

Atomic Tom

"Isolation"

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A blinding white light, like a cold white sun in the night
But there's nothing at all that's divine about the
discharge of rounds
And as you crawl through the maelstrom of war
Whatever you'll endure, you'll endure alone
Falling deep into the abyss, with survival rate more hit
than miss
Wailing through the swamps, assessing every sound
Judging the threat of the demons, airborne and on
ground
But one must believe, one surely must conceive
Whatever you'll endure, you'll endure alone
Because in the end, there's no-one but you
Your comrades in arms have no power to do
A thing for your plight, or a thing for your life
On your trip to hell, you'll be all alone, this is the
essence of total isolation
Making resolves on your final breath, suddenly faced
with your last conquest
Will yourself to live you give it your best, now cradled in
the arms of death
Falling deep into the abyss, some rounds graze, while
others pierce
Falling deep into the abyss, with a survival rate more
hit than miss

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