

Royal Flying Corpse

English Dogs

On through the light
On beyond your helpless sight
All in the line of duty as silent as your life
You died in 1914
You'll die again with these last words
The last time that your name was ever heard
Forgotten names they cough like hags
Like old beggars under sacks
On haunting flares we turned our backs
Cursing through the sludge
Men are marching some without boots
Fatigue and deafened to the hoots
Of gas shells dropping , trudging , coughing
The new recruits will trudge.
On through the light
On beyond your helpless sight
All in the line of duty as silent as your life
You died in 1914
You'll die again with these last words
The last time that your name was ever heard
To join the Royal Flying Corps
To be dressed down with military cross
To be forgotten , a nameless corpse,
To be England's hero.
This is not of glory , not of majesty
Not of power , not of memory.
This tragedy , this warning
Before once more you let them go.
On to the skies Victoria crosses in your eyes
For your country for the duty
Your name is cast aside
You died in 1917 , you'll die again with 2 short words
The last time that your name was ever heard
On through the light
On beyond your helpless sight
All in the line of duty as silent as your life
You died in 1914
You'll die again with these last words
The last time that your name was ever heard