

## **The Monolith Deathcult**

### **"1917 - Spring Offensive"**

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Plodding on through the sucking grey mud  
The carnage fought, oozed by trench war clay  
That in springs past sprung not a single bud  
For fear of more death or total dismay  
Though shells may plow clean the fields  
Burning the crops and mauling the mud  
The wind brings only death from a vat  
Fertile by cold blood a young man yields  
Innocent yet mangled in gruesome combat  
Spewing blackest bile the gas claims one more  
Cold death comes creeping through the trench  
If not by shells maimed or crazied long before  
A cloud of mustard takes half of those deployed  
Ghastly faces peer back in black or hues of grey  
The grandiose arrogance, victory as agony intent  
Lifeless by the commanders that them did betray  
The mindrape of the spectacle of dehumanization  
Viral god wields his festering scythe of gangrene  
By endless flashes of mortar or the cadaveric stench  
Ghostly faces peer through the veil of celluloid  
"Creeping like a snake from a can

The slithering stench of yellow death  
Chemical flame of decay  
Burning skin and intestine  
Regurgitating the bloody guts  
Spewing last life from a wretched soul  
Live for life, kill for all that is wrong  
He drags himself to safety"  
Death in the Perimeter  
Where furious endearment once was cradled,  
Crippled by crossfire, but firm of will  
Live for life, kill for all that is wrong  
He drags himself to safety,  
Death in the Perimeter  
The need to bleed to gain a yard of mud  
Plodding on through the sucking grey mud  
The carnage fought, oozed by trench war clay  
That in springs past sprung not a single bud  
For fear of more death or total dismay  
Burning holes in his battered back  
Eyes and mind leaning on the fair horizon  
But his heart drowning in trench war clay  
Fertile by cold blood a young man yields  
Shredded by barbed wire  
Screaming shrapnel, incandescent hail

