

# Dougie MacLean, Marching Mystery

From ship to shining shore  
Out of an age when time was young  
Across the silver ocean's floor  
Their endless battle has begun

Chorus:

And they burn upon the open hand,  
Blinding all who see  
They feast upon the desert land,  
Marching on  
They burn upon the open hand,  
Blinding all who see  
They feast upon the desert land,  
Marching, marching, marching mystery

She holds her weary head  
Her heavy horsemen stand alone  
It's for the living and the dead  
To search their fortune far from home

Chorus

There is majesty, there is tragedy all in its place  
Rank and file ever turning and moving the space

On paths of black and gold  
They come with tales too dark to speak  
But the fascination holds  
Compels us on to search and speak

Chorus