

Forgive-Me-Not "Keepers Of The Field"

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So many gave their blood.
But all have died in the mud.
For what they call their nation.
Or sometimes for their own salvation.

This soil where we passed away.
Remains since that sad day.
The place where us, forsaken.
Will always stand for the fallen.

Our swords pointing to the sky.
We're the ones that none dare defy.
Our songs leading the heroes.
From the first to the last blows.

This soil where we passed away.
Remains since that sad day.
The place where us, forsaken.
Will always stand for the fallen.

Here we came, here we died.
Here we are keepers of the field.
Here we fought, here we have fallen.
Here we are keepers of the field.
Keepers of the field.
Keepers of the field.

No matter for whom they fight.
We are side by side day and night.
And all the brave men who will fall.
Will finally join us all.

On this ground some have survived.
Destinies not yet arrived.
On their path so many battles.
So far away from their castles.

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