

Sierra Madre

Rough Silk

Desert tales and sidewalk stories - pearlwhite skulls of Broken dreams

Beyond the path of consequences life ain't always what it Seems
The truth is like a tumbleweed - past the point of no Return
We become what we once chose to be while the bridges Behind us burn

"Countdown" : 3 2 1 0

All the endless miles of bad road - all the pleasure - all The pain

All the words we yell in anger - all the tears we cry in Vain
All the questions never answered - all the lonely hours, Too
All the reasons for whatever and the evil that men do - Sierra Madre

All the million times I was way too wrong to admit that Someone else was right

All the hours my own worst enemy was my selfish foolish Pride
So adios, my dear compadres, it's so hard to say goodbye
But I'm damned to be a searcher - until the day I die

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