

Forgotten Sons (Live At the Marquee 30/12/82)

Marillion

Armalite, street lights, night sights
Searching the roofs for a sniper, a viper, a fighter
Death in the shadows he'll maim you, he'll wound you, he'll kill you
For a long forgotten cause, on not so foreign shores
Boys baptized in war, boys baptized in warMorphine, chill scream, bad dream
Serving as numbers on dog tags, flak rags, sand bags
Your girl has married your best friend, loves end, poison pen
Your flesh will always creep, tossing turning sleep
The wounds that burn so deep, burn so deepYour mother sits on the edge of the world
When the cameras start to roll,
Panoramic viewpoint resurrect the killing fold
Your father drains another beer, he's one of the few that cares
Crawling behind a Saracen's hull from the safety of his living room chairForgotten sons, forgotten sons,
forgotten sonsAnd so as I patrol in the valley of the shadow of the Tricolor
I must fear evil, for I am but mortal and mortals can only die
Asking questions, pleading answers
From the nameless faceless watchers
That parade the carpeted corridors of WhitehallWho orders desecration, mutilation
Verbal masturbation in the guarded bureaucratic wombs
Minister, Minister care for your children
Order them not into damnation
To eliminate those who would trespass against you
For whose is the kingdom, the power, the glory for ever and everAmen, Amen, Amen, Amen, AmenHalt who
goes there
Death
Approach friendYou're just another coffin, on its way down the Emerald Isle
When your children's stony glances mourn
Your death in a terrorist's smile
The bomber's arm placing fiery gifts on the supermarket shelves
Alley sings with shrapnel detonate a temporary hellForgotten sons, forgotten sonsFrom the dole queue to the
regiment a profession in a flash
But remember, Monday signings went from door to door you dash
On the news a nation mourns you unknown soldier count the cost
For a second you'll be famous but labeled posthumousForgotten son, forgotten son, forgotten son, forgotten son
They're still forgotten, they're still, still forgotten
Peace on earth and mercy mild, Mother Brown has lost her child
Just another forgotten son

Songwriters

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