

The Monolith Deathcult, 1917 - Spring Offensive

Plodding on through the sucking grey mud
The carnage fought, oozed by trench war clay
That in springs past sprung not a single bud
For fear of more death or total dismay
Though shells may plow clean the fields
Burning the crops and mauling the mud
The wind brings only death from a vat
Fertile by cold blood a young man yields
Innocent yet mangled in gruesome combat
Spewing blackest bile the gas claims one more
Cold death comes creeping through the trench
If not by shells maimed or crazied long before
A cloud of mustard takes half of those deployed
Ghastly faces peer back in black or hues of grey
The grandiose arrogance, victory as agony intent
Lifeless by the commanders that them did betray
The mindrape of the spectacle of dehumanization
Viral god wields his festering scythe of gangrene
By endless flashes of mortar or the cadaveric stench
Ghostly faces peer through the veil of celluloid
"Creeping like a snake from a can
The slithering stench of yellow death
Chemical flame of decay
Burning skin and intestine
Regurgitating the bloody guts
Spewing last life from a wretched soul
Live for life, kill for all that is wrong
he drags himself to safety"
Death in the Perimeter
Where furious endearment once was cradled,
crippled by crossfire, but firm of will
Live for life, kill for all that is wrong
he drags himself to safety,
Death in the Perimeter
The need to bleed to gain a yard of mud
Plodding on through the sucking grey mud
The carnage fought, oozed by trench war clay
That in springs past sprung not a single bud
For fear of more death or total dismay
Burning holes in his battered back
Eyes and mind leaning on the fair horizon
but his heart drowning in trench war clay
Fertile by cold blood a young man yields
Shredded by barbed wire
screaming shrapnel, incandescent hail