

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.