

Clever how the blind night
Grants the path to insight
And the stars that show the way
More so than light of day
And even though I'm afloat
There is nothing more that I know
Then ironic freedom
Of not knowing where I'm heading
Because the things I seem to always touch
They always seem to turn to dust

But that's my mode of transportation

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