Mirage

Don Peyote

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
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