

Black Mountain

"1915"

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Face the west at sunset,
Hear the bugle's call
The spirit of the ANZAC code
Will live on in us all
At the dawn of each new day
Turn and face the east
Hail for those who died
Remember the deceased

No room to raise their rifles
Clamouring over sun stench corpses
In dark conditions they fought hard
With sword and fist

Prepare to charge
Fix bayonets
Clear your thoughts
No bullets
This is hand to hand combat
All hail... the legends of Lone Pine

The fighting raged relentlessly
Before the week was done
6000 more lay dead out in the sun
Blood spilt in the ridges
In the gullies in the trench
Stretcher man moved the wounded back...
Out of the stench

They fought hard with sword and bloodied fist [x4]

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