Duende

Robert Michaels

Bleak desolation In a beam of Sun Scraping as I crawl (Your heart can't
Hear me)
Tearing bruising fall (Your hands can't hear me)
Thirsting raging blind (Your eyes can't hear me)
Racing against time (Your arms can't hear me)Like an angel you'll come In a dream, precious one (And) Make me
Beautifully numbDesperate panicked calls (The wind can't hear me)
Muffled weak and small (The sand can't hear me)
Pleading, groping hands (The truth can't hear me)
Bleeding in the sand (Your heart can't hear me)
Bleak desolation In a beam of sunLike an angel you'll come in a dream
Blessed one (And)
Make me joyfully numbRazor fingers cling (The wind can't hear me)
Piercing demons sing (The sand can't hear me)
Twisting hollow Hell (The truth can't hear me)
Burning blisters swell (Your heart can't hear me)
Sharp cut aching breath (Your arms can't hear me)
Choking scent of death (Your hands can't hear me)
Gruelling jaw-bone grind (Your eyes can't hear me)
Cursed by my own mind (Your heart can't hear me)

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