The Town

Welcome to the town where soldiers are forced to kill.

The land of no return, the town I am fond of.

Where dreams and emotion are forced to go downhill.

The beautiful town where fast bullets fall in love,

with bloodied chests, and hollow corpses lying still.

This is the town I am fond of.

Welcome to the town of slaughter.

Where downed bloody soldiers eat mines.

And empty souls drink red water.

Where soldiers stay in the confines,

of white pale gates made out of spines.

This is the town I am fond of.

Welcome to the town of loaded guns.

The town where burning hot spent shells drop.

The place where dead bodies lay in tons.

Where poisonous gas spills out nonstop.

And fills young soldiers’ precious spent lungs.

This is the town I am fond of.

Welcome to the town of crumpled relations.

Where many despairing families mourn and cry.

Expecting eternal rest destinations,

For their loved ones. Tears without doubt, will not dry.

This town, this war, requires saying goodbye.

This is the town that brings sorrow to me;

When I have to see grieving family.

But…

Death is a wondrous thing.

Sincerely, Death.