The War Returns

The war returns and I cannot sleep.
My eyes are open; I start to weep.
I can still see those awful sights
Things of terror, things of fright.

To teach those people our just ways,
We killed and captured in a craze,
We torched their homes and shot their pigs.
Can you believe the things we did?

Every death that took its toll
Hardened my heart and shook my soul.
It didn’t matter because we were right,
Until I wake up in the night.

To justify my ways I simply say
It was all perfect, had to be this way.
For how else could I possibly earn
My earthly fate and my heavenly return?

A flash of light, a tracer round,
A trail of smoke coming down.
Everyone’s awake waiting for the time,
The decisions, the heartbeats, the anxious mind.

Then it is over and the bullets spent
Bodies in the wire and others bent.
The sun arises to another day
Some have hope, others pray.

They call it war, our duty to bear,
But how can we kill without a care?
Caring and guilt come years away
Along with the shame of things they say.