

# War Memorial

Mark Lanegan

Good, have I done good?  
I fell on command  
Give me my first and last medal

Observed in ritual behind the door  
A heavy ivory white door  
Where I've come off my hinges

Fire underground, I murdered a sentry there  
Without wanting to  
Wasn't nothing else to do

Saw a squad of deserters hung from an oak  
Saw officers shot from their saddles  
Through driving snow and through black smoke

With a pack of feral dogs snapping at my hooves  
Eyes rolled back in their heads  
The blank blessed eyesight of the dead

Entire battalions snuffed like a spark  
Beat like a heart  
Drowned by an ocean

Don't tell me the ending of the play  
Don't make me look  
Look in the mirror