

## Stand To Attention

Bitter Ruin

Sick from the smell of the fire I disintegrated  
Into an urn full of life  
Full of passion of the wrong kind  
And my only option was fight  
"Go, you will march" I was told, I was laden with a gun  
And I knew of a plan  
And I knew my point of contact  
And empty handed I can't come back  
And though I knew my mind was consumed  
I had no where I could run to  
So I'd hide behind enemy lines  
And though I was free to leave whenever  
I knew that if I endeavored  
Through the fences I'd be caught defenseless

They are only human  
Like you and I  
So who are they to tell us who to be?  
And why do we follow them  
And cry when we stand to attention?

I should have screamed  
Should have clawed  
Had I not been in the midst of a fight, of a war  
Had I not been in the searchlight  
Had the smog not blurred my eyesight  
And I had a bullet had a gun  
But victimized my courage gone  
And had I made it out the other side I wouldn't have a place to hide

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And I shot and I hit and things I can't live with  
Are pushing me harder to grow  
But had I not been through this  
I wouldn't be witness  
To a strength many can't claim to know

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