

Voluntary Slaves

Euthanasia

A soft touch of winter sun awakens me
Only memories of my warm home
Pierce through my frozen body.
None of us know where we'll be laying down
Maybe for our last sleep.

I can hear the sound of poisoned bullets coming from a far.
I'm embracing the cold ground, as I would a strange lover.
Screams of suffering along our line, maybe one of my friends
Won't see sunlight anymore.

I go back and watch the battlefield.
We hoped for so long
That we'll all go back home one day.

Mother, I'm not your little son anymore,
I grew painfully fast,
Not long ago I was still in school,
Now I'm dragging my weary body in the mud of flesh.