

Each Poppy Holds a Story

Each poppy holds a story,
In its crimson folds.

The stories of the courageous soldiers
Are the stories that should be told.

Each poppy holds a story.

Each poppy tells a story,
Of those, who united all people within our nation.
Who defended Canada from devastation.
Who served in the war with dedication and love.
Who extended their bravery to the stars above.

Each poppy tells a story

Each poppy protects a story,
As the fearless soldiers march on and on.
Helping their friends, the fallen, the ones they hold dearest to their heart
With determination to keep going forth.

The poppies look over them, as they fight for a new dawn.

Each poppy protects a story.

Each poppy shares a story,
When they whisk away into the wind.
The scarlet colour embracing the children of the fallen from within.

The beautiful petals flying through the sky,
Over little children, beaming, as they pass by.

Each poppy shares a story.

As the poppies grow back year after year,

The stories stay the same.

Holding the memories of the soldiers,

Remembering their heroic names.

Each poppy will *forever* hold a story.