## **Barack, Paper, Scissors**

**My Ticket Home** 

Awaken to the monsters growing near. The drums of war thunder. The darkened streets are all I can see. Ravaging like wolves, crawling alone. Running away, in fear of the sound. The breaking of bones and gnashing of teeth. Tied down by ropes, and the sky turns black. And there's nothing left to salvage. We stare as the buildings fall. We stare as the buildings fall down. We stare as they fall. We can't go on like this. We're just drowning alone, trapped in our armor. We can't go on like this. These caskets can't hold all, of our dead. Quake in fear of the truth. There's something here, a monster in the dark.