

## MISSING

Here's to the songs we sang.  
Here's to the empty mugs that rang.  
Here's to the ones who had pain.  
Here's to the ones who went insane.

Here's to the ones with an empty sleeve.  
Here's to the ones we had to leave.  
Here's to the ones who last heard a thud.  
Here's to the ones we can still call Bud.

Here's to the ones who endure quiet and still.  
Here's to the ones who take the pill.  
Here's to the ones left in the ground.  
Here's to the ones with the nightmare's sound.

Here's to the ones once thought smart;  
Now they awake with a start.  
Here's to the time when forward was retreat,  
Consciousness stopped at their feet.

Here's to those who for days did persevere;  
Invisible ties to those in the rear.  
Here's to those for whom death came close.  
Perish those in disguise of this to boast!

Here's to the ones who stretched to help,  
Their actions into time forever to melt.  
Here's to the ones who could see ahead,  
Brightness out of pitch black for them instead.

Here's to those who would justify to the end  
Great causes of ego to pretend,  
And castles of the mind to defend.

Here's to the enemy...  
What's left of him...  
We know his dog tags were only tin.

Here's to those who to us have said,  
"Next time let them go first amongst the dead;  
Let them hold the decisions of dread."

And here's to the score, not yet clear,  
That stares back when I look in the mirror.  
Uncluttered thoughts so rare and dear.

Cheers...

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