

**The Dusk Draws Near
Darkwood**

Intro: **Am, C, G, Am**

Am C G Am
Falling leaves like a broken dream
C G Am
A dying soldier and a fading scheme
G F Am
And a dustcloud tears on her eyes
C G Am
In a treetop the Northwind sighs

F Am
On a march through the fields CHORUS
F Am
Hearing drums banners raised
C G
The soiled is soaked with blood
Am G Am
Despair death embrace

Falling rain is our last gift from heaven
As we follow the path to hell
The dust cloaks the forest
A spectre leads our path
Our eyes are burning with hate
Our hearts are scoarched by wrath

On a march through the fields CHORUS
Comrades lost in the night
Neither hoping nor fearing
Of the hideous fight

Falling leaves in a broken night
We drown in sorrows
And fear the embers bite
Hear the sound of Metal
The noise of guns
The roaring of thunder
And the bursting of bombs

On a march through the Fields CHORUS
Hearing drums banners raised
The soil is soaked with blood
Dispair death embrace
On a March through the fields
Comrades lost in the night
Neither hoping nor fearing

Of the hideous fight