

Foul Lair

Brutality

Digging graves - City buries dead
Angry tears falling - The massacre
Cemetery defaced - Age of pain draws near
A presence of troops - Termination inflicted

Civil unrest - Mortar shell exploding
On contact - Sacrificing

Cringing at the thought - That nothing can be done
To stop this madness - Dreams fading fast

Feel the pressure - Brain starts to wither
Absent warnings of attack - Designated plots

Arranged in order - Grisly reminder turned to grief
Discarded prayers - Fear of living grows
Depletion continues - At phenomenal rates
Voices screaming - Counting losses
Suffering immortal

Wounding opposition - Parade the streets
Victory accomplished
For time being thinking your safe - When attacks resume
Creating more dead - Wind of destruction

Everything is grey - Trees are gone
Nothing stands
Running through sniper alleys
Viewing with disgust

A place you hate - Killings everyday
Before your eyes - Burning corpses
Flesh rains down - Robbed of our defences
As other countries watch - Fighting for land and power