

Thrice, Burn The Feet

In this dark night we
STAND OR WE FALL.
We are kings now,
or nothing at all.
Check your armor;
light up your torch.
Touch the flame to sail
before you head for the shore.

And we will burn the fleet,
we can never go home;
it's on to victory or under ground.
Burn the fleet, we'll be heroes or ghosts,
but we won't be turned around.

The old flag will burn with the sail,
and a new one won't fly if we fail.
But the fire continues to rise,
and it shows not a hint of any fear in our eyes.

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