

In the old part of town, there's a house from the past,
That lies like a dark rested soul,
And up in the attic, where the spiders are kings,
Sits a bookshelf of silver and gold.
A book stands within it, as black as the night,
And it's pages are not filled with lies,
The stories it holds were written in pain,
From lost and unfortunate lives.

Entry by entry, page by page
A soul is taken away,
Into the blackness, cursed to the darkness
A diary of hero's betrayed.

This book is a diary given to few
Who their country they served and obeyed,
The ones who their statues stand high and remind,
Of an act that forever will stay.
They'd seal their own page and smile with a grin,
Thinking that they will be great,
But they did not know that by signing in blood,
It meant that they signed off their fate.
Only a few have seen this book,
In silence the scramble through life
They dare not to speak of the nightmares they've seen
And the horror that creeps in their minds.