

# 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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