

Spirit Of The West, The Mists Of Crofton

And around it goes... how were they to know?
That around it goes... we live with our eyes closed
A lone cloud lingers over the land
Beauty faces the time's demands
Nature rules over seas and sand
And so form the mists of Crofton

A native people they understand
The balance needed to work the land
So they continue hand in hand
To live off the shores of Crofton

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That around it goes... we live with our eyes closed

The shoreline changed with the settlement
The land still gives, so the money's spent
There's provisions for home and for government
And they're reaped from the shores of Crofton

The money's there and the factories boom
The people smile at impending doom
Even the sunset is changing hue
Thick are the mists of Crofton

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That around it goes... we live with our eyes closed

One step forward and two steps back
You gotta make up for the things that you lack
Assault the land in a final attack then move on!

The recession lingers, the wells run dry
There's nothing left to take so the factories die
The land's been raped and there's no one to cry
Lonely are the mists of Crofton, lonely are the mists of Crofton
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