

The Church, Desert

I, I am the stranger this time around
You, you are the changeless sounds of sand
I could be here forever riding this death
You, you are the distance, my clown

I fall down in the sun
I become everyone who ever walked this way
Where the desolate places meet the oases
Empty spaces of today

I, I am the journey into the haze
You, you are the hill of yesterdays

I, I am the pulse of the heat
You, you are the name of every man that I meet