

Raw cheeks and hearing the cries of soldiers,
They rung out hitting their heavy hearts,
The cold gnawing at their face.
The tear-stained letters blown from ones fingertips
Carried by the breeze to where no one knew.
Weighed down by sorrow and fatigue
The long forgotten shells dropped one by one.

They said, they said, they said
Did not matter anymore, though their anger sat like a roaring fire
inside them,
Unable to be put out.
The redden carts dripped with memories
Of what once was.

Aiming over the trench-line,
The men dropped like flies ready to be slaughtered.
Cowardly men ran, they ran, they ran, they ran.
The devil spread like disease,
Hitting the children ardent for glory.
As the life drained from their eyes,
The old lie came:
Dulce Et Decorum Est.

