

Fistful of Sand

Five Iron Frenzy

Up from the sands of the mighty Sahara comes,
Our hero bold, who so it's told, is a lot like you and me.

His passion burns, the world it turns,
He fills his hand to fill the void,
And fuels the constant feeling,
Of nothingness inside his soul.
Feels like nothing ever did.
Kills like nothing ever could.
Dark and jaded world I hated,
Everything I left behind.

I don't need you, and I don't want you,
World that left me blind.

Beneath the sands of the mighty Sahara lies,
Buried treasure sunken deep, in darkened tombs where dead men sleep.

Gold fills hands, or is it sand,
The same that covers everything?
Where cities stood, soon deserts found,
Now sink beneath the swelling ground.
Feels like nothing ever did.
Kills like nothing ever could.
Dark and jaded world I hated,
Everything I left behind.

I don't need you, and I don't want you,
World that left me blind.

This world is for the taking,
This world is suffocating.
Plastic bags of novacain,
Some PCP to kill the pain.

Build a tomb to store your rust,
Moth-eaten piles of blowing dust.

Under the sands of the mighty Sahara,
Goes our hero bold, in seach of gold, a casket for a dying world.

Our hero stands, wealth in hand,
The prize for his endeavors.
The masses cheer, to hide their fears
That no man lives forever.
Feels like nothing ever did.
Kills like nothing ever could.
Dark and jaded world I hated,

Everything I left behind.
I don't need you, and I don't want you,
World that left me blind.

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