

Before God, Order

Late in life's dawning morn
I've seen a figure in the rain
Standing idle beneath the storm
At the end of memories lane
Straight and tall his stance
Like a calm island amongst the lost
The thunder talked

In my mind this figure spoke
And said like this
"My children stand, never give into the alien yoke
Take back your ancestors' lands
And give back life to your folk
Even when chaos is at hand"
And with a flash of this cloak
Thunder crashed and he was gone

And my heart filled with life
As distant memories flooded into me
Giving rise to visions and pride
Of warriors sailing from northern seas
And battles fought both far and wide
So that our children could be free
Of alien ideals and the lies
That have suppressed natural liberty

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