

Child at Arms

Xiu Xiu

foul deeds
indeed
do bring prosperity
we did not know our age, we just fought
the rifle is heavy beyond compassion

so new in destruction
your teeth will be forgotten
war for cricket children
place her foot on the log and chop it off

brown brown makes light
your idea of dying is gone
your idea of killing is printed on the body
evil is with you all of the time
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