

## Cryptic Slaughter

### "Bonegrinder 1916"

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The smell of poison gas ? fills the air  
No need to search for death ? he will find you there

Soil drained with blood ? cities pulverized  
Dead bodies twisted ? humans carbonized  
Bonegrinder ? grinding bones ? eating them alive  
Spitting them out dead ? no one will survive

War is the only answer  
My gun spreads bullets like cancer

Bombs like rain ? day and night ? moving out ? suicide  
Death angels ? from the sky ? descent from hell ?  
thousands die  
Machinegun fire ? detonations ? rifle rounds ?  
devastation  
Grinding bones ? artillery shell ? draining blood ? here  
is hell

Fire, roaring thunder ? will be my coming signs  
Planting death and havoc ? among the defense lines

Thousand bodies ? lay ripped and torn  
The sound of cannon fire ? roars like thunderstorm

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