

## **Esteban Salas**

### **"Marching Song"**

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In a wilderness of foggy thoughts  
battling with your minds retorts  
and walking on empty plains  
where deserts so calm  
even drowning rains

Soldier on  
to this marching song  
head held high  
with eyes fixed strong

Drum beat died  
cymbal crash down  
the mud it is thick  
with desires to drown  
your feet in earth

Your boots are sinking  
sink with the memories  
of long lost thinking

And armies of many  
are fighting their fight  
lost in the blackness  
they're losing their sights

Your veins are my trenches  
my gun is my own  
the whispers fall heavy  
with delicate moans

Arms and legs  
teeth and nail  
our fragile companions  
are destined to fail

For this battalion  
has been run through  
therefore captains and comrades  
I bid you all adieu

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