

The Latin One

New Jersey Kings

Bent double like old beggars in sacks
Knock kneed and cursing or coughing like hags
Men marched on sleeping some without boots
Fatigue drunken deaf still to the hoots
 Of breaking gas shells
 Dropping softly behind
 But limped on bloodshed
 All went lame all went blind
Gas gas quick boys fumbling helmets in time
Someone still screaming a man in fire or lime
Under a gray cloud dim dark through green light
In all my dreaming before my helpless sight
 He plunges at me
 Choking guttering drowning
Put in a wagon he had to keep pace
 As his eyes melt to his face
 If you could hear blood
 Gurgling from ruptured lungs
 If you could witness
 Vile sores on innocent tongues
 You would not tell me
Not with such pride and such zest
 The lies of history
 Dulce et decorum est
 Pro patria mori
 Some desperate glory
 Pro patria mori
As witness disturbs the story
 Pro patria mori
Stand firm boys breathe the glory

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