

My Heart is Dead

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Song about not caring what happens to other people. Dark and sinister, as much of my poetry is.

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1 - My Heart is Dead

My Heart is Dead

I hear the babies cry;
The monsters must be fed;
Soon they will all die;
My heart is dead.

Over the horizon I see smoke;
Warriors that go forth do not come back;
On tears I do not choke;
My heart is black.

The warriors do not know;
'Else they'd not be so bold;
Onward and onward they go;
My heart is cold.

The monster's feast on the warriors meat;
None will be left come dawn;
They've never tasted defeat;
My heart is gone.

The sun softens the sky;
The monsters are well fed;
I wave goodbye;
My heart is dead.