

The Fighting Man

Forefather

The flag held high, a call to the warrior's pride
North they had won, weary in body not mind
Standing alone, the few who would see him to live
For their brother to stay, allegiance to him they must give

Under the banner of The Fighting Man

Through dense forest and dark of night
Always the flag is alight
From northern lands to shores of south
Always the flag is the light

Not the chosen son of throne
But they did hail him as their own
The Fighting Man in two was torn
A new flag flies but soon we'll see the new dawn

Under The Fighting Man