

## Children's Crusade

Sting

Young men, soldiers, Nineteen Fourteen  
Marching through countries they'd never seen  
Virgins with rifles, a game of charades  
All for a Children's Crusade

Pawns in the game are not victims of chance  
Strewn on the fields of Belgium and France  
Poppies for young men, death's bitter trade  
All of those young lives betrayed

The children of England would never be slaves  
They're trapped on the wire and dying in waves  
The flower of England face down in the mud  
And stained in the blood of a whole generation

Corpulent generals safe behind lines  
History's lessons drowned in red wine  
Poppies for young men, death's bitter trade  
All of those young lives betrayed  
All for a Children's Crusade

The children of England would never be slaves  
They're trapped on the wire and dying in waves  
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Midnight in Soho, Nineteen Eighty-four  
Fixing in doorways, opium slaves  
Poppies for young men, such bitter trade  
All of those young lives betrayed  
All for a Children's Crusade