

**Daniel Flatman**

**The Hole**

Hell is above me and Heaven below

In this hole they shall not know

The fear that steals my senses

Behind the darkened barbwire fences

Here the world is not all slaughter

To grasp a fleeting thought for my daughter

At home in the garden she plays in the sun

Far away from the sound of my gun

Soon the captains whistle will blow

And over the top again we'll go

The hole is heaven in the land of hell

A fleeting garden beneath the shell