

Cryptic Slaughter

"Open Fire"

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This morning has been born ? without light ? dim ?
forlorn
A severe vault of clouds rushed across the open downs
Black gaunt and eerie tree ? skeletons danced
dreadfully
Tight in the claws of frost ? winter showed it's ghostly
host

Artillery combat ? flashing cannon fire ? deafening
sound
Approaching slowly ? but unstoppable leaves burned
ground

Nervously waiting in wretched ditches laid in ruins
The last instructional orders reached us a few hours
ago
Now separated from allied troops assured to come
But there's no more chance to flee from the superior
enemy

Hell racing high speed bullet machine gun monotony
Relinquishing position means to choose suzerainty

Just like an enormous thunderstorm war rules the entire
killing zone
Below the scourge of madness and decay that
burdensome commands the way

A sudden detonation to my left ? fire screams ? a ray
of heat
Glowing splinters hailing down ? cutting through
irresistible flesh
A sweetly scented reek turns the air into a sick
Paralyzed breathing we undertook the last offence

Open fire ? breaking through the hostile lines
Ravaging internecine assault

Crawling through the mud ? terrified of the inevitable
end
Our fate uncertain like that of a cutter in a storm

The nameless victims ? whose faces are unknown to
thee
Buried deep in the noman's land's mass graves

Open fire ? breaking through the hostile lines
Ravaging internecine assault

Below the scourge of madness and decay we horribly
passed away

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