

## Foul Lair

### Brutality

Digging graves - City buries dead  
Angry tears falling - The massacre  
Cemetery defaced - Age of pain draws near  
A presence of troops - Termination inflicted

Civil unrest - Mortar shell exploding  
On contact - Sacrificing

Cringing at the thought - That nothing can be done  
To stop this madness - Dreams fading fast

Feel the pressure - Brain starts to wither  
Absent warnings of attack - Designated plots

Arranged in order - Grisly reminder turned to grief  
Discarded prayers - Fear of living grows  
Depletion continues - At phenomenal rates  
Voices screaming - Counting losses  
Suffering immortal

Wounding opposition - Parade the streets  
Victory accomplished  
For time being thinking you're safe - When attacks resume  
Creating more dead - Wind of destruction

Everything is grey - Trees are gone  
Nothing stands  
Running through sniper alleys  
Viewing with disgust

A place you hate - Killings everyday  
Before your eyes - Burning corpses  
Flesh rains down - Robbed of our defences  
As other countries watch - Fighting for land and power