Clouds Over Normandy
"Nihil"

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Trapped in the void, hanging from an uncountable number of
little cords made from fear, hate and every single sin I commited.
Little chance to react as I witness the crime.

["Arm yourselves with bravery...", they said, "...for this will be a day to remember."
Breaking down, you see? We're breaking down in misery.
So, please, tell me if this is the end of the world.]
This IS the end of the world.

Blood... everywhere.
Lost, in a nightmare I'm lost, in a bloodshed I'm stuck,
so how am I supposed to carry this burden? To carry this trust?

[Oh, here's where I start to believe
that I've failed our fallen's will.
Oh, I may be afraid,
but save me, please, save me!]

(Now that I am actually here I see that the chances of my returning
to all of you are quite slim. Especially now I feel so unimportant and
small. The days to come are certainly going to put an end to the
suspense. The greatness of poetry really vanishes in front of the
happening of today.

Take a combination of fear, anger, hunger, thirst, exhaustion,
disgust, loneliness, homesickness, and wrap that all up in one
reaction and you might approach the feelings a fellow has.
Mighty small, helpless, and alone... Without faith,
I don't see how anyone could stand this.)

Repulsed by an abstract force, a chaotic synergy
between reprisal
and the fact of knowing that every step you take will
drive you to a painful death.
I swear to god it's killing me. Cognitive dissonance;
crude, cruel anxiety.

[Oh, here's where I start to believe,
that I've failed our fallen's will.
Oh, I may be afraid,
but save me, God, save me.]

And, in the end, the light.

March with equanimity, chase the horizon,
for tomorrow, my brothers, together we will rise.