

In one minute's silence

In one minutes silence

Can you imagine

The anticipation of the ANZACs

As their boat scrapes the turkish shore

And the horror on the turks faces as they see this

But in one minutes silence

you can imagine

The unease the turks feel

As they ready themselves to open fire

On the storm of oncoming soldiers

In one minutes silence

Can you imagine

Boots coated in dried mud

Scrambling and sliding up the dusty heights

People around you falling to the ground

Like dead flies

In one minutes silence

Can you imagine

The one day of truce

Men sharing stories and shovels

And at the end of that day

Going back to shooting the boys

Who aren't so different after all

In one minutes silence

Can you imagine

The relief on the turks faces

As the ANZACs board the boats and retreat

Leaving millions of soldiers.

Buried in the cool turkish earth

-Isobel whitaker