

The Red Smell

Vreid

Chained to a world of suppression
Embraced by the red perfume
The wretched stench of humiliation
Our own filth consumed

Housed in barracks built for kettle
Stripped for all forms of dignity
Building a path for our own elimination
Deprived of all but misery

Panzer discipline to keep us in line
Constant treachery to survive
Envious of those who has been granted a merciful death
Hopefully we can soon walk in their steps

The survival instinct a cursed function
Death a bittersweet dream
Living for the sake of living
Hell doesn't longer seem at all frightening