

# the courier

## Ostatni Mohikanin

I am a courier  
Crawling in the dirt  
Toward the front line  
As the crow flies  
A note stashed in my shirt  
From the Prince of Wales  
Far above the field  
With his marshalls  
And their chain-mail

Their banners taut and high  
I did not ask him what the note said  
He did not offer to explain  
Its not my job to ask the questions  
Im just the courier  
A flare shot leaves a scar  
Burning in the dark  
On my forearms  
Toward the front line  
Then another fifty yards  
Crouching in the trench  
Clutching bayonettes  
A hundred men  
All knee-to-chest

A hundred marionettes  
I am the string pulled by the sure hand  
Animating what was still  
I am invisible and faithful

I am a courier  
The Captain breaks the seal  
And quickly reads the note  
On your feet boys  
Make you peace boys  
Pass those letters down  
To this courier  
Guardian of the word  
Hand him all youve seen  
Hand him all youve heard

Hand him all your pearls  
And hell go back to where he came from  
He will deliver each by hand  
He takes this as a point of honor  
To be a courier

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