

Trades

Dyslesia

Looking right through the plains
Eagle eyes have no use anymore
May your feet leave the tracks
Of many mounds of worth
And walk with the chiefs

Pre Chorus:

Of every tribe who live in peace on earth
Now you're lying here in the night
The tears wash the paint of your face
There's nothing to defend

Chorus:

They sold our trades
Don't think it's the end
The fight is never won

Moonlight above the lake
Silence is rising in all the places
May your arms be strong enough
For killing in one shot
And vanishing in the wind
Like they call your name

Pre Chorus

Chorus