

# The Latin One

## El Chicano

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

Lyrics provided by

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