Fear,
washing over them
as the currents of the ocean.
as they realized their grim fate.

Hate,
seeing the smiling face of their executioner.

Fear,
washing over them
as the currents of the ocean.
as they realized their grim fate.

Pain,
the heat of the explosions,
like the scorching rays of the sun.

Fear,
washing over them
as the currents of the ocean.
as they realized their grim fate.

Calm,
as they accepted their end,
the white light coming over them,
and turned to darkness.