

The Scars of War

He sat at the dining room table drinking scotch where he held Court

The talk would turn to stories of the prison camps and war

He had a faraway look

As he stepped into to the past

We wanted to know our father

But were afraid to ask

Stories of the war

Lightning in the sky

Blitzkrieg bombs rained down

No rhyme or reason why

A madman duped the people

He'd make a master race

But he needed a scapegoat

A people he could blame

On future generations, the scars of war were stamped

The heavy weight of man's inhumanity to man

Oh Lord we pray one day, the horror of war will cease

And there will be a generation that only knows of peace

Daddy was a young man

Polio made him lame

When the Nazis took his land

He knew he must escape

So through the Pyrenees to France he tried to make his way

But he was captured there; in a prison camp he was placed

When the war was over, to America he arrived

Had twins, then three more babies with his beautiful wife

And we loved our daddy but underneath his smile

We saw there was a burden, he carried his whole life

Screams through the silence in the middle of the night

Our mother said, "Go back to sleep everything's all right;

Daddy just had a nightmare; It's okay don't be scared."

And we cuddled together and said a silent prayer

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