

**Let the Lie Live**

*... and Many Other Things*

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As Sons of the Greatest WWII Generation. We wore the same helmet in battle as they did.  
We wore the same body armor, as they didn't.

We lost brothers with the same names as they did.  
We carry the scars and wounds as they carried,  
We bear the same cross, through life;  
monotonous dreams of languor dreamt 'til their end and are lifted away.

No forgiveness for sins we all did...  
He declined the gifts we tried to give now,  
Jagged trails of a wilderness mind, one broken lie from dead.