

## Bloodied Yet Unbowed

Primordial

I've told you once I've told you a thousand times  
No regrets and no remorse  
No 4 am whiskey soaked wisdom or bloody  
knuckled politics  
Do I regret and not a single moment will I ever  
repent

You may say I have lost to a better man  
This may be true I cannot protest or lie  
Yet maybe one who did not dare to be wrong or  
even to be right

To those who did not dare to sing out of tune  
Or sing a different song  
To march to the beat of a different drum and speak  
the truths others fear  
Just give me one thing to live or die for

So here's to comrades near and far  
Who've raised a glass raised your voices  
Years have passed some would say  
They have not been kind  
Yet these are the scars of war  
And we remain yet we stand  
Bloodied yet unbowed

What is the standart with which I bear  
What flag do we fly when marching to war  
Only a nation that dare not speak its name  
Nor can ever shed its pain

So here's to comrades near and far  
Raised a glass, raised hell  
Years have passed closer to the grave  
But this is the song we chose to sing  
To the bitter end, to the end