Sacred Rite, 1812: The Battle

Oh, tell all the boys
The battle calls us tonight
Oh, with fear in their eyes
Their leaders have poisoned their sight

With guns in their hands, and swords at their sides They kill with such utter delight Night has fallen, and blood has spilled The battle, it calls us tonight

Oh, children are dying Your dreams and their dreams are gone Oh, with fear in their eyes The leaders have poisoned the pawn