

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 (1) there's no turning back.	
The bugle sounds and the (2) begins	
But on (3) battlefield no one wins	
The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath	
As I plunge on into certain death.	
The horse he sweats (4) fear we (5) to run	ı
The (6) roar of the Russian guns	
And as we race towards 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 were meant to fight another day.	
We get so close near enough to fight	
When a Russian gets me in his sights	
He pulls the trigger and I (7) the blow	
A burst of rounds take my horse below.	
And as I lay there gazing at the sky	
My body's (8) and my throat is dry	
And as I lay (9) and alone	
Without a tear I draw my parting groan	



- 1. stand
- 2. charge
- 3. this
- 4. with
- 5. break
- 6. mighty
- 7. feel
- 8. numb
- 9. forgotten

Fill in the gaps