

Death In June, Many Enemies Bring Much Honour

Dressed not in mourning but in black
See the fire in our eyes
Always ready to fight back
Never hiding in disguise

Many enemies bring much honour...

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth and life from the glowing earth
Speed with the light-foot winds to run
And with the trees to newer birth
An all-bright company of heaven
Hold him in high comradeship
The dog-star and the sister seven
The Will to Power and a sworded hip
The woodland trees that stand together
They stand to him each one a friend

Many enemies bring much honour...

And when the burning moment breaks
And all things else are out of mind
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind
Through joy and blindness he shall know
Not caring much to know that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him so
That it be not his Destined Will

Many enemies bring much honour...

The thundering line of battle stands
And in the air, death's history
The day shall clasp him with strong hands
The night shall hold sweet victory

Many enemies bring much honour...