

# Acrostichon, Havoc

We fight on this field of honour  
Maimed bodies everywhere  
We mystify our feelings  
Thinking anyone cares  
This mystical sphere  
Malice of the mind  
We will soon die here  
Our bodies they won't find

They call this a field of honour  
But I just feel pain  
Four of us against an army  
It is just insane  
Malediction of the mind  
We're the tyrants quarries  
Fairy massacre  
Is there life beyond death

The tyrants soldiers  
Try to pierce my heart  
My armour won't last for long  
Mind and body will part  
Blood enters my mouth  
I try to scream  
I see blood everywhere  
Is this true or just a dream