

# The Eternal Salute

The soldier's gaze is straight ahead and he counts to twenty one,  
then turns and walks across the tomb, his shoulder bears a gun.

His pace deliberate as he walks, you hear each one he takes,  
the steps they measure twenty one, no rhythm does he break.

He guards the tomb both day and night, a treasure lies therein  
and they are known but unto God, entombed in marbled skin.

They once were just like you and me, they answered freedom's call  
and one day gave their very last, their life, their very all.

Yes, this nation has its faults to bear, seems we still have much to learn,  
we still are so divided, which causes great concern.

But our colors stand the test of time, we are red and white and blue  
and I, for one, still love the flag and I hope that you do too.

For those that lie in Arlington, no name to mark their grave,  
we owe them all our gratitude for the sacrifice they made.

So, the soldier will continue, hour by hour and day by day,  
with a salute that is eternal for the price that has been paid.

On this day of independence, pause for those that lie in state,  
then watch the bombs that burst in air as our nation celebrates.