

Consolation "Moribund"

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Scourged by ignorance
In a stretch of perdition
Grub to live in oblivion
Captured in the rotting black

In the black of dirtiness
Feet starts to putrefy
Everyone limps
Everyone is congealed
Boots full of mud
Limbs are numb

To save their lives
They need amputation

No doctors around
They use grubs

O clean their wounds
To avoid infection
Shoes full of grubs
Eating the rotted flesh

Now the terror is complete

Recovering in a stretch full of excrements
To die in the lavatory of the battlefield
Insane... The horrible odour of dead bodies
Human cesspool... living in the rotting black
You can imagine

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