

De Vision

"The Gold Of The Poor"

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The blue sky over them
The shadows of the men
They press a trail in the sand
Running as fast as they can
They're running through the desert sun
Meshing guns in their hands
The soldier's pack is on their back
Once our wagon tramps
More than you can say
More than you can feel
More than you can say
More than you can feel
Know (?no), they will never go away
It's too late to change their minds
They only would do the same again
Until the end they will fight
More than you can say
More than you can feel...

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