

## The Snow Fell Thickly

An icy wind  
cut us like a whip.  
Our throats parched,  
skeletons of men  
marched.  
A gray glimmer of light,  
the shadows awoke  
skin and bones  
with  
dead eyes.

The  
    snow  
        fell  
            thickly.

Famished,  
breathless,  
tormented with hunger.  
Voices damp  
with  
tears and snow,  
like beasts to the slaughter,  
marched on.  
Deadened spirits,  
decaying memories.

The  
    snow  
        fell  
            thickly.

Eyes filled  
with  
hatred  
gazed coldly.  
Death wrapped itself around  
the corpses,  
marched  
as

The  
    snow  
        fell  
            thickly.

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