

Atomizer, The Fog Of War

Armed. No it was more than that, armed to the f**king teeth was possibly more apt a description, as it's all around, it's all consuming, a chasm, an abyss that sucks you in, be it active or passive, be it. You've never seen rain like this before, had to cut the heels out of your boots just so the water could drain, as any compassion for humanity drains. At least when the rain falls it keeps the mosquitoes at bay, a trade-off really, fiendish things lusting for your blood while bullets sizzle through the air leaving a trail of molten lead homes in on its pray. And that's you by the way, and you're caught up in the fog of war. It's a world beyond fear, you can't even see the enemy, although you're learning to sense them, sense the adrenaline or the fear, because you know, that they know, that you know. And you'll never rest, not here, not now, possibly never, for this battle will rage on eternally (at least until the fog surrounds the soldier forever).