

Acrostichon "Havoc"

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We fight on this field of honour
Maimed bodies everywhere
We mystify our feelings
Thinking anyone cares
This mystical sphere
Malice of the mind
We will soon die here
Our bodies they won't find

They call this a field of honour
But I just feel pain
Four of us against an army
It is just insane
Malediction of the mind
We're the tyrants quarries
Fairy massacre
Is there life beyond death

The tyrants soldiers
Try to pierce my heart
My armour won't last for long
Mind and body will part
Blood enters my mouth
I try to scream
I see blood everywhere
Is this true or just a dream

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