Rustic Overtones "Letter To The President"

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Dear Mr. President
I'm a soldier
With the 80nd airborne
Stationed overseas
My family and my friends
All pray that God
Is watching over me
But even God
Can't save us now

Mr. President
I'm writing you this poem
And I've sent along
A picture of my family
Back at home
I hear
My heartbeat loud out
In these killing fields
Alone
I always hit my target
I just miss my happy home

When will be
The end of this all?
When will be
The end of this all
Now that our back
Is against the wall?

(Whoa)

I joined the army
Like my father did
And his father before
I saw army green canvas
Look like perfect
Art of war
The images
I see now
Aren't like the ones
I saw before
How am I a hero

If I don't know What it's for?

Days Are getting longer **Nights** I never get to sleep And I just had A newborn daughter That I hope I get to see I've got bloodshed On my conscience She's so innocent And free I just killed Some baby's father Better him Instead of me

When will be
The end of this all?
Tell me
When will be the end
Of this all
Now that our back
Is against the wall
And mankind
Is getting small?

Before the warlife It was beautiful We marched out in the sun Now it's stars and stripes At funerals Our darkest days have come Dyin' in this combat zone It scares me half to death Cuz if I don't make it To heaven what's to live For after death? I've seen mothers Of the friends I've lost out Marching in a crowd Cuz their sons Are wear purple hearts Inside their coffins In the ground When they left for war They thought

Their mommas
Would be proud
When they faced off
With their enemies
They thought
They'd take him down

Hatred
Is tearing us all apart
Separation
Is tearing the world apart
Corruption is playing
It's part, mhmm

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