



## WE WILL REMEMBER



We are red we are green,  
We stand tall like a soldier  
To attention and salute,  
Like boots marching to war.

A wave of red.

A sea of crimson.

Our green delicate stems

Grow out of the ground where the  
soldier once stood.

We grow where blood was spread,

We wish that it will not happen again

We like to see peace.

We are the poppies. We have seen  
death, we are proud of the soldiers who  
lost their lives.

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