

# De/Vision, The Gold Of The Poor

The blue sky over them  
The shadows of the men  
They press a trail in the sand  
Running as fast as they can

They're running through the desert sun  
Meshing guns in their hands  
The soldier's pack is on their back  
Once our wagon tramps

More than you can say  
More than you can feel  
More than you can say  
More than you can feel

No, they will never go away  
It's too late to change their minds  
They only would do the same again  
Until the end they will fight

More than you can say  
More than you can feel?