

Pro Patria Mori

He was young, not one for the battle
Well, perhaps none of us were.
I'd done it, pulled the trigger.
It was him or me.

I see him in my dreams, sometimes.
Among the barrage of gunfire he stands, pale with fear.
I want to save him, call out,
Stop my finger pulling the trigger,
But it always does.
Always.

They say the pills will help me forget,
Save me from my own dreams.
Sometimes, the mud clings to my feet.
The walls begin to shake,
The rattle of gunfire resounding somewhere far, far away.
All still fighting a battle so few can leave behind.

I could never forsake him,
The young boy who couldn't return home - Because of me.
Sometimes I wonder,
When the shadows seem too close,
If I'd let him take me in his stead.
Blood pouring out of me,
Not him.

Perhaps he'd have lived.
Gone on to see his family grow,
Reap the finality my sacrifice would sow,
See the flowers bloom,
The rain fall,
For one last time.
If only.

A pointless envy, yet it clings to me
For the dead cannot suffer in haunted remembrance.