In Dulce Decorum

The Damned

Dear mother how I will write this line
When I know I'm counting time
I'm tired and I'm scared
I'm waiting and death's my friendTo say in God we trust not for this
Oh the death and glory boys not for thisDear beloved try to write to you
Through the senseless deaths of a million troops
I'm waiting my time is near
As my tears wash away my yearsTo say in God we trust not for this
Oh the death and glory boys not for thisWhere I walk where I see
The haunting flares where my friends bleed
I see the face of the enemy
Of a man or boy who is just like me
Now you're not there
All the tears we bled
Cut through like winters rain
Can't you feel the painAnd if I could ever sleep again
I know till the end of time I'd hear
Their screams of pain
Dulce dulce decorum
Dulce dulce decorum
Dulce
Dear mother I'll write to you

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