

I'm Not Here Anymore

"Bang" the sound of the gun ripping flesh in front of my face. I'm caught in the bloodshed of the Revolutionary war, and a harsh winter with little food. My only belongings are a horn and a picture of my family, the rest has been taken from me. I fight for freedom and liberty.

I enter the gates of blood and metal and the war machine weighs my hand. I am covered with bruises and cuts, I'll never be whole, because I got my blood scattered here and there and I'm not hanging here anymore. My heart is shattered for the honor I did, because I'm not here anymore.