

Where Ironcrosses Grow

Dismember

Death is all around me, violence and decay
Screams of the dying, never leave my mind
Hanging helpless in barbed wire, another helpless victim
Cut to shreds in the rain of fire, bleeding, burning, suffering
Where blood and iron flow, the iron crosses grow
Piles of dismembered corpses, slaughtered and twisted
Unseeing eyes, staring into nothingness