

# Few are We

The call of war rang through the home;  
"To arms! To arms!" they sang, both young and old.  
Better to die on bloody loam,  
Than live enslaved by a king's bloody gold.

Fields, once green, now littered with death;  
Homes with no master, mothers with no son.  
"Liberty!" came their final breath.  
Great heroes lost, but a great nation won.

But great trees die where frail weeds grow;  
The light, once true, may surrender to night.  
Green grass pales under gale and snow;  
A nation, once proud, will forget its right.

A passive cry rang through the land,  
A people lost, a body with no soul.  
Better to hide while you still can,  
Than face the battle and pay freedom's toll.

Freedom, once dear, now cast aside.  
A land, once warm, now frozen in despair.  
Lost are they who forget their pride,  
Few are we who utter criminal prayers.