

# Sentenced, Lower The Flags

He's gone, he is dead  
His remains upon the hearse ahead  
As silently we wander through the mist  
He's free

This is the end  
Your journey's over, night descends  
Below... Into the abyss  
Farewell, my friend, you will be missed

Lower the flags  
A good man has passed  
He has reached the last of frontiers  
Lower the flags  
Down to half-mast  
For again the world has taken a turn for the worse

He's gone, he is dead  
Six feet of earth upon his head  
Now lay your wreaths  
Upon the one who lies beneath

Although you're gone  
In memories you shall live on  
Asleep... In peace now rest  
The weight of the world is off your chest

Lower the flags  
A good man has passed  
He has reached the last of frontiers  
Lower the flags  
Down to half-mast  
For again the world has taken a turn for the worse

That mourning light I'll always remember  
And these August nights; cold as December

Lower the flags  
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He has reached the last of frontiers  
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