

# Face In the Clouds

## Sandpeople

I am a pioneer, with the ways I think.  
I'm cradling my giant spear, though the Angles speak inside my ears.  
This place I've grown to love, where Love is all in vein, where I see the palace in the gutter and I feed my  
hunger pangs.  
My lungs burst, say she ate it with the emptiness.  
My love turns to one verse, though my brains not yet convinced.  
A classic recipe to cook up some excellence, the sessions get sparse when the good luck has exited.  
But I awoke to a pretty fresh day, although I had a splitting headache, and I'm feeling stretched wayyy too thin.  
Reduced to puttin' my dues in, 'swhat we do till our music gets played.  
Speaking with the force to supplement your well being, compels people to support, I don't have to sell things.  
Or write it, read and record it the feeling is euphoric, figure out what my message is then COME TELL ME.

I put my head up,  
Even if I'm facin' the clouds.  
I put my head up,  
So you can see my face in the crowd.

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Pipe dreams, reverend does not stand in your place.  
Sights gleam from a weapon, shot a man in the face.  
Life seems long as seconds, dropped to the sand and prayed.  
Lightning from the Heavens cross, I stand in it's grace.  
From the blood of the wishful, in Darkness I will Shine.  
Cut from the thistle, marked by design.  
There's NO Love within you when your partisans divine.  
That's why my MF'n pencil is sharper than your mind.  
They say God is us and likenesses and we created Him.  
I'm modest of the right I did, and silence when I pray to Him.  
I'm conscious of your righteousness, your Highness has forsaken Him.  
For God is Love, the life you livin', what you choose to make of it.  
They powdered the issues, and power they misuse.  
Fistfuls of tissues, palms of blood.

In the hours I give you, flowers with shrivel, underneath the whistles of the missiles that they launch at us.

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I'm a matador of sort, blanket up the bull.  
I'm waiter an' such makin' sure that your glass is half~full.  
Anything less is uncivil for the simple who bear a soul, riddled by a ripple of rythm of cycles.  
And I know what it's like to suck at life.

Shit, I'm ALIVE though, so I must be doin' SOMETHIN' right.

And if I took it any further, I take 2 drips out the beaker before I reach the bunsen burner.  
In turn the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree, in terms of this battle doesn't fall too far from U and ME.

And it's as real as a heartbeat.

And STILL I put my face out in the crowd in case God forgot me.

And honestly I aint' payed homage in a minute y'all, it's probably that I'm lost in the start of what will finish  
ALL.

And YEAH these are tryin' times(so we JUST DO IT) I KEEP MY HEAD UP, SO YOU WILL ALWAYS SEE  
MY FACE THOUGH THIS MUSIC!!!

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Lyrics submitted by Nicholas Carver.

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