

Like a cloud gathered it comes from above, blown by the wind in my direction.

The very first gasp inhales a fire, telling the tale of the unconscious ones.

I am losing my sight while my scent disappears, only the smell of blood remains.

I can't hear a thing anymore, my limbs are feeling numb and lifeless to the bone.

Caged inside this body the cloud waves over never to return again, but what is left of me?

But what is left of me?..... Of me?

Eyes are watching me and trying to communicate, but I can't reply to their needs.

Something was taken from me within a glimpse, my nerves have fallen asleep.

Years are passing by, imprisoned for life, the gas inside has eaten my senses and sanity.

The raging battle still roars a war which has never ended, I only ask you for this one favor.

Step aside your ethics and take me to my last will, back there that once was...

But what was left of me?..... Of me?