

Out On The Run

Fair Warning

Out o the road
I feel the darkness in motion
Children of the sun
Passing under cover of the night.

Right in their face
I see a burning emotion
As they're turning to the west
Looking for a place to survive.

They were the chosen ones
They never lost their track
Roaming the endless planes
No looking back.

Now they're out out on the run
See them fighting, moving on
As they stand out to the storm
'Til the golden break of dawn.

Once they were strong
But those were times if illusion
White man came to talk
White man came to conquer there land.

They didn't fight
Trusting his way of solution
But he never kept his world
Come back with a gun in his hand.

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