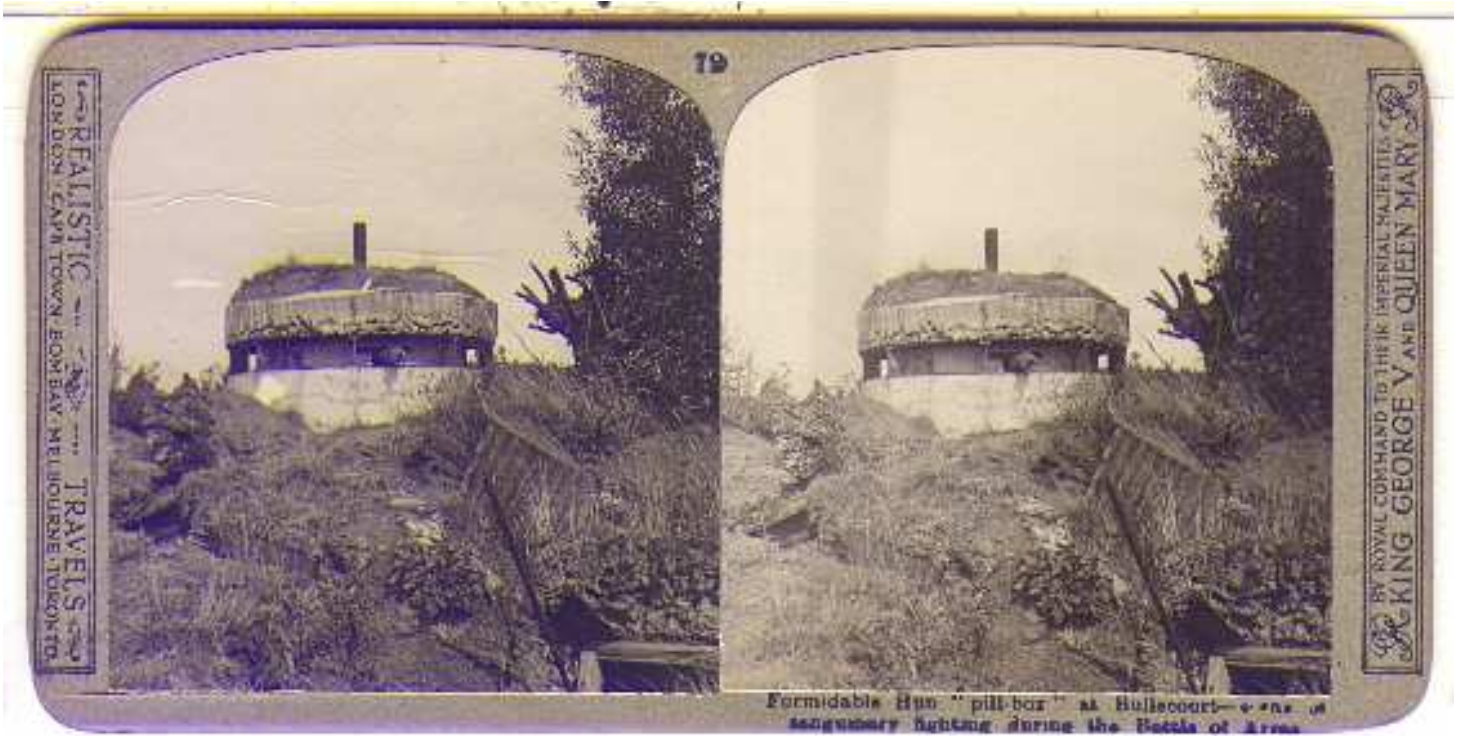


Hill Six Three Three

by

Vixxy Fox



Defiantly it stands staunch before us
A pill box fixed upon on its bloody crown
Barbed wire stretches down around its belly
While before it our dead litter the ground.

They all died
Yet we are called upon to 'try again'.

Three waves were set against this gruesome beast

A fourth held reserve to the battles heat

Where no bomb nor cannon shell can do the job

Brave Tommy is sent to twist the Devil's teat.

They all died

Yet we are called upon to 'try again'.

A bullet or two was all it took

From a ruthless machine gun quickly spit

Waiting for us to climb the ladders and run

Fifteen hundred perished in ten minute clicks.

They all died

Yet we are called upon to 'try again'.

Hearing the trumpet's 'stand down' order to live

We abandon the ladders poste haste

Hiding in holes now spacious through death

Waiting as the sappers dig to the gates.

They all died

Yet we are called upon to 'try again'.

A week later they blew it up from under.

The fourth wave now carried when we charged

Bayoneting any survivors of the broken gun

Only to find another line further back

With another pill box

On another hill

Draped with

Wire

Waiting for us to again attempt Death's hopeless run.

They all died

And yet

We are called upon to try again.