

Piercing your bones. With hundreds we come.
At the shores we'll await. We smell your fear.
Flickering light. Leaves from the barrel.
Bodies drop in the sand. Bullets whistle around.
I'm made out of steel.
I breathe 900 rounds a minute.
Machinery of pain.
Born from hatred to kill.
Blood splashes up against the wall. Screams fading in echoes.
The barrels changed every minute. Exhausted from killing.