

## Combat Infantry Bro (CIB)

—Robert Mooneyham

Freakin New Guy, without a name  
Keep it that way, it's all the same.  
Scared to move, nowhere to run  
In the jungle, can't see the sun.

Hunter of men, eager for a thrill  
Deep in the bush, looking to kill.  
Searchin for Charlie, dressed in black  
Armed for combat, trained to attack.

Lost your buddy, no longer here  
Hatred grows, stabs like a spear.  
Seeing their eyes, all the same faces  
Crazy for blood, destroying all traces.

Professional soldier must be your goal  
Rejecting emotions to save your soul.  
No worry about the weeks ahead  
Cause you know you're a walking dead.

From the bush, you got the stare  
Don't mean nothing, not even a care.  
Back on the streets, nobody knows  
Dreams still echo to crinkle your toes.

Warriors reception, thanks never had  
Don't mean nothing, not even mad.  
It was our duty, we did our best  
Survived in Nam, let's put it to rest.