

On The Path Of Glory

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Blessed are the meek, they say
They shall win where others lose
But when man is forced to stay,
He is never asked to choose

He must fight for his country,
Fight for what he thinks is right
He'll defend his wife and children
On the path of glory

Red or yellow, white or brown
All alike, one thought in mind
Who will wear the victor's crown?
Never mind the lame and blind

In the pride of their country,
Good will triumph in the end
Evil will be brought to justice
On the path of glory

Big or little, fat or thin
All are heroes in the end
Unforgivable, the sin
To submit, they don't pretend

They will die for their country
They will die for you and me
Amid the pungent smell of death
That's on the path of glory

Why should man be forced to kill?
Why should they be made to die,
Shattered on some peaceful hill
Torn and bleeding where they lie?

Far away from their country,
Ask yourself the question now
Why should they be forced to set out
On the path of glory?