

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