

Forgotten Sons

Marillion

Armalite, street lights, nightsights
Searching the roofs for a sniper, a viper, a fighter
Death in the shadows he'll maim you, he'll wound you, he'll kill you
For a long forgotten cause, on not so foreign shores
Boys baptised in wars

Morphine, chill scream, bad dream
Serving as numbers on dog tags, flak rags, sandbags
Your girl has married your best friend, loves end, poison pen
Your flesh will always creep, tossing turning sleep
The wounds that burn so deep

Your mother sits on the edge of the world
When the cameras start to roll
Panoramic viewpoint resurrect the killing fold
Your father drains another beer, he's one of the few that cares

Crawling behind a Saracen's hull from the safety of his living room chair
Forgotten sons, forgotten sons, forgotten sons

And so as I patrol in the valley of the shadow of the tricolour

I must fear evil, for I am but mortal and mortals can only die
Asking questions, pleading answers from the nameless faceless watchers
That stalk the carpeted corridors of Whitehall

Who orders desecration, mutilation, verbal masturbation
I in the guarded bureaucratic wombs

Minister, minister care for your children, order them not into damnation
To eliminate those who would trespass against you
For whose is the kingdom, the power, the glory forever and ever
, Amen
Halt who goes there, Death, approach friend

You're just another coffin on its way down the emerald aisle
When your children's stony glances mourn your death in a terrorist's smile
The bomber's arm placing fiery gifts on the supermarket shelves

Alley sings with shrapnel detonate a temporary hell
Forgotten Sons

From the dole queue to the regiment a profession in a flash

But remember Monday signings when from door to door you dash
On the news a nation mourns you unknown soldier, count the cost

For a second you'll be famous but labeled posthumous