

Make a Stand

by Rohais de Ravenscroft (mka Kimberly Tuttle)

1. The morning breaks so fair and fine, the sky a brilliant blue.
The shadows shift and drift away; The sun is breaking through.
But the birds have fallen silent, and in that hush I hear
The muffled beat of soldiers' feet, drawing ever near.
 Doubt not that I am ready, now the moment is at hand
 For hell is marching down the road, and I must make a stand.

2. I've been a farmer all my life; no warrior am I
I've better ways to spend my days than causing men to die.
My soul is rooted in the dirt of every field I plow;
This land is everything I am; I'll not forsake it now.
 Doubt not that I am ready, now the moment is at hand
 For hell is marching down the road, and I must make a stand.

3. The tools I have are simple ones, to coax life from the soil.
They're worn by years of service in simple, honest toil
I have no sword nor pike nor spear with which to guard my clan
But scythes that cut the golden wheat can also fell a man.
 Doubt not that I am ready, now the moment is at hand
 For hell is marching down the road, and I must make a stand.

4. Now those who sit upon a throne, with armies to command
Think little of such men as we, when battle lines are planned.
But if you seek to conquer us, beware your own downfall.
For pawns can topple knights and kings when backed against the wall.

Doubt not that I am ready, now the moment is at hand
For hell is marching down the road, and I must make a stand.

5. A certain kind of courage comes from knowing you are right.
It may not change the outcome, but it steels you for the fight.
And if I have no other choice than risk my blood and bone,
Know this: I see you coming, and I will not die alone.

Doubt not that I am ready, now the moment is at hand
All hell is marching down the road, and I will make my stand.

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