West End Memorial

Good Riddance

True freedom
they give us
no slaughter
too sacrilegious
the smoke clears
on bloated bodies
I feel safe now
do they want me
service
we fought there
in the jungles
I saw nothing
I felt no enemy
we died there
in the foxhole
my companion lay bleeding in my arms
so proud

pride
so quick to murder
for posterity
hatred
trained to operate
manually

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!