

Bob Catley, This Gallant Band Of Manic Strangers

This gallant band of manic strangers
Have carried cause to fight
Push to the limit, warning calling
With no remorse tonight

For what seemed centuries, we knew this time would come
We have to turn the tide, this battle must be won
We must return this land to what it was before
The faceless overlord betrayed the ring he forged

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We tread forgotten paths where shadow's cloak is torn
We are invisible, the silence and the storm
We hold the sacred key to all that is to come
Our plight is liberty, we stand or we will fall

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