

King and Country

Argued with Mum, Got in a rage, Lied about my age
Joined up! With Frank and Al My closest Pal
Fight for our country Be good, Kill? We said we would
Heroes we'll be Them and me...Just wait You'll see

Training was hard Our CO was ARD!! Ard as nails I reckon
The war, he said, did beckon Bare learnt our stuff But he said twas enough!
We cheered we sang Our voices rang Joyous we marched Then... Bang!
BANG! BANG! BANG! We dove for cover Begged it was over

But no! It was just begun You dropped your gun! Go get it son
Crawl, don't stand you idiot kid Put back on your tin can lid
If you don't want lead to rattle your head And scatter your brain
Get in the trench Welcome the stench And pray not for rain

Rest bone and gristle Listen for whistle We go over the top at at day break
Hide not, nor turn back Coward hearts show black A shot may come from the back
Forget irritant fleas Graze hands, tear knees Scrabble into hell and hell fire
Clamber barb-wire take aim and fire And fire and fire and fire

Gasping for breath I run to my death Through blood soaked ruts Oft spilt with guts
But My friends are ahead I see them, not dead Savage, and fighting their way through
I bound forward with vigour Pump at my trigger But my feet are in mud worse than glue
I trip and shout out And frank turns about At my call of despair
Crack of a shot from behind Cuts air Blood spurts red Through the mat of his hair.

My face in the grime My energy spent Pain in my Gut My body all bent
A bullet somewhere, in there There inside Deep in my gut Trying to hide
Taking its time To bide To infect and infest An unwanted guest
Yet from this purgatory and hell It will cause me to dwell For a spell

In another place Clean sheets Quiet, and grace. Angelic hands And motherly smiles
And miles and miles From battles and war And what was it for? What was it for?
My friends are all dead And what was the gain? Nothing but fear And blood And pain
Soon I will die But I will no longer fight. This world is insane Lord show me your light

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A tower of stone stands alone On a village green In a place some called home
Carved in its bones Are the names of the dead Those poor souls so easily led
Led to die for nothing at all. In war torn lands peopled by ghouls
What will now be taught in our schools? When will we learn Our leaders are fools?