

Passive fields. January two thousand and twelve.  
A nation that stands alone.  
Cold voices, faces pale,  
gathered unto their judgement 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?