

Yesterday's Hero

Far away places, where Heros abound...

Heaven's back door

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We were the sons of the *greatest-generation*.

We wore the same helmets,
the same uniforms, and
ate their leftover K-rations.

We were of the same metal,
the same grit--
chip off the same block.

We had the same determination,
guts, and *will* to win.

We were undefeatable until
we were betrayed.

Bastards in heaven, use the back door.