

Nazareth, The Gathering

In your head you can hear your heart
Sweat runs cold it's all about to start
Life or death only seconds away
For king and country, there's a game to play.

The hawks will fly, the doves will cry
The old wise ones stay at home
The young ones die
Come to the gathering
Have fun with a gun
Come to the gathering
Your day in the sun.

In your soul you can feel the fear
In your mind all your demons appear
Could this be your glory day
Or just another number when you're blown away?

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Thank the ones who bear the scar
Widow weaves and a silver star
All the ones who won't meet dad
Wonder why they turned out so bad
All the kids who won the day
Just got bombed by the folks they saved
And all the people where you're from
Don't want you there you've been gone too long.

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