

I've been hit! Oh My God! Oh My God!
The ground burst and cold soaks my shirt. Send word!
The clarit 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. He,
While I'm open and spilling!
Am I a sheep for the slaughter?
Am I JUST a sheep for the slaughter?
No no, please no, help me!
Oh Death, must you reap one more?
Medic! I've been hit! Oh my God! Oh my God!
The ground burst and cold soaks my shirt. Send word!
The clarit 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.