

Marillion "Forgotten Sons"

Visit "[Forgotten Sons](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Derek Disck/Steve Rothery/ Pete Trewavas/ Micheal Pointer/Mark Kelly/Diz Minnett/Brian Jellyman)

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

Morphine, chill scream, bad dream
Serving as numbers on dogtags, flakrags, sandbags
Your girl has married your best friend, loves end,
poison pen
Your flesh will always creep, tossing turning sleep
The wounds that burn so deep, burn so deep

Your mother sits on the edge of the world when the
cameras start to roll
Panoramic viewpoint 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 as I patrol in the valley of the shadow of the
Tricolour I must fear evil
For I am but mortal and mortals can only die
Asking questions, pleading answers from the
nameless faceless watchers
That parade the carpeted corridors of Whitehall
Who orders desecration, mutilation, verbal
masturbation in the 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, the glory for ever

and ever
Amen
Amen
Amen
Amen
Amen
Amen
Amen

"Halt who goes there!" - " Death!!"
"Approach ... friend"
You're just another coffin on it's way down the emerald
aisle
When your children's stony glances mourn
Your death in a terrorist's smile
The bomber's arm placing fiery gifts on the
supermarket shelves
Alley sings with shrapnel detonate a temporary hell
Forgotten Sons
Forgotten Sons

From the dolequeue to the regiment a profession in a
flash
But remember Monday signings when from door to
door you dash
On the news a nation mourns you unknown soldier
count the cost
For a second you'll be famous but labelled posthumous

Ring-a-ring-o-roses, they all fall down
Ring-a-ring-o-roses, they all fall down
Ring-a-ring-o-roses
Ring-a-ring-o-roses
Ring-a-ring-o-roses, they all fall down

Forgotten Son
Forgotten Son
Forgotten Son
They're still forgotten, they're still still forgotten
Peace on earth and mercy mild, Mother Brown has lost
her child
Just another Forgotten Son

Visit [Marillion](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.