

# Krematorium

Deinonychus

Moved like cattle to the assembling point, just a few spared.  
Surrounded by stench of vomit and fear.  
A finger pointed in my direction, a trail of blood my compass.  
Fear burying my breath following the lifeless.  
Inside the building agony bids me welcome, the horror revealed.  
Blinded by night the windows are sealed.  
The Sieg Rune enslaved me taking my very last pride this night.  
My senses are slipping away forever.  
Odourless carbon monoxide is leaving the building swiftly and fast.  
Taken outside to burn with the rest.  
Perished into snowflakes I fall down from the heavens above to  
down below.  
There's no God to witness this relentless horror.