Barren Cross "Curse Of The Red River"

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On pathless ways you wither And hope has flown away Rise before my sight In the great eternity Darkest obscurities No sun will ever shine again As the days of gold have passed Never to return Just like a dream too bright to last Is the curse of the red river See the raging torrent Wash your soul to the valley below To the graves Of the sea of oppression And see the bleak reflections Of the days that are no more From the dreadful shadows As the days of gold have passed Never to return Just like a dream too bright to last Are the beds of blood by the rivers of red

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