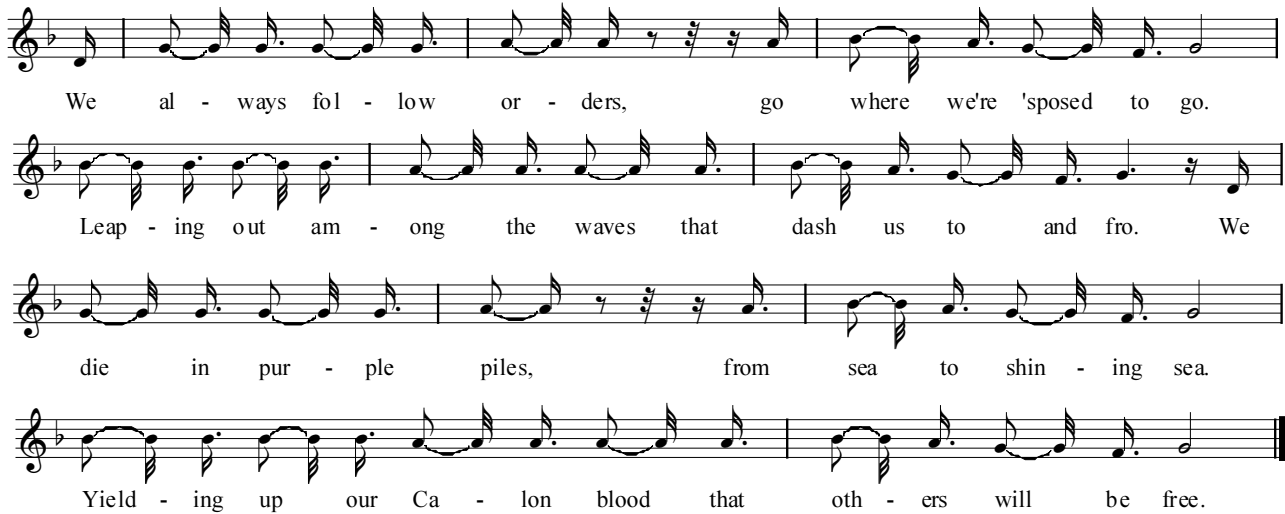


Lemmings

Words and Music: Hyrim de Guillon



We al - ways fol - low or - ders, go where we're 'sposed to go.
Leap - ing out am - ong the waves that dash us to and fro. We
die in pur - ple piles, from sea to shin - ing sea.
Yield - ing up our Ca - lon blood that oth - ers will be free.

We always follow orders, go where we're 'sposed to go.
Leaping out among the waves that dash us to and fro.
We die in purple piles, from sea to shining sea.
Yielding up our Calon blood that others will be free.

We have no god but duty so we heed the voice on high.
And like our furry brethren we jump off the cliffs to die.
From Estrella's burning sands to Pennsic's leafy bower;
Where we died like stalwart Spartans 'round some butt-head on a tower.

Like Hamsters from the sky, or Saxons in their walls.
Just like our mythic archetypes we dive over the falls.
We haven't any heroes to heed our silent plea,
They've been slaughtered on the altar of responsibility.

The sign upon our shields is the slender hope of all.
Focused on those Calon fools who answer to the call.
We pay with gallant death, the price of victory.
We're but mighty armored lemmings, rushing to the sea.