

These Fields Are Lurking (Seven Pairs of Demon Eyes)

Carach Angren

There he lies; haunted, hunted, beaten, tortured,
hanged and eaten. Encumbered by the past of these seven
apparitions.

"Where am I?" "Did I just die?" No one in sight.
Scanning his surroundings for where they might lie.

The Prisoners, one by one, left him traumatized. Now
only seven empty stakes pierce a blood red sky.

He runs but stumbles, tries to crawl, to flee from this
macabre scene. With broken bones, blind and shocked,
can't comprehend what he has seen.

The wet earth trembles and war winds howl like
Wehrmacht-wolves on hungry prowl. "These fields are
more than I can see! I cannot take this!"

These fields are lurking as black hail falls like ashen
blades. These fields are closing in to bury him with
frozen spades.

On bitter taste of blood he gags. Dragging on with
broken legs to break loose from the horrid stench of
burning lives and burning flags.

With elbows through the mud he drags himself forward!
Forward! "I shall escape this plot. I must! I will!"

The wind lies down and the earth stands still. Black
hail fire stings no more. Dear lord above, did I escape
that hellish place of gore?

He ends up where it all began. Seven pair of demon
eyes. Seven fearsome demon smiles.

Trapped in a paranormal chain. Bound to suffer endless
warfare, torture, fear and pain.

So ends this tale of fates aligned. A prophecy of war
entwined into bloody knots that won't unwind. This
ominous recording is all that's left behind:

"Sunday, October third, 6 p.m. rain..."