

Two Soldiers

Brooke Miller

I had first realized the shape I was in
After six years in uniform, in the standing din
I signed in at eighteen for a college degree
Recruiting out of high school into opportunity I'd always equated my love for my land
With the loyalty of the army but now I understand
I'm from a small town, I knew quiet streets
There was a market where people often meet I built my home there, me and my family
These are the loneliest days I've seen
My soldiers are marching according to rank
They have occupied the borderlines outside the West Bank I'm relieving my attention on a bloody red machine
A conscientious citizen for the democratic regime
This kind of struggle's not one to go alone
So I'm joining the opposition but I'm never going home

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