

Broken Warrior

With salacious thirst I devour drink,
No will to cease or mind to think,
Regarding bottles born of glass,
As golden prize of greatest class,

And so I sink in profane mirth,
Doubting truth and sense and worth,
Seeking mindless loss of touch,
To smash my injured heart as much,

Til at the hour morning breaks,
When ordinary man awakes,
I stumble on in altered bliss,
Deeper sunk into abyss,

And somewhere further down I fall,
When slumber overcomes it all,
Of ghastly memories finally free,
My battered senses cannot see,

Hours go by, my body stirs,
My muscles ache, vision blurs,
Worst of all my fears rush in,
To Hell I'm ushered once again,

Battles won and brothers lost,
Senseless gains at supreme cost,
Sounds of terror fill my ears,
I can't escape the welling tears,

I rise once more, a drink I seek,
Again to make the monsters weak,
Break the vicious chains at last,
Discard those bonds of memories past.