

The Damned, In Dulce Decorum

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 friend

To say in God we trust not for this

Oh the death and glory boys not for this

Dear 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 years

To say in God we trust not for this

Oh the death and glory boys not for this

Where 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 pain

And 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