

Turin Brakes

"Take The Day!"

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Long is the hour for the waiting man
The front line is to be ours, awaiting the command
Some sit silently on the floor, bemused and empty-
gazed
I go through my gear once more, already knowing all is
in place

And as the bugle call goes blaring
We know that this might be our final call

From the line, you have had your rest!
- Rising! Fighting!
When the going gets tough they send in the best
- Lightning! Striking!

The wait is over, we are taking the head
- Bring it on we are not afraid!
Keep your head clear or you'll end up dead
- Blood's left no room for rust on our blades
- Take the day!

Scattered remains of our own troops, we meet as we
advance:
"Turn around while you can fools, you won't stand a
chance"
But deep within their eyes you see, hope mixed with
respect
They're here, the men from beyond the sea, the fight is
not over yet

And as the bugle call goes blaring
We know that this might be our final call

From the line, you have had your rest!
- Rising! Fighting!
When the going gets tough they send in the best
- Lightning! Striking!

The wait is over, we are taking the head
- Bring it on we are not afraid!
Keep your head clear or you'll end up dead

- Blood's left no room for rust on our blades - Take the day!

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