

An Unseen Tear

Sleeping with the blazing day
Running with the night
Like the moon in the morning time
Fleeing from the light
Of the sun as it shines on the land.

Wounded, a mighty Linx,
Felled in its tracks
A sufferin' suicide, caught in its act.
Wounded, withering, suffering, in pain
The body of a loved one lies maimed,
Its blood spits and spills to the ground.

Like a cool and gentle breeze
Blowing softly after a storm
Or a strange, now tragic death
We so sadly mourn
A soldier lowers his gun
and cries an unseen tear.

