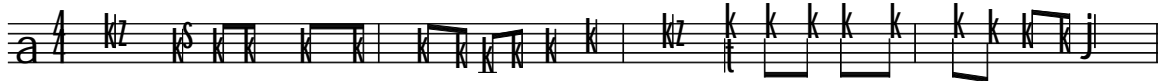


Cheer

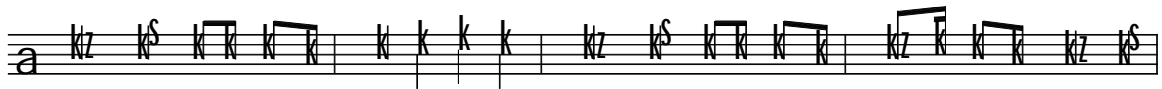
Words: Fernando & Lyriel/Music: Leslie Fish



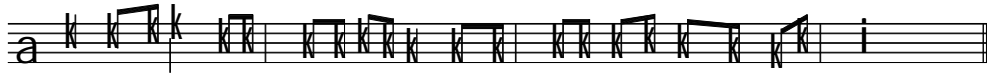
March. The Tu-chuks aren't as bad as Pa-vel told you. Cheer. The Mid-dle King won't pid-dle you a - way.



March. They've said that there'd be al-lies right be-side you. Cheer. They pro-mised us that they won't run a - way.



Cheer. We'll ne-ver live to vic - tor - y. Cheer. We'll ne-ver live to hear the can-non's roar. The



gold bird of prey, it will car-ry us a - way, And we'll ne-ver see our home-land an-y - - more.

Cheer. We'll never live to victory.

Cheer. We'll never live to hear the cannon's roar.

The gold bird of prey, it will carry us away,

And we'll never see our homeland anymore.

March. The Tuchuks aren't as bad as Pavel told you.

Cheer. The Middle King won't piddle you away.

March. They've said that there'd be allies right beside you.

Cheer. They promised us that they won't run away.

Chorus

March. 'cause Calon never musters till the horn blow.

Cheer. Cause Drix would never wake us 'fore mid-day.

March. We won't stand in the sun, our helmets baking.

Cheer. They promised us we'll start on time today.

Chorus

March. At Pennsic we have only perfect weather.

Cheer. The Serengeti's filled with shady trees.

March. This year we won't be crammed in close together.

Cheer. They told we'll have all the room we please.

Chorus

March. They swear they're serving only bottled water.

Cheer. There's really no such thing as Pennsic Plague.

March. The King says he won't lead you into slaughter.

Cheer. They promised us they'll call no holds today.

Final Chorus:

Cheer. We'll never live to victory.

Cheer. We'll never live to hear the cannon's roar.

The gold bird of prey, it will carry us away,

And we'll never see our homeland anymore

Of the Tiger of the East we will make a bloody feast,
And we'll never see our homeland anymore. (slow)

Or the Cruel Aten Sun it will kill us every one,
And we'll never see our homeland anymore. (slow)