

# The End of a Dark Campaign

## Oh, Sleeper

I've been hit, oh my god, oh my god  
The ground burst and cold soaks my shirt, send word  
The claret river forms at my boots With a flash and rain of dirt  
I've been met for the hundredth time, call the medic  
This wounds meant to cripple, run  
The red crest on his head and a choice off his lips He sat never once phased, while I'm open and spilling  
Is this the end? Am I a sheep for the slaughter?  
Am I just a sheep for the slaughter? Oh, no  
Oh death, must you reap one more? Medic, I've been hit, oh my god, oh my god  
The ground burst and cold, send word  
The claret river forms and pools over my head And for a moment I'm submerged in the lake  
And a sparks birth could not be heard  
All night the thunder of war raged  
And it finally seemed as if I had met the eye With fights more lost than won  
I walk away with one trophy  
A thousand scars on my own chest  
Only to realize nowhere else was I hit  
But then with Your grip gloved by mercy I was wrenched back to the storm  
Lay dead or charge the line  
Another patch won't do  
Cut it from my chest and begin this run

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