

### **From War We Ride:** An Unsounded Song

So home from war we ride, us boys.  
We ride from what we fear.  
The beating drums and ringing ears,  
are left in yesteryear.

Our future lies ahead, sweet boys,  
the demon's sung its song.  
We go to stay, shout "Hip hooray!"  
We've whispered for too long.

Behind us lie the dead, them boys  
were taken far too soon.  
We found their killers, chopped 'em up,  
and burned their whole platoon.

Now go and live a life, good boys.  
Go leave the war behind.  
It's why we fought, it's why they died,  
it's what has kept us kind.

We're coming home right now, kind boys.  
We'll find our lovers there.  
They'll ease our hearts and ease our minds,  
and tend our sorrows bare.

I've hung up sword and spear, you boys.  
I've ploughed and bought and built.  
In autumn wed, by April bred,  
the priest assuaged our guilt.

Now twenty years have passed, old boys.  
My children grew up strong.  
A life well spent, I should be glad,  
but something still seems wrong.

We went to war as boys, us boys.  
We came back not yet grown.  
The war taught us some truths, some lies  
and lessons for our own.

So home from war I ride, my boys.  
Been riding twenty years.  
I hope someday to come back home.  
To grow past those old fears.

I miss the ones I left, those boys.  
Those boys, they were my friends.  
I'll never leave those boys behind.  
I'll be there 'til the end.