

# Big Country, Porrohman

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 beer  
We save no souls  
We break no promises  
We can do nothing more than move on headlong through the gloom  
The thorn between our lips is the missionaries tune  
Men with open arms turn their faces half away  
Observe as we approach that we have not come to save  
We stand as thick as vines though the fruit is torn away  
There is no beauty here, friends, just death and dark decay