The Gathering

Nazareth

In your head you can hear your heart Sweat runs cold it's all about to start Life or death only seconds away For king and country, there's a game to play.

The hawks will fly, the doves will cry The old wise ones stay at home The young ones die Come to the gathering Have fun with a gun Come to the gathering Your day in the sun.

In your soul you can feel the fear In your mind all your demons appear Could this be your glory day Or just another number when you're blown away?

The hawks will fly, the doves will cry The old wise ones stay at home The young ones die Come to the gathering Have fun with a gun Come to the gathering Your day in the sun.

Thank the ones who bear the scar Widow weaves and a silver star All the ones who won't meet dad Wonder why they turned out so bad All the kids who won the day Just got bombed by the folks they saved And all the people where you're from Don't want you there you've been gone too long.

In your head you can hear your heart Sweat runs cold it's all about to start Life or death only seconds away For king and country, there's a game to play.

The hawks will fly, the doves will cry The old wise ones stay at home The young ones die Welcome to the gathering Have fun with a gun Welcome to the gathering Your day in the sun.