

Lost Patrol

Big Country

We lay the night in anguish
Snakes drawn out by the tide
The compass of decision
Falls always on one side

But many went before us
And still the cries are clear
There is no beauty here
Just the stench of wine and beer

We save no souls
We break no promises

We can do nothing more than move
Headlong through the gloom
The thorn between our lips
Is the missionaries tune

Men with open arms
Turn their faces half away
Observe as we approach
We have not come to save

We stand as thick as vines
Though the fruit is torn away
There is no beauty here friends
Just death and dark decay

We save no souls
We break no promises

We save no souls
We break no promises