

Just a couple days of war,
These men will see their homes, no more.
Poppies spread between the rows,
And in the battlefield, silence grows.
The blood and gunpowder from our men,
Grow right down the poppies' stem.
They will rest beneath their graves,
The sad, cold misery comes in waves.
No more husband, no more son,
Suddenly you may have no one.
War still rages, loud and clear,
Killing many you hold dear.
These great men sacrifice their lives,
For their daughters, sons, and wives.
The red and black shows our respect,
We will remember, **LEST WE FORGET.**
You shall never be forgotten,
We pledge to you today,
A hallowed place within our hearts,
Is where you will stay.

~ by Emily Paajanen

