

Within the battle ground

A sea of suffocating gas surrounds,
Dead bodies lying on the cold hard ground.
The sky bleeds like tears of lead
As soldiers march, hearts as heavy as dread.
Soldiers faces resembled masks of misery.
Names unknown, soldigied in history.
Birds songs almost impossible to hear.
Like a Rattle on a stove some screamed in fear
Within the battle ground.

Through a blanket of fire, soldiers did rocur.
Desprate begging and pleading to find a home.
Rows of poppies representing the ones that fallen to the ground,
Corpses covered in blood, loss from soldiers could never be found.
The battle ground covered in a veil in red,
One march till their dead.
In the battle ground.

In the battle ground,
Blood covered soldiers limping along,
Friends and family wanted them back where they belong.
As the poppies blow in the breeze,
If you get shot you'll fall to your knees.