

IT KILLS ME TO KILL A SPIDER (TRS)

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I can send great fleets to conquer worlds across the sea.
If a thousand men are drowned thereby it matters not to me.
I'll charge up hills with rapier raised to run some rascals through
With gushing blood to add some pink to the lovely morning dew.

But few men know my softer side, that wishes tiny lambs
And kittens and puppies to quiver gently in my calloused hands.
With my children all around me, learning of tender touch.
Deep in my heart I know that nothing matters quite as much.

Yes, I can send a mighty rocket arcing through the air
To utterly destroy what heathen soldiers may be there.
But still I have a tender heart with some tender things inside her.
And though sometimes it be needed, still, it kills me to kill a spider.

A tender soul has no place on the bloody battlefield
Where all that counts is the hundreds or the thousands to be killed.
A weak commander I would be if I had the least concern
For the agony and death I caused for those I wound and burn.

Yes, I can launch a mighty rocket racing through the air
To utterly destroy what heathen soldiers may be there.
But I too have a tender heart with some tender moods inside her.
Though sometimes it be needed, still, it kills me to kill a spider.