

WAR ZONE

I am Major Carridge I've trained my men to fight,
Today is the day at sundown, we go over the top tonight,
It's gloomy and grey, it doesn't look good,
And in my heart I know there'll be blood
These soldiers I have trained, to honour and protect,
Our country and families we love and respect .
These men miss their children, mothers and wives,
Yet still they are here, fighting with their lives.

As I round up my troupes, sirens sound out loud,
My men stand before me tall, strong and proud.
I blow on my whistle and wish them good luck,
As bullets start flying, I drop down and duck.
What lies ahead us, on the other side?
So many before have attempted but died.

Crawling across the battle field armed, ready and brave,
Please god I beg you, don't send me to my grave.
Flame throwers were launched I commanded fall back !
Fear began to take over, this was a deadly attack.

We cannot be beaten we won't let them win.
I must take control, let the battle begin.
We pulled out grenades, rifles and tanks,
Adrenaline took over as we all closed ranks.

We charge at the enemy, shooting to kill,
Trampling over bodies lying so still.
The stench of death is all around,
Blood and guts cover the ground.

We must push forwards and try to forget
That these men have families they love and respect
It's them or its us, that's what we were told
But men lie here dying, bleeding and cold .
We are opposite sides that are fighting this war
But is it all worth it ? What is it for ?

Freedom and power is what lead us here
Lives lost, blood shed and many a tear.
I ask myself why we cannot be friends
And bring this war to a happy end.
Maybe one day we will all live in peace
But for now war lives on and does not cease.

By josh
Carridge