

## **The Battlefield**

The battlefield's a  
defender,  
Where soldiers' wounds  
are deep.  
It gives mercy for your  
fate,  
As the enemies lay  
asleep.

The battlefield's a  
comrade,  
With blood red stains.  
The world is an open  
wound to heal,  
Yet it's our duty to  
cause pain.

The battlefield is  
energetic,  
Forceful and fierce.  
You witness detrimental  
consequences,  
From the tragic pierce.

Booms and bangs are all  
you hear.

With shields that  
protect you,  
Like your guardian peer.

The battlefield's a  
hornet,

He is waiting for the  
call.

There's fire in his  
eyes,

As he gives it his all.

The battlefield's a  
hoarder,

A skilled venomous  
killer.

He smothers and  
suffocates,

while soldiers  
experience a poisoned  
thriller.

**By Alder Class (Year 6)**

The battlefield's a  
deadly sniper,

