

Oh, Sleeper, The End Of A Dark Campaign

I've been hit! Oh My God! Oh My God!
The ground burst and cold soaks my shirt. Send word!
The claret river forms at my boots with a flash and rain of dirt,
I've been met for the hundredth time. Call the medic.
This wounds meant to cripple! Run!
The red crest on his head and a choice off his lips.
He sat never once phased. While I'm open and spilling!
Is this the end? Am I a sheep for the slaughter?
Am I just a sheep for the slaughter? Oh, no!
Oh Death, must you reap one more?
Medic! I've been hit! Oh my God! Oh my God!
The ground burst and cold....send word!
The claret river forms and pools over my head.
And for a moment I'm submerged in the lake,
and a sparks birth could not be heard.
All night the thunder of war raged and it finally seemed as if I had met the eye.
With fights more lost than won I walk away with one trophy.
A thousand scars on my own chest, only to realize nowhere else was I hit.
But then with Your grip gloved by mercy,
I was wrenched back to the storm!
Lay dead or charge the line! Another patch wont do!
Cut it from my chest, and begin this run.