

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 disguiseMany 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 friendMany 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 WillMany 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 victoryMany enemies bring much honour...

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