The sunrise above them
As they make their way
In the early morning light
No backward glance
Frightened of tomorrow
On a lonely road
Shrouded in misted rain
The vanquished race

They felt the touch of loneliness They felt the dread of fear And found the path of wisdom Along the trail of tears

So many ways of falling
A thousand barefoot tribes
Who trusted promises
No resting place
March into the wilderness
Time their fate decides
Leaving behind them
Treasures and gold

They felt the touch of loneliness They felt the dread of fear And found the path of wisdom Along the trail of tears

The sun sets before them In another land Withered in spirit The struggle ends

They felt the touch of loneliness They felt the dread of fear And found the path of wisdom Along the trail of tears

They felt the touch of loneliness They felt the dread of fear And found the path of wisdom Along the trail of tears