

## William Lewis Manly

### Spellblast

Soon winter will fall  
We can't waste another day  
From Salt Lake we will leave  
Head to Californian gold fields

A slow draining march  
On the Old Spanish Trail  
The wobbling pioneers' wagons  
Were carrying our hopes

Mile after mile  
With the sunset light in the eyes  
Our shadows were growing longer  
Towards the place that we used to call home

The promise of a new life  
Bewitched by the glaring yellow stones  
Consuming mud and spitting blood  
To shine that dream of liberty

The promise of a new life  
Bewitched by the glaring yellow stones  
Consuming mud and spitting blood  
To turn the page

Once left the main road  
Impatience moves our slow-paced gait  
Only the bravest dare  
To climb the arduous Walker's pass

Desert in front of us  
Frost on the snow-capped peaks  
One last desperate march  
In the deep valley to avoid death

Mile after mile  
Alone with the burden of many  
Our shadows were growing longer  
Towards the place where we can not return

The promise of a new life