

Cryptic Wintermoon "Pride Of Australia"

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Gathering below the blazing sunlight
Way out of the enemies sight
Assembled riders behind the ridge
Waiting for the battle call

Soon to ride against the foe
Armed with blessings and bayonets
Flashing like swords in the light of sun
Waiting for the orders to come

Attack!

Pushing them horses into a trot
Spreading out over the field
Still unseen by the enemies eye
Riding for glory or riding to die

Quicken the pace -- into a gallop
Riding -- ignoring the fear
Of cause we were scared -- but we couldn't drop
Wishing to hell we weren't here

Shaking ground - as the canons begin to roar
Detonating - as we ride straight into war
Falling - horses go insane
Dying - soldiers scream in pain

Rapid fire begins to take it's toll
Riders horses -- deadly wounded they fall
Ground shaking -- roaring horses thunder
We will ride to victory -- never going under!

Plowing through the enemy
Overrunning man and gun
They surrender or they die
The battle must be won
Down in Berersheba
A legend was made
Paid with blood
Of the light horse brigade

