

Echoes

Camel

Out of the mist rising
Ten thousand navajo braves
Shining like golden eagles in flight
Climbing high on the plains

Born of the Earth set free
To run away with the sun
So free to sing in tune with the world
Gladly high on the plains

So many moons have flown
Now all your ghosts dance the long shadows
War cries that died on your lips
Echo above the plains