

Jon Storm

"Odyssey"

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Gambling on odysseys
And wealth and pauper's grey
Harkening the drums of morning
Calling us away
"For your life, for your children's sake,
"The glory in a name"

Take your bayonet
Take your sword
Your just reward.

Adventuring on silver dreams
To lands across the sea
Listening to lying princes :
"Come and follow me
"For your dreams, for your wanderlust
"For talk of distant days"

It's not such a trifle
And don't forget to take your rifle

Fighting hearts of working men
Go out to take the fray
Fighting, lying, bleeding, dying
Fodder for the day
For your life
For your children's sake
The glory in a name.

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