

A War Made Real

One more week and my tour is done
Soon to finish what I'd begun

I thought I'd feel relief inside
That I'd survived while others died

Yet relief is not what I now feel
With the price of war made very real

For friends of mine have paid the price
Their lives laid down in sacrifice

We laughed, we prayed, we fought our foe
Unless you're here, you cannot know

The smell of blood, the sight of death
When friends release their final breath

God help me with this pain I feel
Buried deep, by war made real

Torn between my heart to stay
And board a plane in seven days

I think of home where I belong
Yet leaving here somehow seems wrong

God heal my pain and bring me peace
All fear and guilt to You release

Please soften now my soldier's heart
I need Your Grace as I depart

And for my friends who still remain
I pray Your Spirit will sustain

'Till freedom reigns throughout Iraq
And all our troops can be brought back

John Potter

4/16/07