Bloodied Yet Unbowed

Primordial

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I've told you once I've told you a thousand times
No regrets and no remorse
No 4 am whiskey soaked wisdom or bloody
knuckled politics
Do I regret and not a single moment will I ever
repentYou may say I have lost to a better man
This may be true I cannot protest or lie
Yet maybe one who did not dare to be wrong or
even to be rightTo those who did not dare to sing out of tune
Or sing a different song
To march to the beat of a different drum and speak
the truths others fear
Just give me one thing to live or die forSo here's to comrades near and far
Who've raised a glass raised your voices
Years have passed some would say
They have not been kind
Yet these are the scars of war
And we remain yet we stand
Bloodied yet unbowedWhat is the standart with which I bear
What flag do we fly when marching to war
Only a nation that dare not speak its name
Nor can ever shed its painSo here's to comrades near and far
Raised a glass, raised hell
Years have passed closer to the grave
But this is the song we chose to sing
To the bitter end, to the end

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