

Bitte Tötech mich

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Another tale of tragedy.
He made his choice to end his life.
So it is written, passionately.
This soldier's fervent wish for suicide.
Soul torn asunder by the horrors of war.
One carrying so much death will soon care for life no more.

On the first day the soldier would quietly retreat to shoot himself through the head not far from his infantry.

"I can hear footsteps.
Someone's coming near.
Fuck! Should I stay? Disappear?
Es ist mein bester Freund.
Dieser Soldat ist immer für mich da.
Quickly I put my Luger away.
I thought this was my last day but I failed!"

"Bitte tötet mich! Bitte tötet mich!"

On the second day he opened his eyes.
Consumed by sadness he thought:
"Today is the day I die.
I will take my life with the rope,
a bullet or maybe the knife"

So depressed.
So empty.
Wandering, hopeless, searching for death.
His soul feels so old and so cold.
The only desire left is his yearning for death.

He stumbled across an old farmstead and entered this wooden shack.
There he found a rope and the guts to jump and hang with a broken neck.
The second he tightened the slipknot, the barn door flew open.
This time he was caught by a farmer who grabbed his legs to lift and hold him high.
The soldier kicking and screaming: "You bastard! Let me hang and die!"

In this struggle the soldier went mad.
After the rope snapped, he pulled a knife and nine times in the stomach, the farmer was stabbed.

"Bitte tötet mich!"

On the third day there was a fire fight.
This bloody assault would last until midnight.
Another opportunity for our soldier who craves the suicide.

With open arms into the line of fire he asked for death.
But then he watched his friend,
who is trying to prevent him from killing himself again,
die for his own determined suicide.

Here comes the part where he sticks the Luger into his mouth.
He was shot twice in the spine from behind,
then blows half his face all over the ground.

Not dead yet but completely fucking paralyzed,
Kept alive in this hell for two long years before he finally died