

# Executioner

## Mantic Ritual

Life, a struggle, to meet the day,  
When hatred leads life, to take away.  
On a field, blood marks an appealing end,  
A crimson carpet, in vain to defend.  
Bathe in gore, fight, mass suffering  
Love destruction, the pain it brings  
The hell in my eye's, devoid of god.  
To say war is pain, a sick facade.  
Existence- life is done  
Solution- murder on the run  
I- have become  
I fight, I die, I burn in this hell,  
In front and in back of me, bodies tell.  
Command, no mercy, to any breath,  
Shoot to hate, so there is nothing left.  
Inside death now, awaits now my soul,  
Every hope of life lives in a bullet hole.  
Spewing of emotion, the shock remains.  
Lobotomized, Deranged  
Bodies lie on a killing plane, six feet of earth,  
Death's sewer drain.  
Troops of hell, bread to kill,  
Horror reigns, have your fill.  
The price of war creeps on the strongest man,  
Fire power in any hand.  
Ammunition on my dinner plate,  
Bite the bullet, meet your fate.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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