

# Big Head Todd And The Monsters, Flander's Field

(Based on the poem "In Flanders Fields" by John McCrae)

In Flanders Fields where the poppies blow  
Between the crosses row by row.  
To mark our places and in the sky  
The larks go bravely singing fly  
Scarce heard amongst the guns below

From Flanders Fields  
We will come running home  
From Flanders Fields  
We will rise up singing  
We will rise up.

We were together short days ago  
Breathed the air saw the sunset glow  
Loved and were loved but now we lie  
In Flanders Fields I hear her cry.  
In Flanders Fields I hear her cry.

From Flanders Fields  
We will come running home  
From Flanders Fields  
We will rise up singing  
We will rise up.

Take up your quarrel with the foe  
To you from flailing hands we throw  
The torch be yours so hold it high.  
We will not sleep though we lie.  
We will not sleep though we lie.

From Flanders Fields  
We will come running home  
From Flanders Fields  
We will rise up singing  
We will rise up.