

I'm a long way from home in a different land

A lot is different, a lot is the same.

April 25th is a welcome comfort

A familiar day with a familiar name.

I am from the NZ in ANZAC.

We share this day to remember our lost

Our men and women who gave their life

To protect our countries at so great a cost.

My great grandfather served in Gallipoli

He lied for enlistment, he was only a teenager

He served King and country and saw the horrors of war

He might have been lucky but in great danger.

I think of his medals and how I got to wear them last year

Back in Aotearoa with my mum, dad and granddad.

Passed down through my family, we have a great respect

For anyone who went through war - friend, family or comrade.

