

# Many Enemies Bring Much Honour

## Death In June

Dressed not in mourning but in black  
See the fire in our eyes  
Always ready to fight back  
Never hiding in disguise Many enemies bring much honour... The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth and life from the glowing earth  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run  
And with the trees to newer birth  
An all-bright company of heaven  
Hold him in high comradeship  
The dog-star and the sister seven  
The Will to Power and a sworded hip  
The woodland trees that stand together  
They stand to him each one a friend Many enemies bring much honour... And when the burning moment breaks  
And all things else are out of mind  
And only joy of battle takes  
Him by the throat and makes him blind  
Through joy and blindness he shall know  
Not caring much to know that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him so  
That it be not his Destined Will Many enemies bring much honour... The thundering line of battle stands  
And in the air, death's history  
The day shall clasp him with strong hands  
The night shall hold sweet victory Many enemies bring much honour...

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