

## West End Memorial

Good Riddance

True freedom  
they give us  
no slaughter  
too sacrilegious  
the smoke clears  
on bloated bodies  
I feel safe now  
do they want me  
service  
we fought there  
in the jungles  
I saw nothing  
I felt no enemy  
we died there  
in the foxhole  
my companion lay bleeding in my arms  
so proud

pride  
so quick to murder  
for posterity  
hatred  
trained to operate  
manually