

# The Scarred

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*A dream I had*

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# 1 - The Scarred

## The Scarred

They come through the floor  
Doused in the kerosene of hate  
To rip through the souls of those  
And break the beings of the living

A sour rattle at the door  
A tap on the window  
Sweet air fills with unpleasant musks  
Oh no, they're coming, but why and how?

Through gardens of solitude they prance  
Making known their hideous presence  
Of course...I should've known...  
Please shoot me! Shoot me down!

On the mark you read  
Of absent mindedness  
So what if I'm scared?  
I'll kill what's already dead

Little ones sleeping peacefully  
In their beds they do not disturb  
The Scarred pass over them  
For to them, they'll pass it on

A generation of the mad  
For what once was known as home  
Now we cry, frightened  
Kill it! Kill it now!

Shooting makes no difference  
It only trickles the blood  
So now we die in innocence  
It was us that did no wrong