

The Soil Over My Head

Never have the deafening sounds of war,
Faded to a bliss I'll hear never more
As I look down at the gut-wrenching gore
Sprawling from the sunken depths of my core

I am dying, of this I'm very sure.
My time has come, without flair, without cure
The harrows no longer will I endure,
As I take this unforeseen, brief, detour.

Was it all worth it?
Will you admit it?
That this war conflict
Was but a mere fit?

These thoughts I think as I reflect my worth
As I lay in the dark and battered earth
And ask: Was this the reason for my birth?
Will my tomb be covered in gold and mirth?

Was it all worth it?
Will you admit it?
That this war conflict
Was but a mere fit?

Will the world remember me when I'm dead?
Will you mourn for me when I also like lead
Sink to the depths of vast unknown dread?
Adieu for now my friends, though much unsaid,
I feel the soil falling over my head