

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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