

# The Grave

## Let's Lumos!

The grave that they dug him had flowers  
Gathered from the hillsides in bright summer colors  
And the brown earth bleached white  
At the edge of his gravestone, he's gone  
When the wars of our nation did beckon  
A man barely twenty did answer the calling  
Proud of the trust that he placed in our nation, he's gone  
But eternity knows him and it knows what we've done  
And the rain fell like pearls on the leaves of the flowers  
Leaving brown, muddy clay where the earth had been dry  
And deep in the trench he waited for hours  
As he held to his rifle and prayed not to die  
But the silence of night was shattered by fire  
As guns and grenades blasted sharp through the air  
One after another his comrades were slaughtered  
In morgue of marines, alone standing there  
He crouched ever lower, ever lower with fear  
They can't let me die, they can't let me die here  
I'll cover myself with the mud and the earth  
And I'll cover myself, I know I'm not brave  
The earth  
The earth  
The earth  
Is my grave  
The grave that they dug him had flowers  
Gathered from the hillsides in bright summer colors  
And the brown earth bleached white  
At the edge of his gravestone, he's gone

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