

# Hush

## Abney Park

I have marched, for years on end.  
My comrades fell, as I defend,  
The goals I set. My armies fled,  
fell as they ran, trampled our dead. Rush, back through the fields, I am hush,  
All the ghosts of the dead are awake, I'm afraid The ghost of comrades Dead and gone  
rise in my path to do me wrong.  
As wars are fought, Armies abide.  
Should I be tried,  
For men who died? Rush, back through the fields, I am hush,  
All the ghosts of the dead are awake, I'm afraid

Songwriters

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