

## Wasteland Serenader

Rough Silk

I can feel a desert wind  
hear it howlin' in the streets tonight  
it's a warning noone fears  
and there ain't no place where we can hide

strangers lost in silence  
empty hearts and blinded eyes  
dangers taste like violence  
tears - while conversation dies

lack of communication leads to  
asphalt - deserts - streets of pain  
darkness calls the light

when all the water's banned  
and cares are buried under sand  
the wind will turn into a wasteland serenader  
so wake up - just stop feeding dust  
open your minds and learn to trust  
it's never too late - never too late to try

cages of confusion  
in this world of broken dreams  
social constitution  
tries to hide behind the streams

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