

Noise, Filth and Fury Requiem

Warfare

Warfare - How those days come drifting back to me.
When we cowered in the security of the ghostly flash bomb smoke
. Safe in our velour clad aisles.
Trenches of dependable symmetry, nestled in a strange
Amphitheatre of noise and war.
And above us, strangely clad demi gods immersed in bombarding
Hues of ever changing lights, every bead of sweat highlighted
Upon their tortured brows.
Whilst their fingers did magic with strange weapons of mystery
Long sleek guns which hung from the neck and sang at the hip.
A multitude of different voices,
Shrieking and whining at the command of the demi gods.
But now my friends the demi gods are no more.
Warfare are here - we will not be told what to do
Alternative metal for metal alternatives.
We will meet again - keep the faith and keep on writing..