

I see the men of wars gone by,

By Maurice Emery



I see the men of wars gone by,
they come to me in dreams.
I see the kids of war in ravaged lands,
their faces are so lean.

I hear the cries as mothers mourn,
in homes across the land
I feel the fear of life ahead,
when I shake their fathers hands.

I had hoped that when I fought in Nam,
It would mean the end of war
The continual cost of freedom with our lives
Is something we all abhor

The cost of freedom for our lives,
is paid by few for the good of all,
The least that we can do this day
is keep them on our minds memorial wall.