

You'll take my life but I'll take yours too
You'll fire your musket but I'll run you through
So when you're waiting for the next attack
You'd better stand there's no turning back.
The bugle sounds and the charge begins
But on (1) (2) no one wins
The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath
As I plunge on (3) (4) death.
The horse he sweats with fear we break to run
The mighty (5) of the Russian guns
And as we race towards the (6) wall
The screams of pain as my comrades fall
We hurdle (7) that lay on the ground
And the Russians fire another round
We get so near yet so far away
We were meant to fight another day.
We get so close (8) enough to fight
When a Russian gets me in his sights
He pulls the trigger and I feel the blow
A burst of rounds take my (9) below.
And as I lay there gazing at the sky
My body's numb and my throat is dry
And as I lay forgotten and alone
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Without a tear I draw my parting (10)_____



- 1. this
- 2. battlefield
- 3. into
- 4. certain
- 5. roar
- 6. human
- 7. bodies
- 8. near
- 9. horse
- 10. groan

Fill in the gaps