

Puppet in a Play

Stormwitch

[Prolog:]

When I'd attained the age of seventeen
My parents send me to a cadet school
All my fellow students were like me
Coming from distinguished homes
They treated us hard, but not unfairly
They drilled us and we learned to stand straight
We looked so fine in our uniforms
And our parents were so proud of us
We went to many fancy dress balls
And met the sisters of our fellow friends
And also women that we shouldn't know
But these were things that we kept for ourselves
We didn't have the faintest notion
What fighting on the battleground means
In those days everything was glorious
And the departure was not easy for us

The rain ships my face and like struck by lightning
My comrade falls near by my side
I creep over him, I pull him back - hopefully he is alive
Through smoke, fire and blood, through all that hellfire
I carry him safe to our camp
But in my excitement I lost attention
That something has taken his soul
Was it worth the price - This human sacrifice

I have tried it with might and main
Alas, but I had to underlay
Against the Death everything's in vain
I was just a puppet in a play

I'm wounded and sick
My comrade beside me
Is wounded and struggles with death
I try to help him as best as I can
In all this horror and pain
In blaze, blood and danger with kindred emotions
I try to ease his mind
But deep dark shadow that move like monsters
Shake him and take him away
Was it worth the price
This human sacrifice

I have...

Now war is over but I'm still in service.
I survived in this horrible dream
I miss my brother, who deserted the colours
He wrote me, he is alive
By nightfall they called me for an execution
But oh God what did I see
These clear proud eyes where the eyes of my brother
I close my eyes as I shoot
Was it worth the price
This human sacrifice

I have...