

The Flower That Fought In The War

The flower that fought in the war,
Now is laid on a memorial,
Remembering the brave people
Who died a hundred years ago.

Lying there, cold as ice,
Some dead, some alive
Only the lucky would survive,
Young, innocent lives stolen,
Many hearts broken.

Floods of tears run down the mothers' faces,
Their little boys, once alive
Lie Dead.

Up in heaven, far away
Lie the protectors of our country
Who sacrificed their souls for us,
They have freedom,
And so do we.

Lottie Cook and Cadi Speake



