

Hero of the Land

Unleashed

long ago when the century was young
lived a man who passed his land on to his son
long ago when the moral of man was high
life was a battle just to survive
every day a struggle and a toil
to harvest the land and to seed the soil
he worked in the forest and he worked in the fields
worked day and night to feed his family behold the old man - striving all he can
behold the old man - for he is the hero of the land he never cared much for fortune and fame
he never cried and he never complained
he built his dream with his bare hands & mind
a simple man but an artist of life
and still today as I behold the old man
I see him striving all that he can
one of these days he'll pass his land on to his son
let his spirit guide us when this century is gone... behold the old man - striving all he can
behold the old man - for he is the hero of the land one of these days... I'll be the old man
and I'll will fight for my family and land behold the old man - striving all he can
behold the old man - the hero of the land behold the old man - striving all he can
behold the old man - for he is the hero of the land

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