

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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So who are they to tell us who to be?
And why do we follow them
And cry when we stand to attention?

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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