**November Eleventh**

**N**ovember 11th, a momentous day

**O**n this day we remember those who gave

**V**aluable people who fought and now lay

**E**very soldier stood proud and brave

**M**any were injured while defending us then

**B**ecause of them, there is freedom and peace

**E**ach took a risk to fight against other men

**R**emembering them is an important piece

**E**ven when they knew the mission was perilous

**L**ots still defending their countries today

**E**ven when they knew serving was dangerous

**V**eterans are still watching over to this day

**E**veryone remembers the soldiers’ great start

**N**o BOOMs, no battles, no fields bloody and wet

**T**o all who served for us, you are part of our hearts

**H**oping for a better world, lest we forget

**In The Horizon**

In the world of red, the sky had shattered

Cold rain fell, a calming matter

For he searched and searched, for a corpse that laid scattered

A soul torn to pieces - a heart left in shatters

The cold song of war, loud yet frail

Not a single lark dare to interrupt its wails

In gale carries misery, too brittle to inhale

For the cries of a war can't be dimmed by any yale

Yet scars don't heal, they merely fade

In the echoes of war - a boy left to evade

The horizon glowed dim in the edge of his eyes

As he took a step forward to the everlasting line

The boy leaped over the bodies and over the cracks

Only a shadow to trail his tracks

He followed aimlessly - the long twisted path

For anywhere but here would be his destination at last

He walked and walked and walked some more

Following the trail, wishing he could soar

Soar through the clouds, so high in the sky

Not needing to see all the blood that laid dry

The sun rose once more, his legs with a sore

No matter how far he ran, the line seemed stuck by the core

With each step it stayed, with glowing deplore

A yearn for freedom, a constant closed door

The peace he wanted, an image he thought

A shallow dream, just a world that he sought

For everyone was gone, only his footprints that walked along

Along the rode to a life, he knew was long gone

The song became a scream, the scream became a cry

The cry of a child, tears flooding the sky

This cruel world was not made for this boy

For even adults, can't stand this wretched noise

**Sorrowful Soldiers**

Soldiers that fought, veterans that served.

All the soldiers need the respect they’ve deserved.

These battles were filled with too much gore.

This deadly battle, it’s called a war.

On the 11th of November, show gratitude, wear a poppy, a mighty one that’s red.

Attend the assembly, to honour the dead.

Because of this, they faced terror and agony.

Most of them have not even finished their academy.

They marched to the field, with courage in their blood.

Ducking in the trenches, all covered in mud.

Haunted by nightmares, and scarred by shrapnel.

Some are captured, and stuck in shackles.

Let’s take a day to honour the fallen.

Try getting a poppy it’s not uncommon.

The poppies are the symbol for remembrance.

Just wear one and go to the assemblance.

Wives and husbands all at home.

Children at home have all grown.

Mothers and fathers consumed by grief.

Pets at the door all in disbelief.

We all honour them, with our grateful hearts.

They played their part, from their start.

So let’s wear a poppy, a symbol of grace.

A tribute to soldiers and veterans, in every place.

The People

The soldiers left their homes

To fight, among the moans

The servicemen, we respect

We must thank them, with effect.

The soldiers, so brave

Through the wind, and the wave

They fought and fought

And peace they sought.

The sawbones, dealing with the wounds

Even with their clothing maroon

Screams in the air

Pain everywhere.

The families, waiting in suspense

Hoping and praying, it’s extremely tense

Supposed to live lives

Waiting to see if their relative survives.

The leaders ordering death

It tears at their souls, to force a last breath

Declaring war to save the people

Trying hard to make it all equal.

Reconciliation and Remembrance

On the 11th of November

Communities across the globe, will gather to remember

Fear turning to appreciation and appreciation turning to sorrow

Knowing that on the battlefront there may not be a tomorrow,

For those who fought.

Fighting for our country on the battlefield

Machine guns and grenades are the weapons they wield

The blood from their bodies so vibrant and red

Let’s take a day to honour the dead

For those who fought.

Sacrificing their life

In the midst of a strife

On this day we take such pride

To remember those who have died

For those who fought.

This sentiment is for the few

Who fight for people like me and you

Your sacrifice, we’ll never forget

As you have paid the ultimate debt

For those who fought.

We demonstrate respect by wearing poppies

It’s just one moment to remember the dead bodies

Being shipped oversea

Forced to flee from their country

For those who fought.

**The Face of Sacrifice**

With tears in his eyes,

Away from home he strides.

His life, he puts on the line,

To keep his country pure and divine.

Choking in the fog of war,

Bullets flashing in the gore.

His maple-shaped heart thumps, once, twice, thrice,

Ready to make the ultimate sacrifice.

His comrades fall, one by one,

Still, he storms onward, his task undone.

His mind grows heavy, his thoughts grow unclear,

Yet he limps forward, completely without fear.

Amidst a battle, with steady speed,

He presses on, his troops he leads.

For this was needed, for us Canadians,

A loyalty so strong, that’s why we always win.

Shot after shot, pierces his skin,

But he continues, for his Canuck kin.

Finally, to cease his retribution,

An enemy shot carries out his execution.

But it was not just him who fell,

There were thousands of others as well.

They stood rooted like a maple tree,

Thanks to them, we are true north strong and free.

**Whispers of the Fallen**

In the fields of green where poppies grow,

The whispers of the past still flow.

Valiant hearts that stood with grace,

For liberty’s right, they set the pace.

From Vimy’s heights to Normandy’s shore,

Canadian soldiers, remembered forevermore.

With heavy hearts, we gather here,

To honor those we hold so dear.

Each name engraved, a story told,

Of courage and bravery, their spirits bold.

Through mud and fear, through fire and pain,

Their sacrifice shall not be in vain.

We lay our wreaths, silent stands,

For every soldier, hand to hand.

Every tear, every prayer,

We pledge to keep their memory here.

With gratitude, we raise our voice,

In remembrance, we make our choice.

To cherish peace, to seek the light,

To honour their dreams, to stand and fight.

In every heart, their legacy lives,

In every act, we give.

A promise made, we shall uphold,

For freedom’s flame, we will stay strong.

So let us walk with heads held high,

For those who soared, for those who fly,

In unity we stand today. For peace, we will find our way.

As long as our hearts remember well,

Their stories of courage, we will tell.

In every poppy, for every tear,

We hold them close, forever near.

**The Sacrifice for our Freedom**

Many Canadian soldiers were off to war

Knowing that this could be the last time they walk through their door

Leaving everything behind to serve their country.

Facing the unknown, but standing strong and free.

Going overseas to fight

In the darkness of night

Day after day, after day

Never stopping until the war gives way.

They are not at war for money or popularity

But to fight for our freedom, safety and prosperity

Sacrificing themselves for our well-being

Braving hardships, never fleeing.

Soldiers fighting for their comrades

To look for the well-being of each other, through all the cascades

They stand strong together, through the darkest shades

And hold the front line to see brighter days.

They keep on standing together through rough nights

Guided by the hope and the promise of brighter lights

Home country awaits with open embrace

Welcoming them back to a peaceful place.