

## Machine Gunner

Anthenora

Safe in my nest I scan the night  
I have no rest waiting to fight  
Then a sudden light  
Shadows become alive!  
Star shells rise high  
Painting a day into the night  
A dance of death begins  
No matter who wins  
The rhythm of striker gives slaughter

An acrid stench: smoke of cordite  
Gives the taste to any fight  
I loose lucidity: deaf and blind  
Nonsense: the only logic I can find

Here I am: the Machine-Gunner  
Here you have the slaughter  
Here I am: the Machine-Gunner  
My aim is slaughter

The heart of my gun  
Beats the time of no fun  
My heart gets a beat at any target I hit  
On my face the sweat drops white-hot  
I die everytime the cartridge-belt is out  
No breath till reload - till the first shot  
The rhythm of my heart on striker

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