

Fill in the gaps

| These mist covered mountains |
|-------------------------------------|
| Are a home now for me |
| But my (1) is the lowlands |
| And always will be |
| Some day you'll (2) to |
| Your valleys and (3) farms |
| And you'll no longer burn |
| To be brothers in arms |
| Through these fields of destruction |
| Baptism of fire |
| I've witnessed your suffering |
| As the battles raged higher |
| And (4) they did (5) me so bad |
| In the fear and alarm |
| You did not desert me |
| My brothers in arms |
| There's so many (6) worlds |
| So (7) (8) suns |
| And we have just one world |
| But we live in different ones |
| Now the sun's gone to hell and |
| The moon's riding high |
| Let me bid you farewell |
| Every man has to die |
| But it's (9) in the starlight |
| And every line on your palm |
| We're fools to make war |

On our brothers in arms



- 1. home
- 2. return
- 3. your
- 4. though
- 5. hurt
- 6. different
- 7. many
- 8. different
- 9. written

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