

Tina Malia

"The Lost Frontier"

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Lightening gathers
All along the great divide
Sirens echo in the mist
Will we hand it to our daughters?
Will we take it for ourselves?
When the stories are told
Are we part of the ones that'll tell?

Smokes and steel of a thousand wheels
Are spinning on the sand
All the dust and tears
Of a thousand years
Are frozen in the ground
From the lost frontier
A fountain appears
Emanating as the sun
All the hope and fears
Of a thousand years
Created in your hand
Created in your hand

Fasten tightly
Bring only what you need
We will be passing through the fog
Of the lies told to
Our fathers and sons
And the ones we tell ourselves
When the will is one/won
Is there anything more to say?

Smokes and steel of a thousand wheels
Are spinning on the sand
All the dust and tears
Of a thousand years
Are frozen in the ground
From the lost frontier
A fountain appears
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