

# The Battlefield

The Battlefield's a protector,

A shield, a saviour.

He acts like a saint saving the soldiers

From the enemies' behaviour.

The Battlefield's a soldier,

A warrior, a fighter.

Strong, fierce and brave,

With a future much less brighter.

The Battlefield's a supporter,

A block of clay holding up everyone's weight.

He silently witnesses as soldiers meet,

Their tragic fate.

The Battlefield's a demolisher,

A missile, a bomb.

He doesn't care who he takes down,

And the sky is where he falls from.

The Battlefield's a spitfire pilot,

When he gets shot down.

There's fire in the sky,

As he crashes with a frown.

The Battlefield's an assassin,

A trained killer showing no mercy.  
As he stifles and suffocates,  
The soldiers in their plenty.

**by Willow Class (Year 6)**