

Take a deep breath and stand firm where you are
Feel the courage flow and fear no more
For glory now stand, take life with your very own hands
And fulfill what once you swore.

Can you feel the battle field breath
It's as alive now as you or me, watch how it moves
Feel the pulse, to the eb and flow of war
Its beauty like the gold one adorns.

When I beheld its majesty, it has never ceased to be
Any less to me, than a perfect tragedy.

On the edge of tears I'm held by the moment
With the knowledge that all will change
No longer the caring man, now only the cruelest hand
To ensure my victory.

So cold, is the kiss of the steel
So old, it's the fear we all feel!

Now is the time, get to the line, and give our last stand
These are the moments that define the man
My dynamics is what drives me
The will to carry on
Give it all, till the end and then we fall.

I can remember the sight, all the Sarissas aligned
Like the trees under gaze of star light
When the wind would pass them through
They'd sing their mournful tune
Their call would echo through the night.

The men would ask why is the Sarrisa's song so sad.

The Sarissa's song is a sad one, its pipes sing soft and low
I would choose another profession he says but war is all I know
It Pierces through the cries, drew the tears from our eyes
A cold wartime lullaby!