The Gold Of The Poor

De/Vision

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

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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