

Dominici, Unwilling Volunteer

I was barely ten years old
Taken from my bed in the dark and the cold
From the other room I heard my mother scream
I wasn't quite sure if it was real or a dream
They said listen boy you're a soldier now
Like it or not this is how it's going to be

It's hard to know
Who is the enemy?
I search my soul

Months went by in the desert sea
Where holy men were training me
Pushed like a pawn in some great plan
I soon found myself in a foreign land
They said Blend in well, you're a sleeper now.
You'll be contacted soon with the why and how.

I want to know
Who is the enemy?
I search my soul

I think about my family every day
The look on their faces as I was dragged away
I was an unwilling volunteer
Never told why they sent me here

I need to know
Who is the enemy?
I search my soul