

Gallipoli

Dungeon

So southern sons
Swallow propganda
And set sail to leave our shores
So far away, a distant war

No voice to say
No word opposed
The orders handed down from feckless hands
All condemed to die in foreign lands

Eight thousand men to lose their lives
Honour 'til death, the ANZAC pride

Orders taught, we storm the Dardenelles
A futile task, all men condemed to hell
A legend born there as our children fell
ANZACS stand taller than all

Nowhere to hide
The raining fire of guns
Now turn the sapphire waters red
Survivors few and far between the dead

So the time has come
To scale the walls
And run the deadly gauntlet - No Man's Land
The time to stand or fall is now at hand

REPEAT PRE-CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS

SOLO: LT / Mav Stevens / LT