

Carry The Load

I'm still haunted by the faces,
carried in my mind through the years.
I picture some with smiles.
Others, covered in blood and tears.
Still have flashbacks of the dogtags,
hanging from the battlefield cross.
Where we said our final goodbyes,
as the Chaplain preached about loss.
I've carried flag-draped caskets,
and presented those flags to next of kin.
Wives struggling to accept.
Mothers wiping tears.
and fathers left broken.
Daughters missing their daddies,
And sons trying to act brave.
As they watched their father
lowered into the grave.
Brothers-in-arms paying respect,
with survivor's guilt inside,
asking why their friend is gone,
while somehow they're still alive.
They carry the Load.

They carry their honor.
They carry their pain.
They stand for the fallen,

So their legacy remains.

Remember their lives.

Tell their stories.

Hold up their pictures.

Speak their names.

Let the whole world know,

Their sacrifice was not in vain.

Carry the Load.

Long after our war was supposed to be over,

I keep finding myself at gravesides.

Saying goodbye to brothers,

I was honored to serve beside.

We remember their laughter

and tell stories of their bravery,

trying to understand how our heroes

Could lose to a foe no one could see.

But when they came home,

They continued to fight an internal war

and the brotherhood they had leaned on

Wasn't there anymore.

We never heard the cries for help

They buried them deep inside,

Convinced they could fight alone,

Just relying on their strength and pride.

They carried burdens no one could see

And kept soldiering on,

While invisible wounds
Were bleeding their souls all along.
We carry the load.

We carry their honor.
We carry their pain.
We stand for the fallen.
So their legacy remains.

Remember their lives.
Tell their stories.
Hold up their pictures.
Speak their names.
Let the whole world know,
Their sacrifice was not in vain.
Carry the Load.

With the final bugle call,
We stood to honor them all.
Their sacrifice,
and all they went through,
Are embodied,
In the red, white, and blue.
They are the reason,
Our flag still waves.
They are the courage,
Behind “home of the brave.”
They paid in blood,

For the freedoms we know.

We stand free because,

They gave their tomorrow.

As long as we breathe,

they will never be gone.

Our hearts bear their memory,

and their legacy lives on.

Carry the load

Remember their lives

Tell their stories

Hold up their pictures

Speak their names

Let the whole world know

Their sacrifice was not in vain

Carry the load