

## The Horror of a Fool

A child walking through His country's streets,

A song of Nation in his breast,

Did walk through Hell's Bloody Red gates.

A Patriot bound and sworn.

A child walking through the Army Training Camp's gates,

An ill-fitting face now worn.

A knife in his belt, a badge on his breast,

His country he shall serve.

A Soldier walking through the Death Camp's gates.

A Private's badge now worn.

The words on the gate his life's great mantra,

"Work Makes One Free".

A Fool meets the smoking locomotive,  
outside the Death Camp's gates.

He corrals the prisoners and separates families,  
Never to be seen again.

A fool does his duty behind the Death Camp Gates.

That which he was ordered to do.  
He danced with Lucifer's hooves,  
On a ballroom of countless tombs.

A fool watches his country fall.

The Roses cause now achieved.

He burns the signs of his sins,  
almost as if God needs eyes.

A Monster walks through Hell's gates once again.

His own gun the path.

Repeating, repeating the very same words,  
I was just following orders.