

## Footmen

### The Chant

He sang to me of sailors at sea  
and how the sea shall free them  
Barefoot and cold, walking where told  
With no light by our side  
Who lets us bleed? You with the free  
watch how the hate can breed  
Feeling the west wind on my face  
I know your witful ways  
Sailors at sea, I found my peace  
within the grace of their arms  
They are the ones with hearts like the sun  
and the tidal wave  
Lowered the cup  
Tasted the bread  
Rested and read  
To dream you fair dream  
We were to be footmen, you see  
I marvel at your deeds  
We're meant to be eternal, you see  
Wind of the free  
And the hate still breeds  
Beating the drum towards the sun  
The tired and weak falling asleep  
Can't see my way, can't tell who stays  
Can't see the thread that binds me  
We were to be footmen, you see  
We would dream your fair dream  
Tasted your bread  
The wind on my face  
I know your witful ways  
We're meant to be eternal, you see  
Wind of the free  
And the hate still breeds