

Fish, Forgotten Sons

Armalite, street lights, night-sights
Searching the roofs for a sniper, viper, fighter
Death in the shadows he'll maim you, wound you, he'll kill you
For long-forgotten cause, on not so foreign shores
Boys baptised in wars
Morphine, chill stream, bad dream
Serving as numbers on dogtags, flak-rags, sandbags
Your girl has married your best friend, love's end, poison pen
Your flesh will always creep, tossing turning sleep
The wounds that burn so deep
Your mother sits on the edge of the world
When the cameras start to roll
Panoramic viewpoints resurrect the killing fold
Your father drains another beer he's one of the few that cares
Crawling behind a Saracen's hull
From the safety of his living room chair
Forgotten Sons, forgotten Sons, forgotten Sons
And so I patrol in the valley of the shadow of the Tricolor
I must fear evil for I am but mortal and mortals can only die
Asking questions, pleading answers from the nameless
Faceless watchers that stalk the carpeted corridors of Whitehall
Who order desecration, mutilation, verbal masturbation
In their guarded bureaucratic wombs
Minister, Minister care for your children, order them not
Into damnation to eliminate those who would trespass
Against you, for whose is the kingdom?
The power and the Glory, forever and ever
Amen
Halt who goes there?
death
Approach.... friend
You're just another coffin on its way down the emerald aisle
Where the children's stony glances mourn your death
In a terrorist's smile
The bomber's arm places fiery gifts on the supermarket shelves
Alleys sing with shrapnel, dance in a temporary hell
Forgotten Sons
From the dole queue to the regiment a profession in a flash
But remember Monday's signings when from door to door you dash
On the news a nation mourns your unknown soldier count the cost
For a second you'll be famous but labelled posthumous
Forgotten Sons
Forgotten Sons
Ring o' roses, they all fall down
Peace on earth and mercy mild, Mother Brown has lost her child
Just another Forgotten Son