We were young

*To young*

They promised adventure and love

Lies

They promised fun and brotherhood

Lies

They said dying for your country was honourable

Lies

All we found was death and misery

They said girls would love us

They looked at us like weapons

They said we would be heroes

We were beaten as monsters

They said we would be home by Christmas

Four years

They said we would win

The Tommies and Frenchies won

They spoke of brave cavalry charges

Those men were gunned down as they rode

They spoke of the brave infantrymen

They didn't say this:

That man was turned to paste by artillery shells
Or burnt by flame

Or maybe he had his lungs melted by gas

What about the general leading his men on the front?

That man was miles back in a cozy house

While you are here

Killing

Being killed

The honour they promised was replaced

By the overwhelming will to live

Shooting the wounded man because he might kill you days later

Bludgeoning a man to death with a stone

Why?

Because you’re out of ammo

Why not run?

Because the only way is forward.

We thought that if we pushed harder

Our enthusiasm might win the war

All it did was kill millions

All the suffering, what did it solve?

Nothing

All it did was ruin my country

Ruin my world
Ruin our world

Millions lost in the meat grinder of the trenches

I forgive the English and French

Not those who said it would be fine

I just hope this truly was the war to end all wars

All in all a tragic loss

Peace secured but at what cost?

A generation lost

We are forever in debt

100 years hence

Lest we forget.