

## Rorke's Drift

Sabatón

News that came that morning told  
That the main force had been slain  
Chance for peace and justice gone  
And all talks had been in vain  
A prince had been offended  
And he has gone the path of war  
Now that 1500 men are dead and the Zulu's at the door

Zulus attack,  
Fight back to back  
Show them no mercy and  
Fire at will  
Kill or be killed  
Facing, awaiting

A hostile spear, a new frontier. the end is near  
There's no surrender  
The lines must hold. their story told, Rorke's drift controlled

Later on that fateful day as they head towards the drift  
Stacking boxes, fortify, preparations must be swift  
Spears and shields of oxen hide facing uniforms and guns  
As the rifles fire, echoes higher, (beating) like the sound of drums