

1. The Echo of War

The drums of war, they loudly beat,
A rhythm born of cold defeat.
Fields once green, now stained with red,
Echo cries of those who've bled.

2. Silent Scars

The guns are quiet, the battle done,
Yet shadows linger with the sun.
No victor stands, no glory won,
Just silent scars on everyone.

3. Ashes of Peace

Smoke rises high, the sky turns gray,
Dreams of peace are swept away.
In war's cruel grasp, we lose our way,
Yet hope still whispers of a brighter day.