

Hearts And Spades

I the Mighty

With a knock, knock and my eyes come open.
I light a match and orange fills the room.
The candle-light dancing off the walls
and the movement's enough to wake her up.
The men are outside with their torches.
I hear the hooves of the horses I must lead.
Would you fill up this flask with your moonshine
I'll need it to keep myself warm through this snowy
storm.
And hide your tears till my sights are out the door.
It's hard enough to leave for a war I don't believe.
Would you fill up this gun melted soldiers,
it's the hand-made bullets that saved for the ring you
wear.
And I'll be wearing mine through the war cries.
I won't let them tear it from my hands. The waiting is
over.
The waiting is over and I tell her as I go that

"I'm coming back."
But I may not be coming back.
Promise me you won't forget this,
but promise me you shall not dwell.
I'm coming back.
But I may not be coming back.
Take the letters off the dresser
and fill the void with hearts and spades.

Oh, the outside air is cold.
You can see your breath for miles and miles and miles
and miles and miles.
Oh, heading north to war.
Dreams take me back to the home I grew up in.
Take me back to that little house on the hill.
It was there we felt alive we didn't care about the
territory or the long story.
Take me back, take me back to the day we met.
Playing cards with the girl right down the road.
Joking that the jack saw too much.
You be hearts and I'll be spades.

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Dear love,
I write you with a heavy heart.
And with this pen I lie to you.
These letters are a lie.

Past the snow, past the fields, past the hills,
we finally see the enemy we so greatly feared.

And in the image of 900 men lining the horizon,
this is where my letters end.

Ride with me, ride with me!
Don't mistake their war cries for lullabies.
Ride with me, die with me!
Their fortune means our fate.
Hold the line, hold the line!
This will be the ground with which their bodies lie.
Hold the line, force the fight!
We'll never be the same.

Life runs it's cycle.
Life runs it's cycle, and we're all apart of it.
Hey!