Allegiance

Slechtvalk

Cuddled through a cold womb he was
Pitch black and without sunshine rays
Hell patiently awaiting him on blood spilled soil
A noble grief stirred heart, always ready to dieIn sinister systematisation, submission is golden
As an apprentice to violence, slaughter and bloodshed
He was like an object that is being processed
A force-fed destructor ready for abominationThe vast solitude in him witnessed it all
Those self afflicting eyes
And their fear painted faces
Made out of utter discipline, failure unacceptable
Hosts to oblivion
Exploring the darkest of places
Stench of rotten flesh breathing down his neckEvery day seemed like an endless night
When would he ever wake from this void
No other voice than his own will ever tell
What was real and where he had been
What he had doneDid you bleed for the cause
Like the rest of his men
Did you capture the euphoria
How it was like to kill
Such a necromantic force behind it all
They sure did battle till the endBut when came all the glory
And who got spared to carry his body
Just pure death and too profound to be shared
Was it all a fabricated vision in his memory
To serve the wastelands of insanity
At the frontLife forever lost its innocence
Never to see the light of day again
He pondered his last few steps
Into the realms of death
With his hands bloodstainedCourage and consistency
Bravery and valor
Honor and pride
For what was it all worth
For what was it all worth

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