

Passive fields. January two thousand and twelve  
A nation that stands alone  
Cold voices, faces pale  
Gathered unto their judgement day  
Such pride remains unbroken  
Such words remain unspoken  
Just mothers to stand in vain and cry  
Tears and medals in the rain  
Shall I recall when justice did prevail?  
No reason to be found why reason did fail  
The all clear resounding  
The way was clear to rebuild this land  
Shall I call on you to guide me well  
To see our hopes and dreams fulfilled?  
On this day of our ascension

Stand your ground, this is what we are fighting for  
For our spirit and laws and ways  
Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war  
For heaven or hell we shall not wait  
Shall I think of honour as lies  
Or lament its aged and slow demise?  
Shall I stand as a total stranger  
On this day in this stone chamber?

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The way was clear to rebuild this land  
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To see our hopes and dreams fulfilled  
On this day of our ascension  
On this day we praise the fallen

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