

Over the top

*Waiting for the whistle that calls our doom,
Surrounded by men who are pale and sick.
A shower of bullets will hit us soon,
Waiting for the moment as we load our guns. 'CLICK'
Another shell goes off, only metres away
Sending familiar faces through the air.
"Nothing new there", I heard them say,
As if they expected a death like theirs.
"Over we go!" I heard them shout,
As we started to climb.
Along the line, whistles blared out,
Announcing to the troops that now was the time.
Should I not return from this pointless charge,
Remember me with this:
I joined the army for dignified battle.
I didn't sign up for this.*

Alex Ipirot



What was it that made him cry?

*What was it that made the old man cry?
Was it the sight of his friends who died?
Was it the bugles that called for silence?
Or was it the guns that caused reminiscence?*

*Maybe that was what made the old man cry.
What with the sight of the flags that fly
In honour of the dead, men young and old,
Who suffered death so our stories could be told.*

*I know what made the old man cry.
It was the silence of respect that said goodbye
To the poor souls we lost in the trenches back then.
And 'til the end of days, we will remember them.*



*KNOW THESE MEN DIED WITH
HONOUR, FRIEND*

*KNOW THESE MEN DIED WITH HONOUR
FRIEND,
AND NOT JUST FOR A WAR CAMPAIGN.
KNOW THE PAIN THEY SUFFERED, FRIEND,
SO THAT IN A FREE COUNTRY YOU COULD
REMAIN.
THEY DIED FOR GOD, KING AND COUNTRY,
FRIEND,
NOT FOR THE SAKE OF WINNING A FIGHT,
THEY'LL REMAIN FOREVER YOUNG MY
FRIEND,
AS THEY WERE RAISED TO HEAVEN BY
GOD'S MIGHT,
REMEMBER THESE MEN FOREVER, FRIEND,
SENT TO THEIR DOOM, WE MUCH REGRET,
BUT WE SALUTE THEIR SACRIFICE,
AND WE SHALL NOT FORGET.*

