

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