

Tags

—Anonymous

dog tags and body bags
collar, water, food
series maps and compass
a somber, solemn mood

I question why it hurts to love
What point the pain and ache
I wish I had an alternate
A peace, a place, a break

My heart and head are haunted
My soul is dark and mean
My memories are many
If only I could dream

But nightmares fill the space
And time where otherwise I'd sleep
I hope and pray and wish for help
With things I've buried deep