

## Machiavel

### "Running In The Dessert"

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Running in the dessert by Machiavel  
As a trace heart rendering the night  
I see his face through the full moon light

A falling angel in the desert  
Blinded by the light

Leaving his trace across the night  
From the next world

Now the sky turns red & grey  
The silence! Hurting, crying He's insane!

From a place over the skyline  
Through the space he 's just falling down

The sky turns red over again  
The silence crying, The silence hurting again & again

Running in the desert again  
In the middle of nowhere  
Waiting for an angels hand  
Running in the desert again  
I'm seeking you  
Losing your image on my brain

In his eyes, there 's a ray of light To find the way  
Out, he knows he have to fight

Lost in the middle of nowhere All alone

He can't fly anymore The wings are broken

The wind blows a rain of mud & dust A storm of fire

A punishment from the gods

Now the sky turns red & grey The silence! Hurting,  
crying He 's insane  
Running in the desert again  
In the middle of nowhere

Waiting for an angels hand  
Running in the desert again  
I'm seeking you  
Losing your image on my brain  
Running in the desert again  
In the middle of nowhere  
Waiting for an angels hand

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