

Thrice, Flags Of Dawn

this darkness would
eclipse our will
a cold wind blows
across these hills
a swinging gaze
from a hangman's tree
a crow's nest view
of what's left to see
the light that's formed
of saints return the silence to the snow
still beneath the craters waiting
for this time to grow

so hold on
hold tight
open daylight
we will overcome

so put away your fear
the morning star will soon appear
and bring an end
to this dark night
and we must run if we're to meet the light
watered by the blood of martyrs
blessed and blind as sons and daughters
sleep with one eye open
and live with both eyes shut
so let's find the place where sight begins
and see the things that we saw when our
eyes were bright and wet against the light

and hold on
hold tight
open daylight
we will overcome

open your eyes
over the new sight
fly the flags of dawn