

THE WALL

Written by

Royce Clark

On a cold black sheen of granite
To many to recall
Are the names and the dates, and the faces
Of the men upon the wall
These are the fallen warriors
These are the fallen warriors
The young, the old, the brave
Who gave their last full measure
To a land, a cause, to a grave
On a cold black sheen of granite
Too many to recall
Are the names and the dates, and the faces
Of the men upon the wall
These are the fallen warriors
The young, the old, the brave
Who gave their last full measure
To a land, a cause, to a grave
Each had an unfinished story
Each had a song left to sing
Now all that remains are the memories
That fade like a winter to a spring
at night when the world falls quiet
and the orb in the sky grows cold
The sprits of the Wall talk freely
And eminence of the days long ago
Aging years have passed since the struggle
Youth has run far away
But the Wall and the cries of battle
Return like the sunrise each day
And the last flag drapes the last grave
The Lord up above will say, "Welcome home"
And the Wall will at last fade away