

I sit in trenches struck with shame and fear.

My pulse is racing, stomachs start to churn,

As we await the end that's coming near.

I watch the souls of fellow comrades burn.

As I am lying in this empty hole,

I wonder why I choose to come and fight.

I fear I've lost the nature of my soul,

While standing on the battlefield each night.

I feel as if I'm in an endless maze,

Where I discover something at each bend.

All around me seemed as if a haze,

Each side, it brings me closer to my end.

Although this pain and dread is all my fault,

My home is naught until the war will halt.