

Lions led by donkeys

Hundreds of miles away from home
Hungry and scared, frozen to the bone
Above my head the bullets rain
I pray to god but it's all in vain.
I now that I too must meet my fate
As I huddle under my **bloody** mate
The stench of death is all around
No sense of victory to be found.

Lions lead by donkeys that's what we are
The general's stubborn tactics
Aren't getting us too far
In our hundreds sent to our death
The barking general's stubborn breath

A moment sense of quick relief a football game a
holly wreath
But all too soon the moments gone
The whistle blown
The battle's on

Oh mother dear I won't be home
Your loving son, I'm not alone
For there are hundreds who share the pain
A war without substance without gain
So many young lives to be lost
A war is never without cost

Joseph

