

Lost Patrol

Big Country

We lay the night in anguish, snakes drawn out by the tide
The compass of decision falls always on one side
But many went before us and still the cries are clear
There is no beauty here, just the stench of wine and beerWe save no souls
We break no promisesWe can do nothing more than move headlong through the gloom
The thorn between our lips is the missionaries tune
Our men with open arms turn their faces half away
Observe as we approach that we have not come to saveWe stand as thick as vines though the fruit is torn away
There is no beauty here, friends, just death and dark decayWe save no souls
We break no promisesWe save no souls
We break no promises

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