

All's quiet in the streets  
of the city that built bullets  
as the foreign absence  
looms heavy like smog -  
While in the battlefield  
built from bullets and bombs,  
above the mud and blood,  
smoke rises and blots out the Sun.

In the factories of the city,  
the point of each round  
tips the scale  
in the wages of war -  
the sweat, heart and  
hope of the workers  
laboured into each carefully  
manufactured round.

In the Passchendale trenches  
amid the noise and struggle  
the field becomes a proving ground  
for the everyday heroics  
that make the stories  
home hold close.