

The deserter

Elvis Peeters 2015

See the world turning round
Hear the harsh and morbid sound
Of flaming rows and war
We're trouble to the emperor

Look at the skies
Where no god hides
Who rewards for making war
Just like some other emperor

Look at those eyes
Where no soul lies
Eager to win a decent life
On the edge of a coward's knife

I hear the murmur of guns
I hear the moaning of shellfire
I see the blood that runs
And the lot authorities require

I see it all and I say No!
My terror is high, my fear is low
I won't collaborate
With this game of hate
Game of faith
Of unfair trade
Game of fate