

Don't Die, My Brothers

Vietnam Security Police Association

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Brothers, I Don't Want You to Die ...
Stay a while longer if you can, if only until relieved ...
Remember with me those we fell, and the Fortresses we
never lost!

There was a time when our numbers shook
the Earth of Vietnam and Thailand, as
Defenders of The Eagles Fortress!

Air Police.
Security Police.
Twenty Thousand strong ... young Warriors we were;
The Fortress was safe.

For a decade, the enemy stormed our fortresses, mortars
and rockets fell as rain. They threw their might upon
our swords ... and died, alas, in vain.

Our blood was shed, one hundred eleven dead—five
hundred more would bleed. The Eagles' Nest was safe—
and those who would cause us harm, feared us—Enemy,
take heed.

Our numbers grow fewer as decades pass, as we join
those who fell before. We die too young, too often mere
shadows of who we once were. Agent Orange ran
amoke in Vietnam and Thailand, lays waste veterans in
our land.

Too many now guard the Pearly Gates—I miss them ...
and that is certain. Don't die my brothers, live long, take
care; and remember those who stood with you.

Brothers,
I Don't Want You to Die ...
Stay a while longer if you can, if only until relieved ...
Remember with me those we have lost ...
The times when our numbers shook the Earth,
And those who would cause us harm, feared us.
The Fortress was safe ...
And none ever lost!