

# Home

Hyrim de Guillon



Deep in the night by a warm fire's glow We camp on the plain sing-ing stead-y and slow



Cold blows the wind through our tents on the sand Yet the sweet breath of peace now shrouds this land



Rais-ing our voic-es high un-to the heav-ens Faced with the know-ledge of the miles yet to roam



Leav-ing the bat-tle-field to song's sac-red mem-'ry To de-part on the mor-row for the jour-ney home

Hard raged the war on the burning sands  
When we answered the call of the brave Outlands  
High rose the piles of the slain in our path  
Through the ranks of the foes that dared our wrath  
Eringle and Eleanor led our war hosts to victory  
Raised high the falcon, let our foes feel our steel  
And gave us a royal gift of war's sweetest treasure,  
Bold stories to carry on the journey home.

High rise the peaks that bar our way  
With a deadly grandeur that bids us stay.  
A heavy sky hangs o'er the roads we must roam  
And cold grips the fields of distant home.  
But soon the land will green again as seasons keep turning  
Grain ripen slowly in the rich valley loam.  
Fruit hang from every bough with spring's sweet renewal  
To sweeten our hunger for the journey home.

Great are the joys of Estrella War  
With comrades and cause worth fighting for  
We bid friends farewell and raise skyward our spears  
And swear to return with coming years.  
Now as I sit again at drink with my kinsmen  
I raise high my tankard to acclaim battle's joy  
And pause for a moment's grace in heartfelt devotion  
To give thanks unto heaven for I've safe come home.