

Dirt

"Another Filled Hole"

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A woman in a graveyard mourning for her son
He gave his life to fight in a war he thought was fun.
A bunch of yellow roses lay upon his grave
But for all the tears she shedded no one can be saved.
He traded his freedom for a uniform and gun,
He traded in his brain for a life he thought was fun,
He gave his country what it wanted, brave and strong,
fresh blood,
He gave himself a mortuary bed when it spilled into the
mud.
His father had once walked that path, but now he pays
the price
Of a son who followed his steps and who lost his life,
The telegram just noted of the bravery of their son,
But was it a mistake that he was killed in action?
A woman in a graveyard, another day has passed
And another son is killed in a war that for years will
last,
The bunch of yellow roses will always mark the spot,
For a son who joins the army, his memory is forgot.

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