

Fanfarlo

"Sand And Ice"

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What's the point in building a house here
The nearest light is five miles away
The woods are still in control

What's the point in sending your thoughts here
To work by night and just die here
Failing to reach a result

What's your chance of storming a fortress
When all you do is distorted
You're running out of time

I'm so sorry
For all the strain the worry
Don't be cross about it

Please don't ask me to stand still
I can't hate you for being just what
Everybody thinks you are

I'm no worse than the rest
But I'm easily impressed
You've seen my file

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