

Nocturnal light from deadly suns
Illuminates my fate
Concussions all around me
In my trench I shake and wait
Nausea overwhelms me
The dead fill every space
They wait for resurrections
Bullets ripping past my face

I see the wounded falling
Grimaces they wore
Soldiers and civilians
They died the rich and poor
All are consumed by fire
Bodies turned to rags
Mothers only sons
Returned to them in bags

The final plan unfurled
No relief till all has died
The extinction of the world
In a blast of cyanide

Unsparing shrapnel tears through flesh
Merciless round by round
Like seeds the bodies scattered
Too dense to see the ground
The deafening siege of fire power
Roaring for days on end
No one's going home now
And there's not much left to send

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