

# Demeter, Sound Of A Horn

With his eyes on the clouds  
He prays to the Gods  
To live next few moments well  
To be worth his father's name  
Past time is on his mind  
His first fight in the War  
Bright was the day  
And now the rain is pouring down  
And when he falls,  
Other men will take his place  
To stand on wind and rain  
On the hill he waits  
For the sign of his king  
To run to the valley to fight  
Brave, young man  
Take a sword in your hand  
Hear a sound of a horn  
And fight until the end