

## **Fish**

# **"Forgotten Sons"**

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Armalite, street lights, night-sights  
Searching the roofs for a sniper, viper, fighter  
Death in the shadows he'll maim you, wound you, he'll  
kill you  
For long-forgotten cause, on not so foreign shores  
Boys baptised in wars

Morphine, chill stream, bad dream  
Serving as numbers on dogtags, flak-rags, sandbags  
Your girl has married your best friend, love's end,  
poison pen  
Your flesh will always creep, tossing turning sleep  
The wounds that burn so deep

Your mother sits on the edge of the world  
When the cameras start to roll  
Panoramic viewpoints resurrect the killing fold  
Your father drains another beer he's one of the few  
that cares  
Crawling behind a saracen's hull  
From the safety of his living room chair  
Forgotten sons, forgotten sons, forgotten sons

And so I patrol in the valley of the shadow of the  
tricolor  
I must fear evil for I am but mortal and mortals can only  
die  
Asking questions, pleading answers from the  
nameless  
Faceless watchers that stalk the carpeted corridors of  
whitehall  
Who order desecration, mutilation, verbal  
masturbation  
In their guarded bureaucratic wombs

Minister, minister care for your children, order them  
not  
Into damnation to eliminate those who would trespass  
Against you, for whose is the kingdom?  
The power and the glory, forever and ever

Amen

Halt who goes there?

Death

Approach.... friend

You're just another coffin on it's way down the emerald  
aisle

Where the children's stony glances mourn your death

In a terrorist's smile

The bomber's arm places fiery gifts on the  
supermarket shelves

Alleys sing with shrapnel, dance in a temporary hell

Forgotten sons

From the dole queue to the regiment a profession in a  
flash

But remember monday's signings when from door to  
door you dash

On the news a nation mourns your unknown soldier  
count the cost

For a second you'll be famous but labelled posthumous

Forgotten sons

Forgotten sons

Ring o' roses, they all fall down

Peace on earth and mercy mild, mother brown has lost  
her child

Just another forgotten son

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