

*"No one is Coming"*

*By: Charlotte Frandac*

Passing memories fill my head  
moss grows thicker on their boots dead men walking  
The fight carries on tonight  
Many men play this game called the war to fight for their countries  
I play this game to fight for me to fight for those who aren't allowed

I began to realize the severity of the war  
It was not a war any more it was a killing  
Just game of world leader testing out their new toys  
I am a pawn in their game of chess  
On the front lines fighting their battle while the kaiser  
Sits and waits

Was a woman always elegant  
With her hair silky blonde hair and her pink dress  
That was not me I was a fighter  
I am a woman who can fight her own battles  
but this one I were sure to lose