

## Final Hours Of Sacrifice

Clandestine Blaze

Glare in the end of dark tunnel  
Light dances on rough surfaces  
of their pale skin  
They could not remember  
how travel to distant lands  
lead them here  
They could not grasp the brightness

Blinding rays of white light  
So warm it tingles  
every slowly moving limb  
So bright  
darkness turns into blinding light

In horror they awake  
to deafening sound of explosion  
To face torment  
beyond imagination  
Cruel world of final hours

There used to be  
fanfare ringing in their ears  
Flags flying high in breeze  
Proud men side by side  
storming to victory after another

In horror they live through  
dismay of ultimate pain  
Facing torment beyond imagination  
Cruel world of final hours

Now only sadness filled their eyes  
when they saw color of  
lifelessness  
take over their limbs  
Sacrifices all too great  
if only one to ride to triumph  
was death itself