

Zeppelin Raids

1914

Death comes in different ways
It hangs in the air
Spilled on the battleground
It squashes you with tracks
Too many ways to die
Now decease coming down like
Black vultures in the sky
And you are bursting out

Impaled
All wounded
Dissected
Unburied

Charred corpses
Torn into pieces
Departed
Without breathing

I'm running down thru the scorched earth
Death overtakes me
And quiet sound of working air screws
Burns me down