

## *On The Subject of War*

A scourge, a plague tears through this land,  
Leaves scars; the sole remainder.  
Mars's child, he never leaves,  
Ah, he is no stranger.

He chews up young and spits out dead;  
The wheel of life still turning.  
He looks out, oblivious,  
To a world that still is burning.

Medals given to reward,  
Great bravery they say.  
Our sons come back, but never whole,  
Their minds will always stray;  
Stray back to the battlefield,  
Where their friends will stay.

Oh, Ares' son, great god of war,  
Why this needless death?  
Why can't you just leave our sons,  
Until their final breath?

The war machine is hungry,  
Only young will do.  
All around Death is consuming,  
Never ceasing, never slowing,  
Pluto's kingdom is a-growing,  
Seeds of discord are a-sowing.

Feed them hate and anger;  
Steady stream of greed.  
Soon they will be ready;  
Soon your sons will bleed.

Armies march towards their death,  
Khan's spirit is reborn.  
A soldier's promise to return,  
Drowned out by bugle horn.

Mothers weep and fathers moan,  
The loss of their sweet child.  
They curse the gods and all around;  
They wish for mercy mild.

And yet there is no answer,  
No reprieve from grief.  
The gods have fallen silent,  
They give out no relief.

No balm is ever given,  
No stop to endless pain.  
Only medals and awards;  
Distractions from the slain.

We all know Death, he has us all,  
As soon as we are born.  
We all hear his morbid drawl,  
His voice akin crow's caw.  
Yes my friend, his voice is heard,  
In mournful war horn's call.