



*What Is It All About?*

*The air is filled with dirt,  
The sounds have all changed.  
The air smells different, too,  
Smoke, grit, noise, it is all there.*

*Soldiers are down but no one screams.  
There is movement but it is so strange,  
Remote, slow, then fast and rushed.  
What happened, what can be the cause?*

*Noise, confusion, soldiers are down.  
Blood on his face, blood on his hands,  
His body is hurting and his mind filters slow.  
Reach out to the others, help those who are down.*

*The battle continues for those who yet live,  
For others it is over, they gave all they could give.  
Young men in their prime,  
Some fathers, all sons, none old enough, yet done.*

*What line does exist between life and its neighbor?  
How quickly the vague line turns real,  
How quickly the trail comes to an end.  
Still fathers, still sons, still husbands, now done.*

*Soldiers down. Lives at an end.  
Fathers and mothers in tears.  
Wives, sweethearts sobbing in pain.  
Children robbed of the love of one man.*

*Yet we return them again, again and again.  
Civilized man learns little from war.  
Another one dies - so another will not.  
It was there at the start ... it never will end.*

*rhed*