

Johnny Got His Gun

Nausea

maimed and mangled on a battlefield
you've got no arms
the nightmare's real
your face and legs have been blown away
a useless stump
you're thrown astray
in greater wars
when each proud fight brags
they war on death for lives
not for men but for flags
mother sings her songs of woe
father turns
doesn't want to know
your family has been torn apart
by a piece of meat with a purple heart.