

Remember The Brave Ones

Luka Bloom

Remember the brave ones with the blackened face
Digging the trenches for the human race
Remember the brave ones with the sanded eyes
Storming the beach-head, hear the battle cry
Mow them down, mow them down.

The European fields and the coastal sands
Ran wet and warm where warriors had spilled
This Christian sacrifice must never happen again
The search began to find
A cleaner way to kill

Remember the brave ones who flew the skies
Dropping their gifts down on the passers-by
Deliver to London and to Dresden Town
Let the buildings and rubble be their sleeping gown
Blow them up, blow them up.

The European cities and European towns
Ran wet and warm where peaceful people spilled
This Christian sacrifice must never happen again
The search began to find
A cleaner way to kill

Remember the brave ones
With the button is down
In a shelter in Moscow or in Washington
And the faceless features of a life unborn
To a civilisation that wouldn't live to learn
To forget the brave ones and let them lie
Let their death moans be the warning cry
Of a battle that burns up like a million suns
Where there are no heroes
And there are no brave ones
Forget the brave ones
Forget the brave ones