

# Grey Skies Fallen, Walk This Bloody Path

Lay here with me,  
Ravaged by despair.  
Cover me with eloquence,  
and splendor that you bear.  
The Warrior Poets have wept for me...  
Soiled with slaughter,  
I have become endowed with grief.  
Beneath the ground on which I lay...  
Walk this bloody path,  
To where I've fallen down,  
Over here I lay,  
In the dark. I'm cold and trembling.  
I feel the warmth has gone.  
On deaf ears fell my last call...  
Take my bloody hand,  
And lie where death abounds.  
The hearse has called me.  
In the dark. Will you remember me,  
When all the warmth has gone?