

The Sun is Rising

The nights are long, the food is scarce
The foe is grim, the winter fierce
The thunder rolls, the skies are dark
Fear wraps itself around your hearts

Fear that this fight shall be your last
The foe is come, the die is cast
You struggle on, with souls untiring
But somewhere else, the sun is rising.

From far away you hear the sound
Where mighty hooves caress the ground
Look to your comrades and despair
If only those were friends out there.

You know this fight will be your last
The foe is here, the die is cast
You struggle on, alone, untiring
But somewhere near, the sun is rising.

The sound of horses, closer now
Look at your friends and wonder how
You'll die surrounded by countless foes
At least you gave some time to those
You loved, to get them far away
That only you might die this day
You fight to the last, alone, untiring
But look you now! The sun is rising.

The sun shines now, as if to say
The morning of a brand new day
Brings with it hope, so rare a thing
And with it the sound of swords a-ring
From every sheath, from whence they lay
Bright in the dawn of this new day
Against all hope, your friends have come
Your foes go silent, as if struck dumb

And as they turn and run away
You blink back tears and face the day
Fought without hope, alone, untiring,
But for you, at last, the sun is rising.

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