

# BattleSong

by George Lincoln Rockwell

We march and fight, to death or on to victory  
Our might is right, no traitors shall prevail  
Our hearts are steeled against the fiery gates of hell  
No shoot or shell, can still our mighty song.

Our sword is truth, our shield is faith and honor  
In age or youth, our hearts and minds we pledge  
Though we may day, to save our people and our land  
This cause will stand, our millions marching on.

We close our ranks, in loyalty and courage  
To god our thanks, for comrades tried and true  
Let traitors quail, and fear the wrath of honest men  
Who rise again, to smash the devil's throng.

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