Duran Duran, This Is How A Road Gets Made

Somebody walked on a virgin (land). Someone else saw their tracks and followed them, leaving a path. It seemed as though I were looking down the hill when I first saw it, But, as I waled on, I realized I was going up.

Somebody whistled behind and turning round, they seemed far below. Then I came to where there had been a fire and was shaded From the sun by the trees. Figure of eight. It's our year, it always was.

Credentials: Made of earth, Drinks water, Breathes air, Makes fire.