

The Torture

Axis of Advance

Blood soaked despair
Creating an air of paranoia
Where brothers fear each other
And kill without question
Shooting in all directions

Trampling each other, cudgeling deaths
The sickness grips right at the throat
Diabolical means, proving the point
Of human weakness

Tactically implemented paradigm
Designed in the laboratory
Men losing control of their minds
Hallucinating horrific distortions

Flesh feeding the military machine
Bringing troops to their knees
Begging for relief
That will only come in some form of death

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Gutted corpses, stale the stench
Of powder and rot, loud the sound
Of endless bombs, horrific the sights

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Not one stands still
Researchers examine
Remains they created
By subjecting these poor souls
To the torture