

S.A.S. "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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