

## Stalemate

Neurosis

i woke up in the morning, spent the night in the trenches again  
the first thing i do is grab my gun  
the enemy is near, it was dangerous to sleep  
i was lucky to have lived to see the sun  
in a foreign land fighting for my country  
over words that the politicians said  
i look and meet the eyes of an enemy soldier  
aiming his gun at my head  
stalemate...

panicked thoughts run through my mind  
visions of my death unwind  
standing there shaking in terror  
i clutch my gun in despair  
we look each other in the eyes  
then we both realise that our roles are the same  
i put down my gun and he walks away.