

# 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]