

Red and Gold

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“Lyt Chware”

Breaths of mist filter into the night
To a place we know sadly well,
While the space we yearn for seems so far away
As of winter these chill winds foretell.
 For we must prepare for the silence and cold,
 To keep the dark things at bay.
 Shoulder to shoulder and the warmth in between
 Must be what inspires us this day.

chorus (after each two)

Let our fire call to their fire,
Let these flames burn the miles into inches,
Let the red and gold remind us of when we are bold,
Let that spark see us never tire.

Bitter storms bring us to despair
By one or a thousand rains.
Their barrage wears resolve away
‘Til we cave to whate’er it deigns.
 Their fury will blind us to hands held out
 Who reach when strength is all gone.
 Ages have shown us together we forge
 An iron will to carry on.

Passion lives through these darkened days,
Hope guided by its light.
Whate’er its form matters not in the end,
Bringing victory where arms cannot fight.
 Still, there must be open hearts to draw in
 For, alone, you’ve no legacy
 As all brilliant stars will fade into time
 If no eyes turn skyward to see.

Let that red and gold remind us that we are bold,
That our spark will never tire.