

The Last Legionary

Abband

It's your scars, you have to heal
your blood won't allay the thirst of dunes
your own fear you as a banana peel
and requiem is the last of the tunes

Bullets damming holes in leaking skin
gunpowder smell of a rusty kill
shooting fades, has sounded all day long
gates of hell are trying to prolong
What remains of the rest of the Legion
desperate laughter as if breathing helium
time's running out, the grave is ready now
made of sand for the last legionary

It's your scars, you have to heal
heaven or hell, who knows what is waiting
no more pain, no more to feel
no more officers investigating

Deathman knows you're near
calculated moments before he takes you
Deathman knows you're near
and there is nothing more that can you do

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