

# Inca Steppa

Juno Reactor

Mexican Horizon the colors of gold  
Silk and satin, our stories untold  
From here to this moment  
Mysteries of time pulling us further  
On this journey of mine. This journey divine

Hill and gully rider the Inca Steppa  
Hill and gully rider the Inca Steppa

Crossing over water. Fly through the air  
I hear you calling. My heart I declare  
Head's on the highway. Stretching space  
Leaving the wasteland. A world in disgrace

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