

today the dawn has come to tell  
a tale of fortune traders  
they came from far beyond the waves

the other night they spoke the curse  
and put their masquerade on  
beware the eyes that cross the sane

will they turn to me?  
down below the trail is where they walk  
and now we leave this road again

take me back  
back on the trail again  
take me back

to pray for love and practise hate  
is what the silence taught us  
we went too far and far too late

if there were a thousand years to waste  
today the clock stopped ticking  
goddamn the hours spent in vain

will they die with me?  
servants of the dread is what they are  
and now they take control again

take me back  
back on the trail again  
take me back