

Song For A Soldier

Legend

Black dog howls on the edge of the night, howls the call of doom

The soldier wipes his sweaty brow from the safety of his room
Not long to go till the battle screams of death into the night
And the soldier boy will lose his life in this endless bloody plight

Two thousand dead, so what, it's fame, a medal or two for me
As long as my body never bleeds my glory's always free
The mornings here in sunlight rays, that burns the morning dew
The barbed wire shivers in steely awe, the living are not true

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The soldier wipes his sweaty brow from the safety of his room
Not long to go till the battle screams of death into the night
And the soldier boy will lose his life in this endless bloody plight

And when the battle is over, what about the pain
Of knowing that I'll never see my little boy again
His duty has been done at last, despite my growing fears
That knowing as a parent, I've wasted all these years
How could they do this?
How could they kill my son?

I tried to create an honest man, a man of right and good
Whose head was quickly shattered, nothing left but blood
They wrote at least a letter, explaining of their thanks
But little boys have little hope against Russian tanks
How could they do this?
How could they kill my son?

His soul was just a number, hanging on the cross
Just another casualty, another pointless loss
But me I was his father, so how do I feel now?
My life long goal is over, but still I wonder how
How could they do this?
How could they kill my son?