

Into The Moat "Empty Shell"

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We shall dread the forthcoming
Every second sears me
As my anticipation drips, stepping back to where it
started
Grasping my first weapon
As a protector, wearing my armor
Swollen with pride, having the initiative
Without insight, training will be an aid
And debriefing ensues
Intelligence will serve us well
But nothing could ever truly prepare
This is what we dread
Strategy ripped from my mind in cold blood
Replaced with mere survival
What have I become?
But I have not yet begun to fight
And I will not be deterred

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