

Heather Alexander, Courage Knows No Bounds

I looked across the battlefield,
Blood seeping from my wounds--
My comrades, they did never yield,
For courage knows no bounds--
And yet, I thought as I stood there,
Of all that it had cost--
For what we gained, it seemed not fair,
For all that we had lost--

They spoke of honour, faith and pride,
defending for our home--
Through honour all my friends have died,
their faith left me alone--
We fought for greed, we fought for fame,
we killed too much to tell--
The devil and God were both the same,
we worshipped only Hell--

We fought it seemed for a thousand years,
a million nights and days--
Sharing one laugh with a hundred tears,
seeing clearly through a haze--
Then came that day I know not when,
beneath a blood red sun,
A-top a pile of dying men,
they said that we had won--

Another tract of land is all
the territory gained--
Will that ever pay for all
the lives here lost or maimed?
Bodies lying all around,
blood bathing them in red,
Their white eyes staring at the sun,
these, the countless dead?

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