

Foundation

"Purple Heart"

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Who threw up the white flag when the bodies grew too
great? Felt the harsh
Grip of failure and sent it sailing high.

What happened to the code of honor we used to
entrust? Ideas once carved in
Stone have now turned to dust.

Where is the oath we swore our allegiance to?
Convictions cheapened by all
The noise these boys make while dressed like men.

When's the pure disgust gonna rear it's ugly head?
Stirred by anyone,
Everything, tries to crumble what we've built.

Why have I been so blind to the traitors of my faith?
What has come to
Pass, now seems so obvious. How can I not grit my
teeth, or place my tongue
In my cheek, when I say:

When I say: No more room here for the bastard thieves
who steal hearts and
Disappear. No room for those who come apart at the
bayonet's gleam. So
Please show me someone who won't retreat, someone
who's gonna stay frosty
When the guns and cannons begin to erupt; someone,
as they are painted with
Blood and guts. Show me.

Show me someone who will march forward when the
smoke clears.

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