

## A Soldier's Prayer

The hounds of hell surround me as the day gives way to night;  
A blood red fire burns in the darkness and it devours all that's light.  
Death's mantle cancels out the sun and my sight begins to fade  
But I can hear the devil's legions marching and I become afraid.

With hands of ice and steel I feel the grip of fear take hold,  
And I know that when the morning comes they'll find my body cold,  
But through the panic in my mind a single thought begins to form,  
And it spreads throughout my veins, like liquid fire it keeps me warm.

That when the enemy arrives I will stay strong and stand my ground,  
For come what may in this deadly fray, by honor I am bound,  
And though my sins are grave and many; their memory cuts me to the bone,  
For them, through suffering and death, I might in part atone.

So I will make this final stand, and with courage face this test,  
In the hope that by this crucible my troubled soul finds rest,  
And so I beg you, Father, hear me as I keep vigil in this hole,  
Spend your wrath upon my body, but have mercy on my soul.