

Freedom Is Not Free

I may never know your name.
Where you fought; from whence you came.
I may never know your story,
Or if you found your promised glory.

I wasn't there when you enlisted, and I'll never know why
I can't begin to fathom the pain you felt when you died.
As I wander past the crosses, the names blur into one another
The legacy of the lost, all our fallen sisters and brothers

I never saw the death, the horror, the violence
It wasn't me in the battlefield fighting alone
I never understood our moment of silence
I only know that it's two minutes I can't be on my phone

Freedom was mine since the day I was born,
I didn't care enough to contemplate the cost,
I thought I was honouring them with the poppy I wore,
But it would never bring back all the lives that were lost.

I was ignorant until I met them; the veterans I failed to see
The heroes who herald our anthem; who made Canada "strong and free."

They protected our country since it's very founding,
They sacrificed for over a century,
The brave souls who served amid the guns resounding,
Who prove that freedom doesn't come for free.

Freedom is a right, it's true, but it's a right that was hard gained,
And the fight for freedom is one that continues through that death, horror, and pain

So I salute you now, soldiers of the grave,
And to those who lived on, who keep their memories alive,
I salute the families who learned what it meant to be brave,
All those who lost themselves so I could thrive.

Our brothers saw battle so we wouldn't have to,
Our sisters fought with their lives so ours could be free,
So I honour their courage with this dream I pursue.
You gave up yourselves, so I could be me.