Ride, Endless Road

The fiery sun burns, from morning to evening Across this stony plain, where nothing grows Huge clouds of dust, are thrown up by the scorching wind Why do we travel on this endless road?

Deaf and blinded, he comes to a river Senses blocked by the dust and the night Something is calling, he sleepwalks without falling Sixth sense stops him, in the shadowless light

I don't remember, I don't remember Help me to remember

One night by the fire, somebody is talking His voice is so happy, it almost sings Like a vision, somehow he remembers Takes the road back to forests and springs