

Forgotten Dreams

The sun goes down
The night creeps closer
Soon I will drown
In a thousand ghosts screaming
All worthy lives
Whom were once deeming
Their sacrifice
To of had some vast meaning

And in my dreams I can hear
Them begging for their lives
The clash of spears and knives
Still they are haunting

The stars align
With sweeping motions
And yet they shine
Though they faded long ago
They are still seen
Through their reflections
Much like a man
When his soul is left to row

I can't escape though I try
The spectres from the past
Still there before my eyes
Still they are daunting

The measure of a soldier is
What he does when under pressure
He will not let his guard down
For that's his calling
He must be strong
The problem with a soldier is
After years of loyal service
He's nothing but a soldier
An empty shell with long forgotten dreams