

## **Heroes to the End**

**by Francesca Tyer**

Remember, for we are but dust beneath  
the gilded canopy of night,  
We, that never closed our eyes  
against hope and the calling light.  
Hand in hand with empty life and death,  
Between turbulent sea and shore,  
Dying heroes, living dead,  
The dreamers that wake no more.  
Amid wretched ashes of despair,  
We fought for life and hope,  
There, side by side as brothers stood  
Upon dark and unknown slopes.  
When the golden hours of sunset fall,  
We rise from our graves of mud,  
For we walk on England's green again,  
In poppy fields which bore our blood.