Rorke's Drift

Sabaton

News that came that morning told that the main force had been slain,
Chance for peace and justice gone, and all talks had been in vain
A prince had been offended and he had gone the path of war
Now that 1500 men are dead, and the Zulus at the doorZulus attack,
Fight back to back
Show them no mercy and
Fire at will,
Kill or be killed
Facing, awaitingA hostile spear, a new frontier, the end is near
There's no surrender
The lines must hold, their story told, Rorke's Drift controlledLater on that fateful day as they head towards the drift,
Stacking boxes, fortifying, preparations must be swift
Spears and shields of oxen hide facing uniforms and guns,
As the rifles fire echoes higher, beating like the sound of drumsZulus attack,
Fight back to back
Show them no mercy and
Fire at will,
Kill or be killed
Facing, awaitingA hostile spear, a new frontier, the end is near
There's no surrender
The lines must hold, their story told, Rorke's Drift controlled1879, when a few held the line
(Back to back, attack, the dead are stacked)
When the last stand was made, and the Empire saved
(Back to back, attack, the dead are stacked)Zulus attack,
Fight back to back
Show them no mercy and
Fire at will,
Kill or be killed
Facing, awaitingA hostile spear, a new frontier, the end is near
There's no surrender
The lines must hold, their story told, Rorke's Drift controlledA hostile spear, a new frontier, the end is near
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