

Stalemate

Neurosis

i woke up in the morning, spent the night in the trenches again
the first thing i do is grab my gun
the enemy is near, it was dangerous to sleep
i was lucky to have lived to see the sun
in a foreign land fighting for my country
over words that the politicians said
i look and meet the eyes of an enemy soldier
aiming his gun at my head
stalemate...

panicked thoughts run through my mind
visions of my death unwind
standing there shaking in terror
i clutch my gun in despair
we look each other in the eyes
then we both realise that our roles are the same
i put down my gun and he walks away.