

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 (1) back.
The bugle (2) and the charge begins
But on this battlefield no one wins
The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath
As I plunge on into certain death.
The horse he sweats with (3) we break to run
The mighty (4) of the Russian guns
And as we race (5) the human wall
The screams of pain as my comrades fall
We hurdle bodies that lay on the ground
And the Russians fire another round
We get so near yet so far away
We (6) meant to (7) another day.
We get so close near enough to fight
When a Russian gets me in his sights
He pulls the trigger and I feel the blow
A burst of rounds (8) my horse below.
And as I lay there (9) at the sky
My body's (10) and my throat is dry
And as I lay forgotten and alone
Without a tear I draw my parting groan



- 1. turning
- 2. sounds
- 3. fear
- 4. roar
- 5. towards
- 6. were
- 7. fight
- 8. take
- 9. gazing
- 10. numb

Fill in the gaps