

the soldier

Ten

Shapes in the mind of a far away soldier
Scroll and rewind every reel of his life
As an enemy marksman just half a mile over
Chambers the cartridge, adjusting his sights

Day turns to night for this far away soldier
Alone in the darkness with ghosts from his past
Simply turning back time
Would not vanquish the Trojans
We each walk the line that our destiny casts

I can remember that once in our lifetime
We burned like the embers, as lovers on fire
Eyes full of memories sublime and delirious
Carried along by the thrill of our lives

Flames reaching out ebb and flow like the ocean
Dancing and spiraling into the black
Falling to earth without sound or commotion
The Mother of life takes her beloved back

Time, hope and tenderness, fall by the wayside
We yearn for the laughter
Through tear stained eyes
Lies, love and envy at times much too serious
Battered and torn by the will of the tide

Closes his eyes, with his dreams for a moment
Cradled at peace as the centuries pass
If he wakes up to find he might do it all over
Would he have the sense to know
When to turn back?

When to turn back
When to turn back

Time, hope and tenderness, fall by the wayside
We yearn for the laughter
Through tear stained eyes
Lies, love and envy at times much too serious
Battered and torn by the will of the tide

Closes his eyes, with his dreams for a moment
Cradled at peace as the centuries pass
If he wakes up to find he might do it all over
Would he have the sense to know
When to turn back?

When to turn back
When to turn back