

MIRAGE

Hot desert winds blow across the scorching sand
Leaving behind desolate days
Blistering sun burns across the empty land
Mercilessly, until there's nothing left behind.

Cold raging winds blows across the blinding snow
Leaving behind long, endless nights.
Dull bitter moon casts a dark chilling gloom
Straight through my soul.
Why you can't I die, why must I still survive?

When you were here the desert bloomed with beauty,
So alive and green and lovely,
But you weren't here to watch it dying.
You wouldn't recognize it now.

Is that a lake just beyond the distant rise?
Is that a flower upon the ridge?
Are those really trees that appear so tall?
Is that someone beside a waterfall?
Could it be you or just another cruel mirage?

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