

Living the Dead Behind

Grave

Bulletrain awakens me,
All is black but I still see,
Reek of death reek of fear,
Call of duty claims its price.

Falling - bleeding - dying.

Twisted bodies surround me,
Leave the dead behind,
Striking forward for a cause,
That I once believed.

Striking - ripping - crying.

Is this humanity,
This is not my belief,
Living the dead behind,
Bless their souls.

The purity of war,
Humans burnt and scorned,
Flesh scarred and torn,
Left to rot and disappear.

Bulletrain sets me free,
Life is drained finally,
Parting body from soul,
Call of duty claims its price.

Falling - bleeding - dying.

Others will follow me,
Is this humanity,
This is not my belief,
Living the dead behind.

Bless their souls.