

An Old Man Weeping

'Tis the sound of a man, a man all alone,
He's beaten and bruised and he wants to go home.
He weeps with such heart, he cries, and he moans.
He's scarred, and he's broken, his sorrows unknown.

His medals of battle glisten bright in the sun,
But his pride has been lost,
His battle's not done.

His war's far from over - the things that he's seen,
His brothers are dying, with consciences clean.
Though old and defeated he stands with his face,
Looking up to the sky, a tear rolls down in place,
Of the smile he once had, of the laugh that he laughed.
Of his twinkling eyes, of his playful old chaff.
The war he's been fighting - the war to be free,
His head silently bows in such great reverie.
His brothers, his father, his teachers, his friends,
Their lives shan't be wasted as long as earth ends.

This man's an example, a symbol of who,
The war had effect on, and some that still do.
A man, a woman, a daughter, a son,
They gave us their lives for the war to be won.
So don't take for granted the freedom they gave,
And take just 2 minutes to honor their graves.