

Fire Storm

God Dethroned

Shells of shrapnel flying over our heads
Fountains of mud pile up to the sky

Atrocious artillery fire
Creating a colossal wall of flame
Rattling machine guns
Spewing fire like mad machines
Thunderous roaring
Bombs looping high up in the air
Shells falling down in the trenches
Soldiers collapse in a bloody heap

Fire storm

Incredible massing of forces
In the hour of destiny
To fight for a distant future
And the violence it unleashed

The clouds of our gas shells beaten back by a headwind
Overwhelmed by the blunt force, a raging fire-storm

This place looks grisly
Scattered around this scorched site are bodies
Burned beyond recognition

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