

Into The Breach

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Late night bed-time poetry.

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Into The Breach

Screaming fire youâre into the breach,
With a desperate hope right out of reach,
Cannons, guns, blood and shit,
Your prayers to not be hit,
Fear, pain, everything is the same,
Youâre broken now, chained,
With a desperate leap, youâre into the streets,
The dead behind, the dead at your feet,
You stumble now, out of the streets,
Shaken and torn, in utter defeat,
Falling to your knees, you scream some more,
Youâve touched madness, come free unshorn,
Lifting your head to a smoky sky,
You knew your prayers were but to die.

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