

WAR

BULLETS FLYING, SIRENS SCREAMING, MEN SHOUTING, THIS IS WAR
THIS IS A DAY NO MAN WILL EVER FORGET.
THE SOUND OF BOMBS CRASHING JUST A FEW YARDS FROM ME
I CALL MY MEN AS ANOTHER ONE DROPS "KEEP UP"
THE SOUND IS TERRIFIC, LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER HEARD BEFORE.
I'M SCARED AND SAD, BUT I HAVE TO DO THIS FOR MY COUNTRY.

AS I NOW GAZE TO THE HORIZON
IT NO LONGER HAS BATTLESHIPS SHOOTING, JUST THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE
SEA,
I CAN NO LONGER HEAR THE SOUNDS OF BOMBS, SIRENS, BIRDS CHIRPING,
SCREAMS AND DEATH.
I CAN HEAR PEOPLE TALKING AS THEY ONCE FOUGHT HERE:
THE LOVLIEST THING IS THE SOUND OF THE CRASHING WAVE.
I STILL REMEMBER THE TERRIBLE TIME
A MOMENT'S SILENCE FOR THOSE WHO FOUGHT IN THE WAR AND DIED IN
IT.

ANOTHER BOMB, ANOTHER MAN DEAD
THIS IS A DAY I WILL NEVER FORGET.
AS MY FRIEND LAY THERE, STARING IN MY DIRECTION WITH STONE COLD
BLOOD
I CRY,
I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING I THINK TO MYSELF,
I NEED TO DO THIS, FOR ME AND MY COUNTRY.

NOW THERE ARE NO BOMBS, NO DEAD MEN, NO HATE;
ONLY CRATERS FROM BOMBS THAT WERE ONCE HERE.
I REMEMBER MY FRIEND WHO DIED
IT BRINGS A TEAR TO MY EYE
I'M HERE NOW WITH MY FAMILY ... ALIVE.
HE ISN'T, HE'S GONE
I HAD A MOMENT'S SILENCE.

BOOM, GOES ANOTHER BOMB IN THE DISTANCE
THIS IS A DAY MY CHILDREN WILL NEVER FORGET.
I HEAR MACHINE GUNS FIRING, I CAN'T SEE THE BULLETS.
I KEEP LOW, HOPING NO ONE WILL SEE ME.
TO BE HONEST, I'M QUITE AFRAID OF DYING
I DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE MY FRIEND.
AS ANOTHER ONE OF MY MEN GOES DOWN, I'M WORRIED IF IT MIGHT BE ME
NEXT.

I REMEMBER IT ALL SO CLEAR, ALL SO WELL,
AS IF IT WAS YESTERDAY.
I CAN NO LONGER HEAR BULLETS, SIRENS, BOMBS, SCREAMING.
I CAN NOW HEAR CHILDREN PLAYING AND LAUGHING, HAVING FUN IN THE
OLD CRATERS,
I CAN HEAR THE SEA, SO DIFFERENT AND SO PEACEFUL.

THAT CERTAINLY WAS A DAY NO ONE FORGOT.

MISTY THORN