

Soldier Boy

Capercaillie

marching once again
under a myriad of stars
young men to the cause where
all is fair in love and war

but rules are rules
no mercy can be shown
in the fields of the departed
where history is born

in all the words you wrote of the
war and its ways
the words that speak the loudest
are the ones you never said

from Arras to the Somme
and the hell of Passchendaele
ninety years and counting since
you told your bloody tale

hey soldier boy is your conscience clear?
is your mind on the road from hell and back
to the one you love so dear?
I know you live in constant fear
that's just the way the world seems
through roses and tears

and when the battle cries no more
and the martyrs work is done
did the voices in your head tell you
'walk along the pathway of the righteous and good'
and leave it all behind
in the fields of the departed
with the remnants of your mind

so saddle up the horses and tighten up the reins
face the bitter winds of tyranny and shame
we blind ourselves with grace and favours of the heart
So our minds can hide away in the darkness of our past