

# Human Sandbags

## Deeds of Flesh

Trapped, violently caught in a land  
Of morbid sights  
Where the warfare is entity

Expendable soldiers  
Who are shot and blown apart  
Only now to become

Human Sandbags

Serving as protection for  
Protection for the living  
To survive

Human Sandbags!

The epidermal hide  
Absorbs the bullets of the enemy

A rotten pile o dead humans  
Is the blockade  
Fir survival, survival

Piled to become living  
Expendable soldiers  
Who are shot and blown apart  
Only now to become

As the bodies soon become dismembered  
From the enemy fire  
As the soldiers find themselves  
Trapped in a putrid stench  
Excavating organs  
Soon become camouflage

Your comrades roll beside you  
Frightened you cannot move  
And shot like all the rest  
Now piled to become

A Human Sandbag!

A rotten pile o dead humans  
Is the blockade  
For survival