

Floarnte B. Casona

"Peter The Destroyer"

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Peter stood upon the mountain
Surrounded by the infidels
As his gaze surveyed the landscape
Crosshairs dancing in his eyes
Peter's cry from the tower did not sound so merciful
As he goes down
Peter hears the voice again
Drowning out the icy sky
In his head is the answer
Loads his rifle with a sigh
Peter's cry from the tower shatters on the street below
And he goes down
He goes down among them all
Peter feels the great release now
He does not cry
Letting go
And he goes down
And we all pretended
Thought he never intended to take upon himself an
action
And carry it out
Now we lie in what he knows
And we never expected
He'd mind being rejected
He took upon himself an action and carried it out
Now we die for what he knows

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