

# 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