

MVT Kersbergen - Aggressive Warhead

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A dream I had about Warhead.



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I was at home,
Relaxed and alone.
I lay sleeping,
The darkness was reaping.

Then I heard the sound;
Crushed windows all around.
Everything was destroyed,
Of glass everything devoid.

Then I heard Warhead at my door,
Personification of Balthazor.
The glass broke into shivers,
Splinters were in my flesh delivered.

In spite of my fear,
At Warhead I did appear.
And tried to calm him down,
And he stopped throwing things around.

Everything seemed to be well,
Warhead had changes of mood, I can tell.
And Lays-chips was lying there,
I wouldn't touch it, I declared;
'cause it belonged to Warhead.

Hours later, Warhead came down;
In his anger still drowned.
He wanted his stuff,
But I knew he would bluff.
Always talking about guns,
But the true deed he shuns.
Though I was confused,
His stuff still unused.
Is what Ramses did tell,
And so ended this hell...

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