

The Caravan

Metal Law

"He still feels the black angel
Who's dragging the caravan"

They roam through an ocean of sand
Despite weakness and blazing heat of the sun
God and the sword in their hands
But slowly they loose heart

So they roam, for the power of the land
For King and God, along the brink of ruin
Only priest knows the payment
If he realizes desert

He still feels the black angel
Who's dragging the caravan
Who's dragging the caravan
Who's dragging...
the caravan through the desert!

Burnt from the red hot wind
The cities they look
Without mercy but full of violence
To bring new gods to the land

He still feels the black angel
Who's dragging the caravan
Who's dragging the caravan
Who's dragging...
the caravan through the desert!