

Warrior

Legend

The city lights, shine out in the pain,
The fleeting shadows, shelter from the rain,
And all this time, the warrior waits for death,
The battle for survival, the prize to fight again.

The crawling black, apartment blocks of fear,
Blot out the evening, as if to hide a tear,
Monsters of the asphalt escape into the dark,
The warrior of instinct feels hunger drawing near.

The fight exists for just a moment in time,
The warrior dies, under a neon sign,
And insects of the city, ignore the rivers of life,
Worlds within worlds, horror of their own design.