

# OURS TO DECIDE

By Richard Paul

So simple a cure for so dreadful a day,  
\_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_  
A tiny injection, soon lost in your veins  
\*\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
And any dismay, any guilt, any pain,  
\* \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
So simply, so swiftly, so sweetly is slain.  
\_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_

## CHORUS

*A battle awaits and you must be strong,*  
\_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_  
*There's killing to do and your nature betrays you,*  
\_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
*Win or lose, this day is your doom*  
\_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
*Unless you remove what's always been wrong,*  
\_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
*Your shame and your tears must be entombed,*  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
*Your pride and your rage must be exhumed,*  
\_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
*Now give me your arm, this shouldn't take long.*  
\_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_

## CHORUS END

It looks so benign, this vial of blue,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_  
So much like the sky when the winter is through,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_  
I swear you'll be fine as it spreads round you,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_  
And steels you for what now you must do.  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_

## CHORUS

Try not to laugh as the fires begin,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_  
Try not to sing through the battle's great din,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
You must keep your focus until we win,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
Then you've the rest of your life to grin.  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_

## CHORUS

### SPOKEN:

Who we were is lost, that's often war's cost,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
But how we lose ourselves we can choose,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
Now we can be glad and keep our pride,  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_  
Just how we go mad is ours to decide.  
\_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_

-\*- = Suggested Stressed Syllables

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www.rmepaul.com  
rmepaul@googlemail.com