



The nature of war

Think of what we lost, all the young innocent lives,
Who lay in filthy trenches,
To live their last life. They won't be forgotten.

They thought it would be a journey to freedom
But it was a journey to their doom,
We may have done our duty
But we still hear weeping in the distance.

We remember the memory of our loved ones
Who we lost in the war,
We stare at the crosses
Of the ones so bravely lost.

Beside them as they lie,
Is a bright red poppy,
To mark their innocent lives. They won't be forgotten.

By Cian Siôn Roberts and Caspar Eldan Rose