

The twitch in the hands that never quite leaves,
A melancholy sadness which is always perceived,
Laughter and joy which is greatly diminished,
The signs of a soldier whose fight is not finished.

He went overseas to the dust and the dirt,
Served his full tour, awake and alert,
When he returned home, he thought he was done,
But his is a battle that can never be won.

He grabs for the bottle before bed at night,
Using the pills to get through to first light,
They say there is help, for those just like him,
But he cannot see a way, and his hope now grows dim.

His uniform stays folded, in the back of a drawer,
He never brings out the medals he used to adore,
He shuts out his past, trying to leave it behind,
But still it comes back, tormenting his mind.

He was wounded overseas, but not in the flesh,
His mind has been scarred, reliving traumas afresh,
And so he stands looking west, pills in his hand,
Wondering what it will be like, to pass from this land.

They placed him in his uniform and parted his hair,
He was buried by his comrades, in the still morning air,
His death was a mystery, they couldn't see why he'd died:
He was a casualty of war, fought on the inside.