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 wasnt quite sure if it was real or a dream
They said listen boy youre a soldier now
Like it or not this is how its going to be

Its 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, youre a sleeper now.
Youll 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