In Cheerful Darkness
By Robert McGill

The fire burns bright in his soul,
His vengeful soul is paling light,
Marching down this dusty track,
The combat soldier’s born to fight.
Fractured dreams and scrying screams,
Still make all his senses numb,
Overwhelmed by guilt and doubt,
He’ll wage war to the beat of the drum.
A trooper blinded by revulsion,
Ridding Earth of hates demands,
A serpent, he’ll devour and beat,
The enemy by himself alone.
Have you heard him cry in vain?
Over hills, in through the marsh,
Risking life for petty aims,
In cheerful darkness he will march.

The tunnel leads to revelation,
The tunnel at the end of the track,
Overt to fools, covert to foes,
Peace is war; then troops attack.
The soldier is accessorised,
Used to mend all ancient feuds,
Another war to end all wars,
Another pointless interlude.
And in the end he can’t achieve,
The union that had once begun,
Utopia shot up in flames,
When we wage war to the beat of the drum.
He’s blinded by the words he hears,
His mind is washed by twisted talk,
An empty cause, he’s fighting now,
In cheerful darkness he will walk.

Locked in this confinement,
The soldier has to pay his price,
A serpent, he will whither away,
No more humour lights this day.
His rid away for countless years,
No one left there to console,
As lonely as a jail cell,
Sits the remains of his lost soul.
What’s wrong with this picture?
He’s found his nations called a tie,
But he still finds he must progress,
In memory of his friends who die.
He’ll wage war to the beat of the drum,
Even though he’s lost the will,
Egad the fight is still within,
In cheerful darkness he sits still.

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