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War

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War

Jordan Keller

Terrified of death, you hide in the bunker,
Watching the black sky light up. Ordered
By the commanding officer, your legion is
Sent forth. Heading towards the front line,
You're told to blow the enemy away. But
Everyone knows his day is up and the men
Cry inside their heads. Images of mines and
Bullets enter your mind, and you begin to
Picture how they will destroy your body.

So pray to God all you want,
Your death is soon to come.

The whistle is blown and off you go, into
Enemy lines. You see your friends and
Colleagues drop like flies and realize
You're all alone. Before you can think, a
Bullet pierces your flesh, and the taste of
Dirt enters your mouth. Bleeding and in
Pain, you think of the waste of lives war
Causes and only darkness remains.

So pray to God all you want,
Your death is soon to come.