

Children's Crusade

Tonio K.

Young men, soldiers, nineteen fourteen
Marching through countries they'd never seen
 Virgins with rifles, a game of charades
 All for a children's crusade
Pawns in the game are not victims of chance
 Strewn on the fields of Belgium and France
 Poppies for young men, death's bitter trade
 All of those young lives betrayed
The children of England would never be slaves
 They're trapped on the wire and dying in waves
 The flower of England face down in the mud
 And stained in the blood of a whole generation
 Corpulent generals safe behind lines
 History's lessons drowned in red wine
 Poppies for young men, death's bitter trade
 All of those young lives betrayed
 All for a children's crusade
The children of England would never be slaves
 They're trapped on the wire and dying in waves
 The flower of England face down in the mud
 And stained in the blood of a whole generation
 Midnight in Soho nineteen eighty four
 Fixing in doorways, opium slaves
 Poppies for young men, such bitter trade
 All of those young lives betrayed
 All for a children's crusade

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