

## In war

For 13 months or even more  
I sit here in my dirty hole  
Trying to escape the gore  
Trying to fill my empty soul

In my hand a bottle of vodka  
The assault rifle in the other  
Barely managing to stand the horror  
The liquid is my only brother

The artillery rounds are black angels from above  
I just want to hide from it  
They bring death and salvation  
How many comrades I have lost to it

The only thing I see is red  
Slowly sliding to the floor  
The pistol barrel to my head  
I can't take it anymore

Jakob Weisgerber