These Fields Are Lurking (Seven Pairs of Demon Eyes)

Carach Angren

There he lies; haunted, hunted, beaten, tortured, hanged and eaten. Encumbered by the past of these seven apparitions.

"Where am I?" "Did I just die?" No one in sight. Scanning his surroundings for where they might lie.

The Prisoners, one by one, left him traumatized. Now only seven empty stakes pierce a blood red sky.

He runs but stumbles, tries to crawl, to flee from this macabre scene. With broken bones, blind and shocked, can't comprehend what he has seen.

The wet earth trembles and war winds howl like Wehrmacht-wolves on hungry prowl. "These fields are more than I can see! I cannot take this!"

These fields are lurking as black hail falls like ashen blades. These fields are closing in to bury him with frozen spades.

On bitter taste of blood he gags. Dragging on with broken legs to break loose from the horrid stench of burning lives and burning flags.

With elbows through the mud he drags himself forward! Forward! "I shall escape this plot. I must! I will!"

The wind lies down and the earth stands still. Black hail fire stings no more. Dear lord above, did I escape that hellish place of gore?

He ends up where it all began. Seven pair of demon eyes. Seven fearsome demon smiles.

Trapped in a paranormal chain. Bound to suffer endless warfare, torture, fear and pain.

So ends this tale of fates aligned. A prophecy of war entwined into bloody knots that won't unwind. This ominous recording is all that's left behind:

"Sunday, October third, 6 p.m. rain..."