

Mysterium

Manilla Road

O'er the sea of dreams, he sailed
As the fair winds turned to gales
Come to search the land outback
Seeking knowledge that we lacked

The sea of dreams
The sea of dreams

Ludwig Leichhardt was his name
Explorer, destined for fame
He would find his quest to be
Across the sea of dreams

The sea of dreams
The sea of dreams

With compass and journal
He set out 'cross the lands
To seek Australia's truths
For science and for man

From east to northern coast
He charted lands unseen
Received a heroes name
For all his honoured deeds
Then came the final quest
To trek from coast to coast
It proved to be his last
And turned him to a ghost

Into the outbacks unknown
Venturing from coast to coast
His expedition lost, vanished with no trace
Except for 'L's' carved in trees
A burnt gun sling, near Sturt Creek
Bearing his name plate, stamped 1848
We may never really know
What fate befell our heroes
Australia's lost patrol
Is still a mystery
For science and adventure
His work, a valued treasure
Into the great unknown
His life's destiny
Following his dreams
Into history.