

# 18 Soldiers

## Pennywise

Eighteen soldiers, five days away  
Caged in silence, lying awake  
Ragged tirades are dead at the stake  
Raging sirens but nobody pays We got nothing but time  
Overacting out in cynical times  
When the rain starts coming down  
The search for absolution is dry Eighteen fathers visit the graves  
Locked in violence, resigned to their fate  
Fallen idols are cracked at the base  
Hollow silence alone in their place Retaliation is blind  
With underestimated losses of life  
And the stains of blood are bold  
And visible beneath the divide

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