

# Forgotten Sons

Marillion

Armalite, street lights, nightsights  
Searching the roofs for a sniper, a viper, a fighter  
Death in the shadows he'll maim you, he'll wound you, he'll kill you  
For a long forgotten cause, on not so foreign shores  
Boys baptised in wars

Morphine, chill scream, bad dream  
Serving as numbers on dog tags, flak rags, sandbags  
Your girl has married your best friend, loves end, poison pen  
Your flesh will always creep, tossing turning sleep  
The wounds that burn so deep

Your mother sits on the edge of the world  
When the cameras start to roll  
Panoramic viewpoint resurrect the killing fold  
Your father drains another beer, he's one of the few that cares

Crawling behind a Saracen's hull from the safety of his living room chair  
Forgotten sons, forgotten sons, forgotten sons

And so as I patrol in the valley of the shadow of the tricolour

I must fear evil, for I am but mortal and mortals can only die  
Asking questions, pleading answers from the nameless faceless watchers  
That stalk the carpeted corridors of Whitehall

Who orders desecration, mutilation, verbal masturbation  
I in the guarded bureaucratic wombs

Minister, minister care for your children, order them not into damnation  
To eliminate those who would trespass against you  
For whose is the kingdom, the power, the glory forever and ever, Amen  
Halt who goes there, Death, approach friend

You're just another coffin on its way down the emerald aisle  
When your children's stony glances mourn your death in a terrorist's smile  
The bomber's arm placing fiery gifts on the supermarket shelves

Alley sings with shrapnel detonate a temporary hell  
Forgotten Sons

From the dole queue to the regiment a profession in a flash

But remember Monday signings when from door to door you dash  
On the news a nation mourns you unknown soldier, count the cost  
For a second you'll be famous but labeled posthumous