

## **Stalking the Night**

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It is a still night . . .  
The enemy is out there,  
His enemy is here  
And we both are looking for  
Someone to Kill...  
Blood to spill  
and the night has just begun.

I am locked in my own soul--  
the killing has begun, and I laugh as spirits depart.  
Raindrops drum upon my helmet  
Souls fly away in silence looking back as their lives fade to naught.

The battle has waned.  
Dead men lay mostly covered  
Others gather pools of warm rain in ghastly wounds...  
indifferent to any misery at all.

The enemy is out there  
His enemy is here.