

The right place to be lost in

This is a lovely place to be lost in
To melt the world all around me down to nothing
To empty my head, yeah, you know, mental flossing
I free up my thoughts to eliminate the toxins
And burn the coffin that keeps my mind locked in
Take a deep breath when city life gets exhausting
Climb up to the mountain top where I can hear the rocks sing
Listening, squatting, rockin' back and forth
Watching the sun dive, watching the sun rise
Watching till the hot wind sprinkles sand in my eyes
Until fata morganas arise and materialize
I've become a mirage myself, petrified
See, I don't hide but still you can't find me
No path in front of me, no trace left behind me
Just the infinite here and now to remind me
That I am that I am, a grain of sand
No man is an island, every man's desert
I may be torn, washed away, worn and weathered
But give me a drop of water and I will grow feathers
We can make the clouds cry if we fly together

This is a lovely place to be lost in
Let's get lost

□ Nya (2005)