

The Gates of Troy

Chris Roe
June, 2007

We stood along the roadside in the sun and in the rain
To take our places on the line and to spell it out again
Some lines you cross, you can't get back to where you were before
We'd have you think again before you lead us to this war

Cause haven't we seen this play before and didn't it end in tears?
When the hero of the day ignored the wisdom of the years
And the truth came down like righteous rain from the ones who knew the score
Of a play they'd seen a time or two before

It was back in the land of legend, on a rocky Trojan plain
Cassandra shouted down the wind with a story told in vain
And she saw the scene unfolding and the ships upon the sea
And she shouted from her soul, "his cannot be!"

For there in the reaches of her mind, as clear as the light of day
Misfortune on misfortune in a fine and muddy fray
'Til even the ones who started it could see that the game was gone
Lost in the night of a dirty worn out fight that can't be won

And the gods looked down, as fury took the crown
And they pulled the strings of suffering and they pulled the strings of joy
But their day is gone, and this moment is our own
To choose our future one more time outside the gates of Troy

And the golden feathered eagle who flew at the god's command
Crossed the page to another age and another promised land
And he took the lead as Caesar's seed was spread at Caesar's will
And soldiers, serfs and citizens were the ones who paid the bill

And still he pressed to the western edge, in the tail of the setting sun
Where he circled round the battlefields from Hastings to Bull Run
And you'd think he'd earned his day of rest from the fights they fought back then
But damned if they haven't drafted that bird again!

'Cause they trot him out when times get slow to stir up the fires of strife
When the will to run the world gives way to the will for a peaceful life
But the peaceful life is ours to live, and the prize can still be won
When soldiers, serfs and citizens stand up and call the tune

Haven't we seen this play before, and shouldn't we wonder why
So many more generations had to watch their children die
For a cause they never sanctified, and a fight that's not their own
Just to keep some helpless mortal on the throne

And the gods look down, from the high Olympic ground
But the pages shift when the holy gift breaks down to mortal clay
And a new day dawns, when we take this moment on
To choose our future one more time outside the gates of Troy