**Pipes and Drums of War**

*March 17, 2013*

Why do those pipes and drums of war.

What pipe and drum of victory.

Call nations pride and youth to settle old ancient score.

Sing not of loss or death but rather triumph and glory.

Troops what parade before the King.

New lands to serve our own.

A short and simple campaign bring.

Our m conquering heroes home.

Alas though it be true indeed our Flag may wave.

Ore distant plain and shore.

Pray may we take note of fresh dug graves.

The unforgiving horror.

The crying of the dying youth.

Dead fathers mothers brothers.

Lost wail of babes.

Beneath the hail of pain and death.

Nere arms legs eyes nor minds left.

Taken in the Prime of life.

To feed the Dogs of Conquest.

Yes. And one may only wonder.

One may only ask.

One may only guess.

Why for the calls to Battle.

To meet guns bombs lance and cannons roar.

No matter the suffering of countless souls what died.

Nere price paid in blood and death.

All innocents so of their very homes and lives bereft.

The call to County and Arms be nere satisfied.

Say as in those days of yore.

As still the Church and Nation sing a siren song for more.

The hollow bugles ring. Care not for what they call for nor war will bring.

One might only ask.

One might only guess.

One may only wonder.

Why must it be that it be so.

Why did they have to go.

Why did they answer to the call.

Why must the families mourne teardrops fall and heavens cry.

Why dirge and notes of sorrow sung.

For naught but Mirage of Race Creed Flag and God.

Why were they all so young.

Why were they all so poor.