

# The Question by: The Moody Blues

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This Song just screams Zechs at me, so I thought I'd try my hand at a songfic. This is one of my all time favorite songs. It's a classic and if you've never heard it, I suggest you find a copy. It's by the Moody Blues.

## **The Question**

\*\* It is just after the war, and Zechs is missing presumed Dead. He is standing in the ruins of his homeland looking out over the sea. He is letting his mind wander as the sun sets over the horizon. His thoughts drift to the battles he'd endured throughout his young life. They settle upon the face of the adversary he has grown to admire and respect. Heero Yuy\*\*

**Why do we never get an answer  
when we're knocking at the door?  
With a thousand million questions  
about Hate and Death and War**

\*\* Zechs turns away from the rubble of the decimated city and turns his face in to the sea breeze. His long platinum locks whipping the air as they played with the wind. Zechs, trying desperately to find an answer to the reason behind the bloodshed. The senseless fighting in a pointless war. He tries to sort out in his heart the reasons behind his part in it.\*\*

**Cause when we stop to look around us,  
there is nothing that we need.  
In a world of persecution,  
that is burning in it's Greed.**

\*\* A solitary tear rolls down his cheek. The salty air, mixing with the salt in his tear. He questions his motives, he questions himself. \*\*

**Why do we never get an answer  
when we're knocking at the door?  
Because the truth is hard to swallow.  
That's what the war of love is for**

\*\* His thoughts wander and take the form a raven haired angel. The woman he loved more than his own honor. Loved above his own life. He stands alone, longing for her to be in his arms. Another tear falls from his sky blue eyes. A tear of regret, a tear of fond memories. A tear of longing and desire. \*\*

**It's not the way that you say it,  
when you do those things to me.  
It's more the way, that you mean it.  
When you tell me what we'll be.**

\*\* His heart pounds as he imagines the sound of her voice. The touch of her lips against his. His memories torment him as much as they offer comfort. \*\*

**And when you stop, think about it.  
You won't believe it's true.  
That all the love, you've been giving,**

**has all been meant for you.**

\*\* He turns fully into the growing wind. A storm is approaching. It echoes the storm of emotions already raging inside his heart and mind. \*\*

**I'm looking for, someone to change my life.  
I'm looking for, a miracle in my life.  
And if you could see, what it's done to me.  
To lose the love I knew, could safely lead me through.**

\*\* He gives up the fight to restrain his tears and let's them fall as the rain begins fall upon him. He looks back to the ruins of the Sank Kingdom. He thought stray to the other woman in his life he loves. Another person, he'd give his pathetic life for. His little sister. A far greater person in spirit, a true daughter, and worthy successor to the Peacecraft Monarchy. How he admires the person she has become. \*\*

**Between the silence of the mountains  
and the crashing of the sea.  
There lies a land, I once lived in.  
And she's waiting there for me.**

\*\* He wants to run to them, seek their comfort. But feels unfit to seek the warmth of their embrace. His Pride and his honor are battered and nearly unrecognizable from the war. He knows he must heal and find his path before he can embrace those he holds dear once more. He must redeem himself first. \*\*

**But in the gray of the morning,  
my mind becomes confused.  
Between the death and the sleeping and  
the road that I must choose.**

\*\* His mind now holds visions of three people. One he respects and admires and wishes to emulate. One he loves and wants to be loved by. And one he wants to protect and keep safe from the evils of the world. Three very different face, all holding the keys to his salvation. \*\*

**I'm looking for someone to change my life.  
I'm looking for a miracle in my life.  
And if you could see, what it's done to me.  
To lose the love I knew, could safely lead me to,  
the land that I once knew.  
To learn as we grow old, the secrets of our soul.**

\*\* Once more he turns to look out at the sea. The waves crash upon the shore and the water runs down his hair, plastering it against him. Yet, he does not feel it, the cold from within his being overwhelms the cold from the rain. Only the warmth in his heart towards those three visions, keeping the chill of darkness from claiming his soul completely. \*\*

**It's not the way that you say it  
when you do those things to me.  
It's more the way you really mean it,  
when you tell me what we'll be.**

\*\* The sun has set, and the stars are hidden from his sight by the clouds above. Zechs turns and begins to walk back towards the fallen kingdom. Perhaps once it has been rebuilt it will shine like the stars again. But it too is hidden behind the clouds of destruction and War. \*\*

**Why do we never get an answer  
when we're knocking at the door?  
with a thousand million questions  
about Hate and Death and War**

\*\* Perhaps, when he finds his path, the starlight will return to his eyes and the clouds of confusion will lift.  
\*\*

**Why do we never get an answer  
when we're knocking at the door?**

\*\* Perhaps, when he finds the answers to his heart's questions, he will find his Peace. \*\*