

# MY BOOTS



These were my boots  
I died on foreign soil  
It was my choice to go  
It could have been avoided  
I was so close to going home  
It was a surgical strike  
I never saw it coming  
I was completely dismembered  
I was stuffed in a bag  
I'll never see my parents again  
I died for the freedom of others  
I have a permanent grave  
My name is honored in stone  
I am the product of a violent society  
I am remembered by a few...  
I pray this needless killing will stop



These would have been my boots  
I died in my mother's womb  
It was not my choice to go  
It could have been avoided  
I was so close to being born  
It was a surgical strike  
I never saw it coming  
I was completely dismembered  
I was stuffed in a bag  
I'll never see my parents  
I died for the freedom of another  
I have an unknown grave  
I do not have a name or stone  
I am the product of a violent society  
I am remembered by a few...  
I pray this needless killing will stop