

## **S.C.A.L.P. "Broken Pines"**

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The towering pines near sea shore sands  
The wind has broken with ruthless hands.  
They see the bright future they long to defend  
Refusing concealment and scorning to bend:  
"Although you have broken us, tyrant power  
The fight is not done in this dying hour.  
Our very last moan hurls a challenge to fate  
Each bough his sing at you, incessant in hate. "  
The towering pines after breaking  
Will come up from the deep

Like great ships and still  
Against all storms thrust a fearless breast  
Against all storms ever on ward they press;  
"Now hurl on your billows you dark storm pride  
We'll get win the future where happiness bides.  
For split us you may and break us you might  
But we'll win the future where dawn blazes  
Bright!"

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