

# The Ancient Trail

## Aromem

### Verse 1

Am D Am  
I've been cast off from my own,  
D Am  
those I called my friends are gone.  
F C G Am  
There is no place for me to pitch my tent,  
F G Am  
far from the land of my people I'm sent.  
F C G Am  
Had it not been for the Spirit of Yah  
F G Am  
I would have died without tribe or home

### Chorus

Am G D Am  
Because I run the ancient trail,  
G D Am  
12 tribes I call my brethren.  
G D Am  
Because His fire runs through my veins,  
G D Am  
my soul shall not fear its fate

### Verse 2

Am D Am  
I once sat with my empty dreams,  
G D Am  
my hands filled with worthless things  
F C G Am  
But when my soul found peace with Yah's spirit in me  
F G Am  
I cast away all that hindered me,  
F G Am  
and now I run like a deer set free

### Chorus 2

Am G D Am  
Because I run the ancient trail  
G D Am  
a bow of bronze my hands can bend  
G D Am  
Because His fire runs through my veins,  
G D Am  
dark spirits shall flee before me