## **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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