

Enchant, Standing Ground

In spite of earnest dreams we're broken
In spite of arrogance we're humbled
For all these stubborn minds we compromise
Through all of the rose gardens let us walk
Without prickling thorns
Through golden lambs may burn,
Let us not be tempted more
For every cup I drink, don't let me spill one drop
In spite of tempting gold we'll never sell our souls
To fight for what we've founded,
We'll always hold our ground
To fight the stale malaise, to fight to preserve our ways
Through all of the rose gardens let us walk
Without prickling thorns
Through golden lambs may burn,
Let us not be tempted more
For every cup I drink, don't let me spill one drop
One more down, we're moving up
That much less to go
New hope lies within the pain of sweat and of blood
You can bet we'll see you there
Our shadows will fly over the mountain tops
We'll see you there

[Music: M.Geimer, T.Pamfiloff, P.Craddick]

[Lyrics: M.Geimer, B.Cline]