

# Allegiance

Steve Hauschildt

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 die  
In 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 abomination  
The 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 neck  
Every 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 done  
Did 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 end  
But 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 front  
Life 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 bloodstained  
Courage and consistency  
Bravery and valor  
Honor and pride  
For what was it all worth  
For what was it all worth

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