

Forefather "For These Shores"

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Was a time when men they fought for kindred's cause,
a struggle to survive
But far beyond the native burghs I see they send our
blood to death
Is it to kill for greed, to find eternal peace or sow the
seeds for war?
This army is not for Folk and Fyrd, there is no peace
beyond these shores

Fields of graves reveal courageous aims of brothers
long time gone
Should we live to see another cemetery for men who
died but not for their own kin to feed?

For these shores
For these shores

Fields of graves, futile slaves
To distant wars, far beyond these shores

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