

## Lemur Voice

### "A Day Of Reckoning"

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Low, my children, what do I see?  
Your brothers and sisters on the warpath.  
Forgiven are all your earthly sins.  
Make way for honour and valour in your soul.

What is this, this run we're on.  
A race known as the human one.  
Many have died and many have killed.  
Innocent blood is remorselessly spilled.

Our land is beseeched by conflict.  
Far in the distance blow the horns of war.  
Travel beyond the mountains of peril.  
With faith and courage in your heart.

The party is weary.  
Long days and nights take their toll.  
The howling winds are beckoning.  
The earth trembles beneath their feet.

The last sun sets and the fire roars.  
A banquet, a feast for all and eye to see.  
Tonight we pray to all the gods of lore.  
With open eyes and heart we accept our fate.

Drenched in blood, so will be our fatherland.  
In moonlight the battlefield lies beckoning.

Hark, my brethren, lend me your ears.  
Today, on the battlefield we face our destiny.  
Yonder, over the mountains in the east.  
A new day is dawning, a day of reckoning.

March over the meadows, march over the plains.  
Over the hills and far away.  
With raised spirits and sword in hand.  
Onwards to battle, onwards to war.

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