

Infernal Machine

Two men, enemies by decree

Meet in anger and fire

Both fall, both die

An uneventful day, a day of war

Far away both are mourned

By children now alone

By wives who love no more

By families uncomprehending

By friends enraged

Honor, sweet honor, lost this day

Revenge, the price to be paid

They shall not have died in vain

Family and friends answer the call

Revenge and honor must be claimed

Hate by decree brought this day

Uneventful to the world, another day

A day remembered by only a few

Unnoticed by the world so far away

Each man replaced by a few

Revenge and honor to be claimed
The world looks away -- unconcerned

The few fall

They've had their day

Revenge and the price paid

Far away all are mourned

By children many, now alone

By wives who love no more

By families dismayed

By friends who know the way

The way to war

The way to honor and sweet revenge

Each man replaced by more

The number is now many

The world looks their way

Now it must pay the claim

First laid by two

Now by many in spilled blood

Blood, darkly staining the soil

Where those who hate by decree

Have lain

Those who came are carried away

Dead meat in cold steel

Their final home

They came to claim

Honor and revenge

Debts that must be paid

Infernal machine, machine of war

Has paid their claim

The debt compounds in many ways

Many more now hold the claim

Eager they come to lay their claim

Never understanding the price to be paid

In blood stained soil they too may lay

Cold, buffed steel in which they lay

Keeps the cold dampness of the grave

At bay

But, inside the steel lies dead meat

Nothing will keep its coldness at bay

Bloodless meat must soon decay

Infernal machine, machine of war

Collects its due from the grave

Issuers of hate by decree

Sit safely far away

In comfort, quietly planning another day

For them only a game

Its name is war

If only they had to collect the claims

Infernal machine, machine of war

Would die this day

But hope not, for they will stay and pray

While others lie on blood stained soil

Upon whom will the infernal machine

Feed today

Perhaps you, maybe me.