

A Northern Chorus, Ethic Of The Pioneer

Here the call, look out on the road beyond,
Through glass and blood that runs along the rusted can that's home.
Ploughing through the cities dust and stench that's new
Local traffic stalled a while, Is this worth the drive?
Here the call, through hunger sweat and empty halls
An ethic of the pioneer, do it or die.

Rest, rest up,
Wrap your wounds, get back on the field,
And breath, breath through the dust and mold,
The cities stench, it fuels you