Warborn

Defleshed

Amidst a swirling din of smoke
And screaming on the battlefield born
Reared on the teat of my dear mother war
Hardened to stone through abuse
Mocked, beaten and scorned
A bayonet severed umbilical cord
The wind sings its sad lullaby
Through a blackened and hollow ribcage
I'm to die in battle divine
With the flames as my grave
This realm of inhuman carnage
Where the blood eternally rains
To my brothers who've fallen before me
I will walk with you again
This my demented playground
The horizon is howling ablaze
The skeletal village illuminates the sky
As fire destroys their grains
With glee I rape and torture
My pleasure is inflicting pain
With a vigor unholy, I'll fight to my doom
'Til I've vanquished the Christian God's ways
Sure it must be such a different world
To which those on the outside exist
At least I know who loves me here
No delusions, all weakness dismissed
This era of inhuman tragedy
To be ushered by my iron hand
The ovens bellowed to crematory highs
To dispose of the God-fearing man
The wind sings its sad lullaby
Through a blackened and hollow ribcage
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