

No Place For Disgrace

Flotsam and Jetsam

Far to the east ruled the Samurai, mystic warrior class
Honorably brave, dark armored man, donning hideous mask
700 years of reigning Japan, the masters of attack
Dominators of the isle of dragons, fearsome military caste
In battle no prisoners for the enemy, noble self-sacrifice

Crooked crowns sentenced to die, pay the bloody price
Sacred rites held close by the fighters, no place for disgrace
Taught to stand with dignity while staring in death's face
Honor even in death, soldiers glorified

The dagger plunges deep, slashes side to side
Honor even in death, disgrace is defied
The end they never fear, give their life before their
Honor even in death, soldiers glorified

The dagger plunges deep, slashes side to side
Honor even in death, disgrace is defied
The end they never fear, give their life before their pride
Gracefully, with steady hand

He takes the dagger that lays before him
Collects his thoughts for the last time
And plunges the dirge from left to right
No sign of pain on his face

With the final, cut withdraws the blade
Loyal companion by his side
Lifts the sword to help him die
Lightning flash, one swift blow

Honor is done, warriors head rolls
In a man's glory, his spirit is stored, his very being inside
Dignity respected, courage is shown by his ritual suicide
No room for dishonor in Hari Kari's dagger gashing side to side

Under the rising sun, the core is exposed, to reveal a new life
Honor even in death, soldiers glorified

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