

## Freedom

Freedom is the air blowing through isolated poppy fields  
Drifting in harmony to the unpromised tomorrows  
Freedom is the first breath in the morning we take for granted  
Freedom is the fuzzy feeling of sand travelling between your toes  
Freedom is the field of poppy's filling Flanders Field  
Filling it with sea of rouge and the feeling of hopefulness

Poppy's grow on the field of freedom  
It sways in the direction of Flanders Field memory  
A memory of the sacrifice for our freedom  
A memory of sheer willpower  
A memory of standing tall  
Erasing the wrongs and making them rights  
Standing resilient in the face of unknown  
Heads firmly held high  
Eyes gleaming with determination and resilience  
Their strength, the true meaning of freedom

The strong wind flourishing in the air  
The smell of soot and frustration penetrating the air  
Through battle and bloodshed  
Red painting the battle field for our future  
In spirit and body we remember those who stood in the face of darkness  
We stand  
Remain in silence  
Remembering

On this here Remembrance Day  
With this breath we take for granted  
Let this be a reflection  
The freedom and peace which was earned on the backs of our brother and sisters  
Strong hearted and strong willed we reflect  
Served their duty, changed the future, Now they must rest  
Resting, finally free in the land of poppy's

We come together to show respect and honour for those who allowed us to feel this  
freedom  
Through their sacrifice, do we know truly know the feeling of freedom.  
In their gleaming memory we sing  
'Lest we forget'  
Their sacrifice shining and keeping us warm  
Throughout the darkest and coldest nights