

November 11th, Remembrance Day



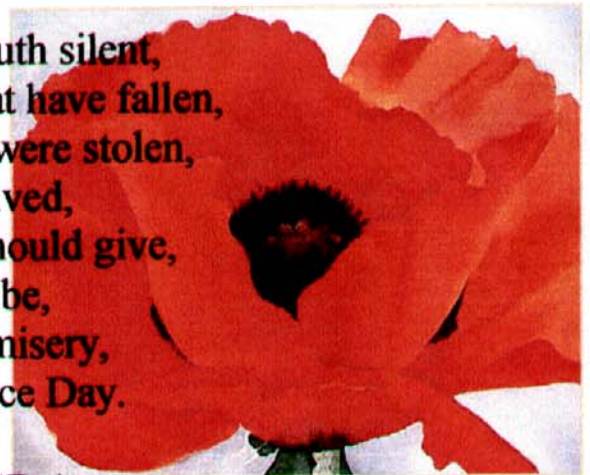
Over mud-streaked land bullets fly,
Men stagger, fall and die,
Rivers red flow through the fields,
Inhuman screams rip through the air,
Hearts so cold it's hard to care,
Eyes have seen too many horrors,
Brains are numb, men struck dumb,
Happiness is far away,
November 11th, Remembrance day.



In trenches deep and water filled,
Men see the faces of men they've killed,
Driven mad by cold glazed eyes,
Wishing it was they who'd died,
Rats scuttle to and fro,
Lice are everywhere they go,
Disease spreads like unchecked fire,
Gone is their will, their desire,
November 11th, Remembrance Day.

They see their friends and family fall,
They're just waiting for death to call,
Wives lose husbands, brothers, sons,
Children's fathers are felled by guns,
Strong are they who do not falter,
Who lend a hand and help rebuild,
Brave are those that suffer losses,
Great are those who gave their lives,
November 11th, Remembrance Day.

Bow your head; keep your mouth silent,
Remember those great soldiers that have fallen,
Who fought for us, whose lives were stolen,
Think also of those that lived,
Who God deemed longer life should give,
Grateful, all, we should be,
That we were spared such misery,
November 11th, Remembrance Day.



By Alexandra Pares 9GD