

# Running in the Dust

Primal Fear

I'm on my way in a foreign land  
The crime rate's up to 25 percent  
Dessident people everywhere  
And I can't find no comfort here

All alone - no one's there to help me  
No control - there's no one I can trust

Cause they were running in the dust - running  
Cause they were running in the dust - running

I'm walking through the streets with a stranger's look  
Their eyes staring at me as the darkness cooks  
They ask me for a dollar a gun behind their back  
Their faces switch from friendly to attack

All alone - no one's there to help me  
No control - there's no one I can trust

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I miss my country, my friends, my family  
I will struggle to go home  
I'm settled for peace now step out of insanity  
But my dream has ended in a blast

Standing here alone in this bloodstained land  
As I realized danger's close at hand  
A gunshot kills the sound of silence  
An angel's life has ended up by violence

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Running in the dust

Dust