

Lower the Flags

Sentenced

He's gone, he is dead
His remains upon the hearse ahead
As silently we wander through the mist
He's free

This is the end
Your journey's over, night descends
Below... Into the abyss
Farewell, my friend, you will be missed

Lower the flags
A good man has passed
He has reached the last of frontiers
Lower the flags
Down to half-mast
For again the world has taken a turn for the worse

He's done, he is dead
Six feet of earth upon his head
Now lay your wreaths
Upon the one who lies beneath

Although you're gone
In memories you shall live on
Asleep... In peace now rest
The weight of the world is off your chest

Lower the flags...

That mourning light I'll always remember
And these August nights: cold as December