

Oceania, The Great War

everything you think you know is wrong
false alarms wake you up from dreamless sleep

black sleet
between death and sleep
under a burnt tinfoil sky
I'll appear
as a crippled deer
follow me

into the woods
to a lonely grave
brush away the snow
read the name

fighting in the trenches of the Great War
I heard English as a foreign tongue
the Norsemen sailed through the fog
and landed on the shores of the new world