

Persecution Experience

Hexx

Hundreds of sailors
Their lives slip away
As their lungs fill with icy death

The ship has gone down
There is no land in sight
No one will survive
From the cold and the waves

Torpedo finds its mark
Hundreds die for the cause
Ocean claims what now it owns

Bodies travel in legions of corpses
On a never ending journey
Bobbing and bowing
At the whim of the ocean
Decaying and bloated
Food for the fish

How long will they travel
Following the current
Until their bodies snag on some land
Sometimes they are submerged
And fish eat the flesh to the bone

Sometimes they are bloated
Easy prey for birds who peck at organs exposed
An eternal journey through watery graveyards
Even now submerged

Torpedo finds its mark
Hundreds die for the cause
Ocean claims what now it owns

Dog tags are rusting
Uniforms rotting
Eyeballs float out the skull
No peace for these deceased
Journey into hell
No one will remember
When all men have fell

Pale forms roll and somersault
Too far down to be clearly seen
Their corrupted faces
Better defined as they rise
The dead in dozens
Crab-picked and fish peeked
Their remaining flesh scarcely
Sitting on their bones

Their hair is swaying loosely in the current
Their heads lull and dance on rotting neck muscles

The sea looses possession
With each wave a lifeless shell

Spat out by the sea to stink for a while
And be stripped by the gulls
Picked at by crabs
The flies buzz in and out
Laying eggs that turn into maggots
The maggots feast on what the gulls leave behind
To one sprout wings and fly away too

Stripped by the gulls
Picked at by crabs
The flies buzz in and out
Their flesh crawl with maggots