

McLean Don**"The grave"**

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The grave that they dug him had flowers
Gathered from the hillsides in bright summer colors
And the brown earth bleached white
At the edge of his gravestone
He's gone
When the wars of our nation did beckon
The man, barely twenty, did answer the calling
Proud of the trust
That he placed in our nation
He's gone
But eternity knows him
And it knows what we've done
And the rain fell like pearls
On the leaves of the flowers
Leaving brown, muddy clay
Where the earth had been dry
And deep in the trench
He waited for hours
As he held to his rifle
And prayed not to die
But the silence of night

Was shattered by fire
As the guns and grenades
Blasted sharp through the air
One after another
His comrades were slaughtered
In the morgue of marines
Alone, standing there
He crouched ever lower
Ever lower, with fear
"They can't let me die
They can't let me die here!
I'll cover myself
With the mud and the earth
I'll cover myself
I know I'm not brave!
The earth, the earth
The earth is my grave."
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