

## Woundead

## The Blood

move on, hold and drag  
invade no ones land  
take a look in their starved eyes  
mean more than a leading hand  
now scrape and borrow in grimness  
the groaning, fever and praying  
the convulsion and screams of dying  
reach for you  
you are the borderguard between life and death  
the game you play is the game against god