

Galt Areus, Fallen on the Front Lines

Your word like sacrament,
Pantomime for castaways among the dead,
Is this the rapture?
Where I've seen men lay down first their lives then,
lay down their guns after their lives have left them,
When I've seen white lies and the black fog of wartime,
Choking those fallen on the front lines,
Where your king never stood.
This battlement is full of him,
the ghost who echoes only false hope.