

# Operation Compass

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Operation Compass was well underway  
Scorching sun, coarse sand  
A horned desert viper slithers through dust  
Howling winds, burning eyes  
World War II under British Command  
In Egyptian no-man's land  
A silence of the snakes  
Before the battle erupts

Oil  
Oil  
Oil  
Oil

Enemy in sight!  
Keep low and quiet!  
Push forth the Mark VI Light!  
Attack!

Bleak tanks rumble, bleached bones crumble  
Fresh cannon fodder, brutally slaughtered  
Filthy caked crusts of flesh and blood garnish the banks

The onslaught prevails  
The desert of death  
As the last man standing falls to his knees

Amidst fire and flame  
Something whispers his name  
There in the distance, like shadows cast a spell  
And black oil erupting like a fountain from hell  
Like a Fata Morgana, a face appears in the geyser of oil  
Red demonic eyes looking down on him  
Then this apogee of hell reverses down the well

The dead bodies start to twitch in the sand  
Blue lunar wasteland  
The fallen soldiers rise to their feet  
Ghastly winds  
Death's stare  
No man's war  
The undead soar  
Uttering monstrous roars

A pack of Death closing  
He screams and tries to dig himself in  
Yet cold teeth already gnaw at his skin

He won the battle, but not the war