



## **Prisoners of War**

The POW acronym we all know for sure,  
It rips at our hearts and there is no cure.  
The heart ache we feel for those that gave so much,  
When they finally come home there is so much fuss.  
But I think this story is much greater pained,  
For those that were never physically restrained.  
Those that have seen and been through hell,  
And their stories are deeply buried never to tell.  
The ones who witnessed torn bodies and death,  
I know that for many it took away their breath.  
To watch the life of a brother or sister float away.  
They would pick them up and search for a better place to lay.  
And on their knees they would bend in prayer,  
Knowing that at home there were those who care.  
And those scenes are now locked in their head,  
Each morning they awake with so much dread.  
Open their eyes and see they are still here,  
But their comrades are gone and they know the fear.  
Some can't take it and they join their friends,  
Suicide gives them a deployment that never ends.  
They see their lost friends in a blinding new light,  
And are thankful to know that they are now alright.  
But for those left behind, a POW they still are,  
Locked in a mental prison, they will still bear the scar.  
Of sacrifices made for this American land,  
With great honor and pride they still stand.  
But locked in their brain the pain never goes away,  
And they know it for as long as they stay.  
Oh God help them through their storm of guilt,  
And on Your Spirit a new life they have built.

**AMEN!**

ROTRUCK - 2015