Letter to the President

Rustic Overtones

Dear Mr. President
I'm a soldier
With the 80nd airborne
Stationed overseas
My family and my friends
All pray that God
Is watching over me
But even God
Can't save us nowMr. President
I'm writing you this poem
And I've sent along
A picture of my family
Back at home
I hear
My heartbeat loud out
In these killing fields
Alone
I always hit my target
I just miss my happy homeWhen will be
The end of this all?
When will be
The end of this all
Now that our back
Is against the wall?(Whoa)I joined the army
Like my father did
And his father before
I saw army green canvas
Look like perfect
Art of war
The images
I see now
Aren't like the ones
I saw before
How am I a hero
If I don't know
What it's for?Days
Are getting longer
Nights
I never get to sleep

And I just had
A newborn daughter
That I hope
I get to see
I've got bloodshed
On my conscience
She's so innocent
And free
I just killed
Some baby's father
Better him
Instead of meWhen will be
The end of this all?
Tell me
When will be the end
Of this all
Now that our back
Is against the wall
And mankind
Is getting small?Before the warlife
It was beautiful
We marched out in the sun
Now it's stars and stripes
At funerals
Our darkest days have come
Dyin' in this combat zone
It scares me half to death
Cuz if I don't make it
To heaven what's to live
For after death?
I've seen mothers
Of the friends
I've lost out
Marching in a crowd
Cuz their sons
Are wear purple hearts
Inside their coffins
In the ground
When they left for war
They thought
Their mommas
Would be proud
When they faced off
With their enemies
They thought

They'd take him downHatred
Is tearing us all apart
Separation
Is tearing the world apart
Corruption is playing
It's part, mhmm

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