



Tears of Joy

Look into your hearts.
There, you'll see
How much you've grown
through the years.

The grim tales of life
Blatent and unforgiving
True as the winter cold
These northern tales of 'Valor'.

Ah! The Naivety of Youth
Blood boiling in their veins.
They say senseless and dumb,
"Blood is to be spilled".

Wake me up
When it's all over
When they are wiser,
And they are older.

Lay down your weapons
Lay down your swords and your battleflags.
Then you'll see from countless eyes falling,
The tears of joy.

Fresh martyrs fall
Left and Right.
For a cause, long forgotten
Alas! Who cares!

Boiling tears, not blood!
Falling from the eyes
of mothers and fathers,
Sons and Daughters, not of joy, but pain.

The glory ~~thou~~ seek lie not,
In the flush meadows of life,
Or the oceans ~~thou~~ sail,
Day and Night.

But in the Unforgiving desert,
And the secret caves,
And the uncut forests that lie,
Deep within your soul

There you can see laughter
and pain, glory and suffering,
Pulses of each emotion
That has passed through each nerve and sinew.

The melancholy tale of life
With all its prickly thorns
and sweet berries,
Indifferent to our mortal cries

The sweetest gifts of life
Lay spread upon it
Like swords on the fields
Of a battle lost.

These little specks of glory
~~Sweet~~ So sweet and sugary
They bring the ancient taste
Of Turkish delights to memory.

Men o' war and Longships and Riptides
Lay siege to our castles
Yet we strive behind
Our iron doors and stone walls

Alas! How gladly we hail!
Our banners and ride off,
Into that long everending sunset
With nothing but glory in our minds

How we always forget,
That the deepest of our joys
Are stuck inside,
The scars of another.

