

Zack Hemsey

"The Arrival"

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He left work for a 2-week leave
Overdue for some rest indeed
Heading north to a place upstream
Where his wife and his son now waited to receive
One quiet home deep in retreat
Where nobody would know where to reach
It was oh so sweet

But imposition of warfare would hit square and turn off delight
And the shock had a force to invite
Such a fear that would drive him to flight
'Cuz it turned out his wife wasn't safe on this night
A fear that would cause him to pause
And to pull from his draw his Benelli M4
And to haul in his jeep full floor
With a vengeful jaw on an end life score
But before he could settle this he was bedeviled and blown
By the way she'd hung up the phone
Her last words now a drone
They had him feeling just oh so cold
We are not alone

We are not alone...

And when it hits you get hit with it
And when it breaks you get broke with it
And when it lights you explode in it
And when it goes you just loathe in it
This is what you call an upheaval
Something like a nightmare's equal
But he had the presence of mind
To reject thought lines of heroic retrieval
'Cuz he heard the panic in her tone
And he felt the weight of unknown
He sensed their helplessness

In the best defense called the local patrol
And dispatch arranged for a probe
Meanwhile he tried redial on the phone
About 4 hours till he showed
Rushed into the house to find no one was home

Full search ensues
Up and down stairs through every room
A lay of the grounds brought views without vehicles or shoes
He was quite confused
No evidence of forced entry
No signs of struggle, there's no sign of trouble
He refused to accept this
He would attempt connections
No, the search resumes
If no footprints then he knew
Entry had to be gained from the chimney's flue
From the rooftop and trees he drew
A path to the woods, now he left to pursue
30 acres till the river brought it through
With this much land he'd need a plane or a few
Well the Feds made it two and the search party grew
But nothing ever did yield any clues

That was 10 years ago
10 years of no rest and nowhere to go
For 10 years he prayed it a ruse
10 years of theories, no truth

We are not alone...

Submitter's comments:Â

Lyrics provided by Zach Hemsey.

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