

## Emerson Hart

### "Battlefield"

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Clear the battlefield and let me see  
All the profit from our victory.  
You talk of freedom, starving children fall.  
Are you deaf when you hear the season's call?

Were you there to watch the earth be scorched?  
Did you stand beside the spectral torch?  
Know the leaves of sorrow turned their face,  
Scattered on the ashes of disgrace.

Every blade is sharp; the arrows fly  
We're the victims of your armies' lie,  
Where the blades of grass and arrows reign  
Then there will be very little sorrow,  
Very little pain.

Confusion...will be my epitaph  
As I cross a cracked and broken path  
If we make it, we can all sit back and laugh.

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