

Crowds upon crowds,
Their voices filled with pride,
They wear their colours,
For the young men who have died.

And as the end draws near,
Bright, spring, dawn
From their trenches they peer,
Many countries torn.

From start to end,
The men they've called in,
No longer have to fend.
A new world sprouts from empires fallen.

First Italy, Germany, then Japan,
From losses so severe,
Only a second ago, it seemed like it began,
Who could have thought? No one's a forseeer.

Kyle CH Year 7