

Fill in the gaps

| You'll take my life but I'll take yours too |
|---|
| You'll fire your (1) but I'll run you through |
| So when you're waiting for the next attack |
| You'd better stand there's no turning back. |
| The bugle sounds and the charge begins |
| But on this battlefield no one wins |
| The smell of (2) smoke and horses breath |
| As I plunge on into certain death. |
| The (3) he (4) with fear we break to run |
| The mighty 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 (5) another day. |
| We get so close (6) 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 numb and my throat is dry |
| And as I lay forgotten and alone |
| Without a (8) I draw my parting groan |



1. musket

- 2. acrid
- 3. horse
- 4. sweats
- 5. fight
- 6. near
- 7. feel
- 8. tear

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