

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