

She gave him a feather by Megan Kelly

She gave him a feather

As white as the snow

The death sentence given

To war he must go

He boarded the train

Said goodbye to his love

And away chugged that deathship

God looked down from above

Johnny knew not

That he went to his doom

When this war it was over

He might fly to the moon

His whole life ahead

What cares could there be?

With happy raised voices

They crossed over the sea

Through twisting Earth tunnels,

That were not of his land

Through corpses and horrors

And bags filled with sand

Till they came to a halt

Through the silence there came

The screaming and crying

Of men caught in pain

Johnny's blue eyes

They widened in fear

The men looked in terror

They strained not to hear

Closer they came

Through the corpses and mud

No one asked who those men were

No one dared, no one could

The death it did thicken

Like fog in the air

The putrid flesh rotted

Without love, without care

They crossed a small plank bridge

Held up by a horse

Stinking, pathetic

Was that animal's corpse

A man he lay dead

A shell of a being

Nothing more, nothing less

Just his blank eyes unseeing

Around Johnny's neck

Hung a locket in silver

In it, a picture

Her picture, Estella

They stopped one last time

Between bags filled with sand

And they pondered their lives

In that far away land

Their hearts were at home

Where the world was still green

Where their loved ones were waiting

Could this all be a dream?

But it couldn't you see

For the world is too cruel

So they went to their stations

Each played for a fool

A few glances sideways

A nod here and there

The death it came closer

With no love, with no care

The whistle it sounded

One piercing shriek

And they climbed up those ladders

They emerged from the deep

They stood all together

They stood in a line

Their friendship emblazoned

Comrades just one last time

But then Johnny fell

And no body saw

That look of despair

When he fell to the floor

Who knows what he thought

As he lay in his blood

Of his home, of Estella

What he'd do if he could

To his right fell his friend

Their eyes locked on the floor

Their life, it was fading

Someone closing the door

In one last great effort

He pulled out that feather

And showed him that picture

Her picture, Estella

Through his pain Tom did smile

They clasped hands on the ground

And they passed into darkness

With never a sound

And they lie there today

In that far away land

A feather, a locket

Hand clasped in hand

She gave him feather

As white as the snow

But now it's stained crimson

To war he did go.