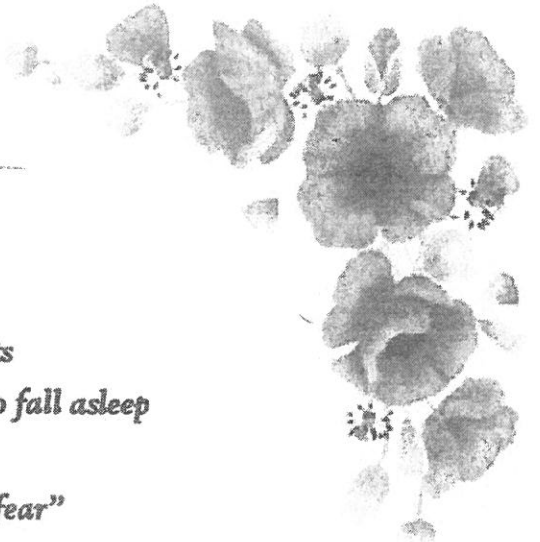


MONSTERS:



I once was 5 years old. I would whimper under my sheets
When the nights grew dark and cold, I was too afraid to fall asleep

Yet every night he would tell me, "My child, don't you fear"
He would remind me I am safe now, "There are no monsters here"

But on the night of March 10th, he left me with a teddy bear
For what was to come tomorrow, I was so unaware

Now I am scared.

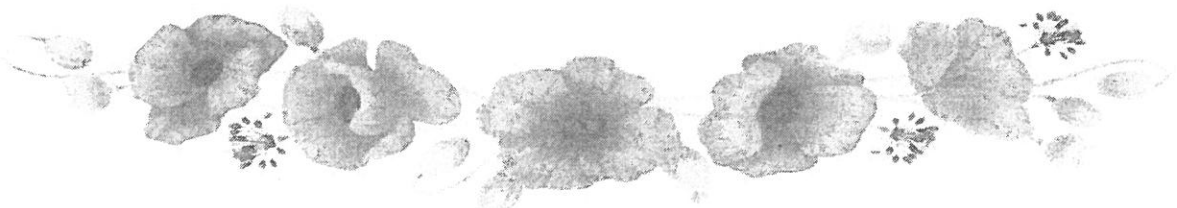
Daddy isn't here now; I can feel the monsters creep
He's not here to save me; how will I ever fall asleep

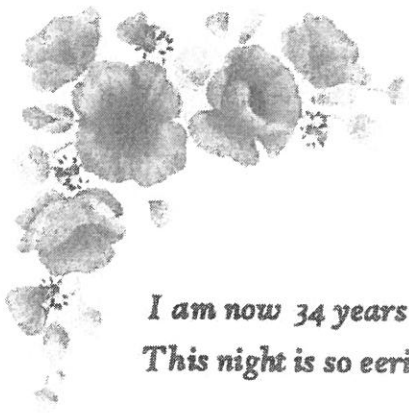
Nights and nights of fear, hugging Mr. Teddy bear
But now I wonder how my dad is; I wonder if he, too, is scared

Guns and cries of despair, he's confronting such atrocities
Dad's fighting the real monsters, as he serves in a war to protect me

With Canada's fate on his shoulders, I know he will persevere
With the essence of his bravery, I know there are no monsters here

But





*I am now 34 years old, in absence of a letter for years
This night is so eerie and cold, can someone just tell me if he's still here*

*"I know there are no monsters here, but it's like I can't feel you near
Am I in the right to fear? Can one justify these tears?"*

*But as the sun cuts over the horizon, Canada's flag starts to glow
I can see a silhouette approaching. He has come home*

*Behind his soft smile, I can see the creeping pain
He's free from the bloodshed horrors, but he is not the same*

*Sudden noises frighten him; incessant tears plague his eyes
Sometimes he just breaks down; some nights I hear him cry*

*Now as his whimper haunts the night, his broken voice so stressed
His wrinkled hands clench around me, and a tear falls on my chest*

*I put my arm around him, and try to make his pain disappear
I give him the stuffed bear, and I tell him, "Father, don't you fear"
"We are safe now"*

Thank you.

For your sacrifices

There are no monsters here "

