

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