

And I fold my ears
Die no more
Breathe no fire
But I know war
If all the crosses point down
I go north
By the hordes
See no light

Get behind the village
A call of sacrifice behind the line of fire
Smeared in flower ashes
The flower as the motif of one desire

We ride into the night
I'm coming through
And no one need be singing
No song will do

With the trusted torch's eyes
They were bold and true
To the other side we pried
If we only knew

Not such a good thing
Not such a place
Not a good sign for we're running out of space
Hey Bob!

This is how the tale is told
Always the same
Surrender your poppy field
Dampen your militant flame