

Trapped in my sights, he moves around slowly
My finger pressed firmly on the trigger
Two men trapped in the oblivion of conflict
The hunter and his prey

Beads of sweat form on my face
As he approaches, looking from side to side
My life or his - Justification
My cause or his - duty and honour

I think back of my home far away
A land of peace and equality
Horror paralyses my fingers

Shock, breathlessness, haze of faint
I cannot move, I cannot think
White in my eyes that blinds my sight
All I do is lay or die

Terror, sweat pours off my chin
I'm starting to shake
The weapon discharges

I missed, a hail of bullets graze nearby
Then nearer, i'm hit
I'm hit again! I lay and die