

Skiltron

"Signs, Symbols And The Marks Of Man"

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Summon the spirits, call up the clans,
From every region, the branded man.
From dexter to sinister a ship's sail unfurled,
Out from the centre a serpent curled.
Emblems and ensigns, badges and banners,
Winning your spurs is all that matters.
In this great arena, their trials begin,
Flesh and bone, to strive and to win (and wage their war).

Signs, symbols - we are the signs
Signs, symbols - we signify
Swearing obedience when passions run high
Taking the bloodfeud unto the grave and into the next life!

Well you can fly the flag, you can beat the drum,
You can stand your ground 'til the kingdom come.
Will you prevail, will you be hanged,
By signs, symbols and the marks of man?

Some see the sun of the moon as a token,
Worship the cross, burning or broken.
Patriotism, a virtue so vicious,
Chauvinism, a creed so malicious,
Do we burn this land along tribal lines
With brethren fighting their own kin and kind?
And now when "tribe" means the language of war,
It's an endless cycle of revenge and remorse (and so it goes on).

Well you can fly the flag, you can beat the drum,
You can stand your ground 'til the kingdom come.
Will you prevail, will you be hanged,
By signs, symbols and the marks of man?

You can beat your chest as you take the field,
Bare your teeth as the women grieve.
Will you be saved or will you be hanged,
By signs, symbols and the marks of man?

Will you be spared, will you be damned,

By signs, symbols and the marks of man?

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