

# Forgotten Sons

Fish

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

Morphine, chill stream, bad dream;  
Serving as numbers on dogtags, flak-rags, sandbags.  
Your girl has married your best friend; love's 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 viewpoints resurrect the killing field.  
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 I patrol in the valley of the shadow of the Tricolor.  
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 order desecration, mutilation, verbal masturbation,  
In their 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 and 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,  
Where the children's stony glances mourn your death.  
In a terrorist's smile,  
The bomber's arm places fiery gifts on the supermarket shelves.  
Alleys sing with shrapnel; dance in a temporary hell.

Forgotten Sons  
From the dole queue to the regiment; a profession in a flash.  
But remember Monday's signings when from door to door you dash.  
On the news a nation mourns your unknown soldier; count the cost.  
For a second you'll be famous but labelled posthumous.

Forgotten sons.  
Forgotten sons.

Ring o' roses; they all fall down.  
Peace on earth and mercy mild, Mother Brown has lost her child;  
Just another Forgotten son.