

Letter From a Distant Shore

Bernard Fanning

Dear brother, you would not believe
What this killing field forced my eyes to see

From the sniper's post with a trembling hand
I put a bullet in to another man

I watched the crimson bloom on his uniform
Billow like a cloud till his life was gone

With the killer's stain heavy on me now
I fix my bayonet for the final hour
When that whistle blows it's mournful sound
Will deliver me to the hungry mouths
Of the howling hounds of hell

When the snowball comes on the recruitment drive
Don't let your heart swell up with unfounded pride

For a distant king you'd be fighting for
He'll lay you down to waste on a distant shore

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Will deliver me to the hungry mouths
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