The Trooper

The Suffering Gaels

You'll take my life but I'll take yours too
You'll fire your musket but I'll run you through
So when you're waiting for the next attack
You'd better stand, there's no turning back
The bugle sounds and the charge begins
But on this battlefield no one wins
The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath
As I plunge on into certain death

The horse he sweats with fear we break to run
The mighty roar of the Russian guns
And as we race toward the human wall
The screams of pain as my comrades fall
We hurdle bodies that lay on the ground
And the Russians fire another round
We get so near yet so far away
We won't live to fight another day

We get so close near enough to fight
When a Russian gets me in his sights
He pulls the trigger and I feel the blow
A burst of rounds take my horse below
And as I lay there gazing at the sky
My body's numb and my throat is dry
And as I lay forgotten and alone

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