

# Lingering in an Imprint Haunting

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Kill!

Here i walk down this godless trench where the corpses sink forever into shallow marshy grounds.

I can't remember confronting these extreme forms of violence.

Knee-deep in mud, where skies weep leaden tears and blood.

It's hard to breathe within this thick cloak of sulphurous mist,

conjuring slaughtering soldiers into sickening silhouettes.

From this forsaken battlefield no soul can be dismissed.

As if the devil is in charge,

giving orders from the depths of the abyss.

Goddamn!

It's coming hard.

Fire fight and waves of bombardments blowing soil,  
bone and flesh apart.

Running to survive maybe the last private still alive.

Suddenly it stops!

I turn around and see no enemy.

There's nothing behind me.

I can't believe my eyes.

I can't believe what I see.

A timeless,

frozen scenery where nature stands still!

Except for me!

So strange to see a still image of this infernal reality.

Staring at shrapnel and bullets on an incomplete journey.

When suicide burdens my mind,

I'm startled by a horrible screaming from behind.

Luring me to a spot where a friend of my platoon walked into an ambush,  
he screamed:

"Please kill me! Chrhalie's coming soon!"

My 1911 is too loud

that's why i reach for the knife.

Then, again, hesitation!

I cannot take his life!

Goddamned fucking gooks!

He's captured by the enemy.

Dragged away for days of torture,

screaming these last words at me:

"You son of a whore should be terrified! In this hell I'll wait for you!"

And right before i step on that mine i ask myself:

"Did he just spoke the truth?"

Briefly I comprehend,

all this time i was damned.

His grudge keeps me in hell for eternity.

Every time i die he waits for me.

This is my destiny...