

# The Good Old Way

Oh good old Way how sweet thou art  
May none of us from thee depart  
But may our actions always say  
We're marching on the good old Way

Though Virtues false lead us away  
Our happiness for to destroy  
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day  
By marching in the good old way

For I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul  
For I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul  
For I know I have and I feel I have  
A sweet hope of glory in my soul (x2)

Ye valiant souls, for yours contend  
Remember glory is at the end  
The Labyrinth will melt away  
When we have run the good old way

Our conflicts here though great they be  
Shall not prevent our victory  
If we but strive and watch and pray  
Like soldiers on the good old Way

The Empire stands on strength and skill  
And those who have the will to heal  
But in the Labyrinth souls shall stay  
Until they've walked the good old way

Verse Em Em D — Em —

Chorus G D Em Bm

Em D Em 1. D — Em — 2. D — Em