

# Flags of Dawn

## Thrice

This darkness would eclipse our will  
A cold wind blows across these hills  
A swinging gaze from a hangman's tree  
A crow's nest view of what's left to see  
The light that's formed  
Of saints return the silence to the snow  
Still beneath the craters waiting  
For this time to grow  
So hold on, hold tight  
Open daylight we will overcome  
So put away your fear the morning star will soon appear  
And bring an end to this dark night  
And we must run if we're to meet the light  
Watered by the blood of martyrs  
Blessed and blind as sons and daughters  
Sleep with one eye open and live with both eyes shut  
So let's find the place where sight begins  
And see the things that we saw when our  
Eyes were bright and wet against the light  
And hold on, hold tight  
Open daylight we will overcome  
Open your eyes over the new sight  
Fly the flags of dawn

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