

War Memorial

Mark Lanegan

Good, have I done good?
I fell on command
Give me my first and last medal

Observed in ritual behind the door
A heavy ivory white door
Where I've come off my hinges

Fire underground, I murdered a sentry there
Without wanting to
Wasn't nothing else to do

Saw a squad of deserters hung from an oak
Saw officers shot from their saddles
Through driving snow and through black smoke

With a pack of feral dogs snapping at my hooves
Eyes rolled back in their heads
The blank blessed eyesight of the dead

Entire battalions snuffed like a spark
Beat like a heart
Drowned by an ocean

Don't tell me the ending of the play
Don't make me look
Look in the mirror