

Agans Craig, While The Sabres Rattle

While the sabres rattle, and the forces start to move
Threats and reputations force the warlords all to prove
The power in their hands, that they have got to send
Thousands for to die, to achieve their ends
As petty as the conflict, may have begunned
As bloody as a war has got to end..
While the sabres rattle, and history's cards are dealt
Battle plans are drawn up as tradition starts to melt
Burned by a fury, as blind as a flag
After hopes for peace have started to sag
Of a mighty power, most are proud to brag
And your neighbor, to his possible death they are going to drag..
While the sabres rattle, it has always been the same
Bracing for the storm to come, studying those that came
But that lesson, has yet to be learned
Even a good man, will kill if his home is burned
While the sabres rattle, to sirens near and far
Wailing forth their warnings, and their call to arms
These pictures I now see, as we begin to fight
They are pictures I have seen before, but they were in black and white.
sallysally@usa.net