Machine Gunner

Anthenora

Safe in my nest I scan the night
I have no rest waiting to fight
Then a sudden light
Shadows become alive!
Star shells rise high
Painting a day into the night
A dance of death begins
No matter who wins
The rhythm of striker gives slaughter

An acrid stench: smoke of cordite
Gives the taste to any fight
I loose lucidity: deaf and blind
Nonsense: the only logic I can find

Here I am: the Machine-Gunner
Here you have the slaughter
Here I am: the Machine-Gunner
My aim is slaughter

The heart of my gun
Beats the time of no fun
My heart gets a beat at any target I hit
On my face the sweat drops white-hot
I die everytime the cartridge-belt is out
No breath till reload – till the first shot
The rhythm of my heart on striker

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