Dream Catcher

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Oh! Dream catchers where are you tonight? Back, back I go in time, to sights and sounds of jungle warfare. Bombs, flares in flight, black pajama clad enemy in the dark of night.

Thoughts of home and family crushed by the sound of automatic fire and the sight of flares aglow.

Death and mayhem all around, back to the world can't be found. No sleep, no peace of mind, loneliness all around. Black body bags on the ground, silent waiting, waiting, their flight, into the hands of Trinity.

Through the wire they come, shadows in the dark of night, spewing death, destruction and lifelong fear. Fifty year ago, but never out of sight! Oh! Dream Catcher where are you tonight?

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