

# Out On The Run

Fair Warning

Out o the road  
I feel the darkness in motion  
Children of the sun  
Passing under cover of the night.

Right in their face  
I see a burning emotion  
As they're turning to the west  
Looking for a place to survive.

They were the chosen ones  
They never lost their track  
Roaming the endless planes  
No looking back.

Now they're out out on the run  
See them fighting, moving on  
As they stand out to the storm  
'Til the golden break of dawn.

Once they were strong  
But those were times if illusion  
White man came to talk  
White man came to conquer there land.

They didn't fight  
Trusting his way of solution  
But he never kept his world  
Come back with a gun in his hand.

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