

Men are dying

I'm needed across the sea

Fortune and glory await

Who knows what else, Will see

Although it will be hard to say goodbye

Accompanied by merchant marines and Rainbows
I must go and fight
Brave citizens without recognition

The Metagama carries me away

All you can do now is pray

Land-Ho, off to training we go

I'm meant to be up in the sky

Soaring like a hawk

how fast training went by

I'm officially part of the flock

Night falls and we load up

Bomb shells and machine guns rattle

The ground beams and dances as we attack

Lighthouses flash us morse code
guiding us back

Souting ahead is important

And what sights we see!

Trenches spread across the landscape

Like snakes going on for miles

Thick mud smothers soldiers and traps tanks

Soaking into every crevice

Bodies pile high

Brothers left behind

How could we have been so blind

We will never forget.

