

Renaissance, Tyrant-Tula

It is nothing to live as we do
Day to day we roam
Heart without a home of our own
Dust and passion lay in our throats
Revenge in each word that spoke
Childrens eyes fill our minds as we smoke

Chorus:

But somewhere out in the desert a figure moves at speed
And in his heart he carries the message that they need
We move against the tyrant
Words fall from his lips
The fire inside their eyes is lit
At daybreak freedom calls
We answer as one
From hiding in the hills we enter the burning sun

Danger fills the air and the dawn
Holds a sweet but stale perfume
Women know that soon they may lose
What good are men that love but our slaves
In a country they once called their own?
As they kissed goodbye they have flown

Chorus II

To be there out in the desert as horses move at speed
And in each heart is carried the message that they need
We move against the tyrant
Words fall from his lips
The fire inside their eyes is lit
At daybreak freedom called
We answered as one
From hiding in the hills we entered the gripping sun

Instrumental

Repeat second part of chorus I