

# Marching Song

## Esben and the Witch

In a wilderness of foggy thoughts  
Battling with your minds retorts  
And walking on empty plains

Where desert's so calm even drowning rains Soldier on to this marching song

Head held high with eyes fixed strong  
Dropping thud, cymbal crash down

The mud, it is thick with desires to drown Your feet's in earth, your boots are sinking  
Sink with the memories of long lost thinking  
And armies of many are fighting their fights

Lost in the blackness, they're losing their sights Your veins are my trenches, my gun is my own  
The whispers fall heavy with delicate moans Arms and legs, teeth and nail  
Our fragile companions are destined to fail  
For this battalion has been run through  
Therefore, captains and comrades, I bid you all adieu

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