

Country Big "Lost Patrol"

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We lay the night in anguish, snakes drawn out by the
tide

The compass of decision falls always on one side

But many went before us, and still the cries are clear

There is no beauty here, just the stench of wine and
beer

We save no souls

We break no promises

We can do nothing more than move on headlong
through the gloom

The thorn between our lips is the missionaries tune

Men with open arms turn their faces half away

Observe as we approach that we have not come to save

We stand as thick as vines though the fruit is torn away

There is no beauty here, friends, just death and dark
decay

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