

Seven Cities Of Gold

Rush

A man can lose his past, in a country like this
Wandering aimless

Parched and nameless

A man could lose his way, in a country like this

Canyons and cactus

Endless and trackless

Searching through a grim eternity

Sculptured by a prehistoric sea

Seven Cities of Gold

Stories that fired my imagination

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A splendid mirage in this desolation

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Glowing in my dreams, like hallucinations

Glitter in the sun like a revelation

Distant as a comet or a constellation

A man can lose himself, in a country like this

Rewrite the story

Recapture the glory

A man could lose his life, in a country like this

Sunblind and friendless

Frozen and endless

The nights grow longer, the farther I go

Wake to aching cold, and a deep Sahara of snow

That gleam in the distance could be heaven's gate

A long-awaited treasure at the end of my cruel fate

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