

Red Sector A

Rush

All that we can do is just survive
All that we can do to help ourselves is stay alive
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Ragged lines of ragged grey
Skeletons, they shuffle away
Shouting guards and smoking guns
Will cut down the unlucky ones
I clutch the wire fence until my fingers bleed
A wound that will not heal
A heart that cannot feel
Hoping that the horror will recede
Hoping that tomorrow we'll all be freed
Sickness to insanity
Prayer to profanity
Days and weeks and months go by
Don't feel the hunger, too weak to cry
I hear the sound of gunfire at the prison gate
Are the liberators here
Do I hope or do I fear?
For my father and my brother, it's too late
But I must help my mother stand up straight
Are we the last ones left alive?
Are we the only human beings to survive?
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