

# The Battlefield

To leave only death.

The battlefield's  
surrounded,  
Aeroplanes shooting us down,  
The sky's creepily foggy,  
When gunpowder surrounds.

The battlefield's a  
chessboard,  
One action changes lives,  
Through shooting and  
fighting,  
With guns and knives.

The battlefield's a horror,  
Standing completely still.  
For soldiers in trenches,  
Dead at their will.

**By Lime Class (Year 6)**

The battlefield's a lake,  
Blood full and strong.  
Buried deep down,  
Where bodies belong.

The battlefield's a canine,  
Going out for it all.  
Battles and brawls,  
Out screams a sinister call.

The battlefield's a demon,  
The one that takes your  
breath.

The slaughter line is  
coming,