1812: the Battle

Sacred Rite

Oh, tell all the boys
The battle calls us tonight
Oh, with fear in their eyes
Their leaders have poisoned their sightWith guns in their hands, and swords at their sides
They kill with such utter delight
Night has fallen, and blood has spilled
The battle, it calls us tonightOh, children are dying
Your dreams and their dreams are gone
Oh, with fear in their eyes
The leaders have poisoned the pawn

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