

Dear Death

Dear Death,

Do you bother to grant their sorrowful request
Do you dare to heed their hopeless lament
How does it feel knowing you are at everyone's final crest
Is there ever a time where you extend a bitter sweet relent

Dear Death,

What do our soldiers feel I wonder
When the guns keep raging even as they go under
No peace or pause in the war
Does their soul even dare to soar to their saviour

Dear Death,

Can they always feel your greedy presence creeping
Do they know no blanket is thick enough to escape your merciless reaping
In the nights dark do they cry out for white wings of mercy
How do they have the bravery to deal with their fear's controversy

Dear Death,

You think you won but let me tell you something you never knew
I will remember is my simple pledge to you
Though the fields are stained with bright red blood
Though fear and hate destroys like a mighty flood
Though wind will still whisper through cross and poppy row
I will remember is the pledge I owe

Dear Death,

Keep the True North, Strong and free safe is my simple fleeting plea
Help soldiers return home to the loving arms of family
Protect the souls of those who spirits flee
Save our brave hero I beg of thee