

A Wound And A Scar

Defeater

I stand next to an empty grave
Where my friends will lay
I'll put their bodies down
Into their resting place.
Got a purple heart
For a wound and scar
They just send letters home
That broke the families apart.
The paulbearers burden
As heavy as my hearts hurting.
All the pain and guilt
My head is pondering.
Why them and not me?
Why them and not me?
Why?
Did you ever hear that coffin sound?
Means another poor boy is in the ground.
Have you ever heard them church bells toll?
Means another poor boy is dead and gone.
Have you ever heard that coffin sound?
Means another poor boy is in the ground.
The preachers preach, only folded flags
And the mothers mourn, holding folded flags.
Just caskets and folded flags.
Just caskets and folded flags.
No hope, just folded flags.
No hope, just folded flags.
No hope
No hope
No hope
No hope