

Against The Wind

Bob Catley

Old friends never clandestine
Bold destinies, hearts entwined
One voice that was lost in time
Walking tall against the wind

First wave of a turning tide
One bastion, truth and pride
Strikes out for the last in line
As we claw against the wind

Go, valiant talon kind
In your heart the fearless goal
Old and young enough to die
We must hide the precious gift
From hands the light betrayed
Go
For we must return it to
The fire from whence it came

Nine came from forsaken lands
Cloaked travellers, halfling band
Free souls with the truth in hand
Try to forge against the wind

We shadows of moria
Shaped light from lothlorien
Take flight, gentle warriors
As we soar against the wind

Go, valiant talon kind
In your heart the fearless goal
Old and young enough to die
We must hide the precious gift
From hands the light betrayed
Go
For we must return it to
The fire from whence it came