

# Agans Craig, While The Sabres Rattle

While the sabres rattle, and the forces start to move  
Threats and reputations force the warlords all to prove  
The power in their hands, that they have got to send  
Thousands for to die, to achieve their ends  
As petty as the conflict, may have begunned  
As bloody as a war has got to end..  
While the sabres rattle, and history's cards are dealt  
Battle plans are drawn up as tradition starts to melt  
Burned by a fury, as blind as a flag  
After hopes for peace have started to sag  
Of a mighty power, most are proud to brag  
And your neighbor, to his possible death they are going to drag..  
While the sabres rattle, it has always been the same  
Bracing for the storm to come, studying those that came  
But that lesson, has yet to be learned  
Even a good man, will kill if his home is burned  
While the sabres rattle, to sirens near and far  
Wailing forth their warnings, and their call to arms  
These pictures I now see, as we begin to fight  
They are pictures I have seen before, but they were in black and white.  
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