

## Poems of War

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*Musik & Text: IrishStew*

Early in the morning, the 23rd of June,  
we stand atween the water, of Bannock and of Forth.  
The English horse and bowman, forgathered in the sun,  
preparing for the slaughter, believe that we will run.

The drums are being beaten, calling for the fight,  
The Templar is rushing forward, like an iron knight.  
The Sassenach were frightening, as they hear the pipes,  
And they start to run as they get the clans in sight.

And again it's a poem for the war!  
Can you tell me what we are fighting for.  
It is for freedom or is it for the saint?  
Or is all the blood that had been shed in vain?

Early in the evening, the 24th of June,  
the end of day was dawning and waiting for the moon.  
Bruce's force came marching, felt on their knees and prayed,  
surprising Edward soldiers thought they were afraid.

But soon the clans arising and then they come to blows.  
and when the day was over the Scotts outfight their foes.  
When the fight was over, 8000 lying dead,  
In a bloody battle tomorrow you'll forget

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It is for freedom or is it for the saint?  
Or is all the blood that had been shed in vain?

Somewhere on this planet, - 2035.  
two mercenary armies preparing for the fight.  
They do not fight for glory, for freedom or for saints,  
and when the war is over, they'll become insane.

The townsmen in there tenements are sleeping quietly still.  
Believing in engagements the warlords ne'er fulfill.  
Too lazy just to ponder about the world around.  
And so they cannot change the fate for that they're bound.

And again it's a poem for the war!  
Can you tell me what we are fighting for.  
It is for freedom or is it for the saint?  
Or is all the blood that had been shed in vain?