

# Mirage

## Mexicans With Guns

Lonesome and hungry I travel this land  
Searching for some place called home  
Faceless and nameless, known only by fate  
When destiny finds me, no more shall I roam

Tired and thirsty as I travel on  
Dreaming of water and wine  
Beside a green meadow I stop for a rest  
Where a gentle brook winds through the pines  
Standing eyes blinded by God's golden waters

My savior was but a facade  
Hands sifting sand from a pool full of promise  
My oasis was just a mirage  
Alone and exhausted I fall to my knees  
I can't find the strength to go on

Visions will show me the path as I sleep  
And I'll find my way with the dawn  
Standing eyes blinded by God's golden waters

My savior was but a facade  
Hands sifting sand from a pool full of promise  
My oasis was just a mirage  
Awakened by voices that whisper my name  
I'm all alone in the night

How can a place so empty and cold  
Be filled with such glorious light  
Standing eyes blinded by God's golden waters

My savior was but a facade  
Hands sifting sand from a pool full of promise  
My oasis was just a mirage  
Standing eyes blinded by God's golden waters

My savior was but a facade  
Hands sifting sand from a pool full of promise  
My oasis was just a mirage  
Lonesome and hungry I travel this land  
Searching for some place called home  
Faceless and nameless, known only by fate  
When destiny finds me, no more shall I roam