

Honour

:Of the Wand & the Moon:

Passive fields January two thousand and twelve
A nation that stands alone
Cold voices, faces pale
Gathered unto their judgment day
Such pride remains unbroken
Such words remain unspoken
Just mothers to stand in vain and cry
Tears and medals in the rain
Shall I recall when justice did prevail?
No reason to be found why reason did fail
The all clear resounding
The way was clear to rebuild this land
Shall I call on you to guide me well
To see our hopes and dreams fulfilled?
On this day of our ascension
Stand your ground this is what we are fighting for
For our spirit and laws and ways
Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war
For heaven or hell we shall not wait
Shall I think of honour as lies
Or lament it's aged slow demise?
Shall I stand as a total stranger
On this day in this stone chamber?
The all clear resounding
The way was clear to rebuild this land
Shall I call on you to guide me well
To see our hopes and dreams fulfilled?

On this day of our ascension
On this day we praise the fallen
Stand your ground this is what we are fighting for
For our spirit and laws and ways
Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war
For heaven or hell we shall not wait
Shall I think of honour as lies
Or lament it's aged slow demise?
Shall I stand as a total stranger
On this day in this stone chamber?
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