

Increasing Deserts

Count Raven

Here you are after all your traveling
And have you found your way
Did you lose your time here
Too many forms in the way

All your life you've been ill treated
Hurt most all your life
No help and misled
You wish to say goodnight

You say there is no tomorrow
I urge you to be brave
I beg you, love each other
Turn night into day

Although Increasing Deserts
Decrease all your land
You are only losing
Unless you take my hand