

Fates Warning, Soldier Boy

Little soldier, plastic pistol
aiming for the head.
Now you see me, now you don't.
You missed me, you're dead.
Laughing, hiding in the bushes,
scatter for your life.
Little soldier tripped and fell,
get him with your knife.

Electric eye is loaded,
it shows them it's okay to kill.
They eventually will.

Mother calls you in for lunch,
put the war on hold.
Too rough to play with other kids,
how many times you've been told.
Laugh at pain it's silly.
He'd make the soldiers bleed.
Break the flesh, twist the bone,
bring them to their knees.

You don't throw stick and stone,
you leave the little girls alone she said, leave them
alone.
First sight of blood at ten,
fell off the swing and cracked his head, it's all red.

A still and quiet conscience,
regardless of their doom,
The victims play, they're on their way,
Soldier Boy.
No sense they have, of ills to come.
Nor care beyond ills of today,
they've lost their way, Soldier Boy.

Playgrounds into battle fields,
diapers into greens and stripes,
Mold plastic into steel, the war is real,
the solders fight tonight.
Little solder falls once more,
sees red glow like the sun.
Mother calls him back to
Arlington, in Washington.

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