

Sentenced, Lowet The Flags

He's gone, he's dead
His remains are upon the hearse ahead
Silently we wander though that if he's free Is
this the end?
Your journey is over and I descend
Below into the abyss,
Farewell, my friend, you will be missed
Lower the flags
A good man has passed
He has reached the last of frontiers
Lower the flags
Down to half mast
For again the world has taken a turn for the worse
He's gone, he's dead
Six feet of earth upon his head
Now lay your wreath upon the
One who lies beneath
Although you're gone
In memories you shall live on
A sleeping peace, now rest
The weight of the world is off your chest
Lower the flags
A good man has passed
He has reached the last of frontiers
Lower the flags
Down to half mast
For again the world has taken a turn for the worse
That morning light I'll always remember
When these August nights, cold as December
Lower the flags
A good man has passed
He has reached the last of frontiers
Lower the flags
Down to half mast
For again the world has taken a turn for the worse