

# Skepticism, March October

March has come to awaken  
Break the silence deeply sleeping  
And the stillness lasting ages  
Once more to start windchest filling  
And the chains start freely moving  
And the pulse start beating strongly  
And the words set calmly flowing  
Blow the dust out of the pipe ends  
Rid the chains of rust they carry  
And the pulse set free and roaming  
And unleash the words from slumber  
One another then shall follow  
Join each other in the alloy  
To bring forth the march October  
In march start and onwards journey  
Boldly reach out for October  
With the tunes as flocks that follow  
And the words as their companion  
Shall the tunes then whisper softly  
And roar loud like rising thunder  
With a leadcape on their shoulders  
Or mere sunrays as their clothing  
Shall the words not sing of sorrow  
Leave for others words of lament  
Proudly join the tunes sounding  
Gallant ways the pulse beating  
Take their places in the alloy  
Fortify the compound forming  
And unite the substance growing  
And meld matter made for lasting  
To complete the march October