The Grave

Tollund Men

The grave that they dug him had flowers
Gathered from the hillsides in bright summer colors
And the brown earth bleached white
At the edge of his gravestone, he's gone
When the wars of our nation did beckon
A man barely twenty did answer the calling
Proud of the trust that he placed in our nation, he's gone
But eternity knows him and it knows what we've done
And the rain fell like pearls on the leaves of the flowers
Leaving brown, muddy clay where the earth had been dry
And deep in the trench he waited for hours
As he held to his rifle and prayed not to die
But the silence of night was shattered by fire
As guns and grenades blasted sharp through the air
One after another his comrades were slaughtered
In morgue of marines, alone standing there
He crouched ever lower, ever lower with fear
They can't let me die, they can't let me die here
I'll cover myself with the mud and the earth
And I'll cover myself, I know I'm not brave
The earth
The earth
The earth
Is my grave
The grave that they dug him had flowers
Gathered from the hillsides in bright summer colors
And the brown earth bleached white
At the edge of his gravestone, he's gone

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