

## Sick

After the triumph and the defeat  
We embedded ourselves deep  
In the system that remained.

From the headquarters of the high command  
We launched our attacks  
    on the scattered remnants of the good.  
One by one their citadels fell.

Some cried for peace, and were shot.  
Others we transported by cattle trucks  
To dig their own graves  
And build concentration camps  
To gas and mutilate  
In celebration  
    of joyous genocide.