

Deeds Of Flesh, Human Sandbags

Trapped, violently caught in a land
Of morbid sights
Where the warfare is entity

Expendable soldiers
Who are shot and blown apart
Only now to become

Human Sandbags

Serving as protection for
Protection for the living
To survive

Human Sandbags!

The epidermal hide
Absorbs the bullets of the enemy

A rotten pile o dead humans
Is the blockade
Fir survival, survival

Piled to become living
Expendable soldiers
Who are shot and blown apart
Only now to become

As the bodies soon become dismembered
From the enemy fire
As the soldiers find themselves
Trapped in a putrid stench
Excavating organs
Soon become camouflage

Your comrades roll beside you
Frightened you cannot move
And shot like all the rest
Now piled to become

A Human Sandbag!

A rotten pile o dead humans
Is the blockade
For survival