Children's Crusade

Young men, soldiers, Nineteen Fourteen Marching through countries they'd never seen Virgins with rifles, a game of charades All for a Children's Crusade

Pawns in the game are not victims of chance Strewn on the fields of Belgium and France Poppies for young men, death's bitter trade All of those young lives betrayed

The children of England would never be slaves They're trapped on the wire and dying in waves The flower of England face down in the mud And stained in the blood of a whole generation

Corpulent generals safe behind lines History's lessons drowned in red wine Poppies for young men, death's bitter trade All of those young lives betrayed All for a Children's Crusade

The children of England would never be slaves They're trapped on the wire and dying in waves The flower of England face down in the mud And stained in the blood of a whole generation

Midnight in Soho, Nineteen Eighty-four Fixing in doorways, opium slaves Poppies for young men, such bitter trade All of those young lives betrayed All for a Children's Crusade

Sting