

The Mercy Racers

Excalion

When the winter closed off the ocean
Bering Sea, here it went to fight
To seize in it, Alaskan coastland
The town of Nome fought for its life

In the winds of the north
Nowhere they could fly
Great men with their dogs came forth
It's up to us, let us try

We are the final hope
Through ice and storm we go
Final hope towards the wendigo
We go on and on, we will not turn around
We're the ancient union, man and beast
Pushing on through Norton Sound

When the winter showed them no mercy
Men of northlands
They all stood tall
From Fairbanks to western sea
600 miles of trail
Called on Yukon to bring relief
To they cannot go

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In five and half days
Vials of the cure
In this wind
Through blackest of the nights
The lead dogs light
The cruelest of mires
In their memory

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