

Lamentations

Ares Kingdom

Few know the true lined face of mars
To charge across the desolation
Bayonets fixed for close quarter...
Sawbacks gleam red perspiration
Who among us would dare...
Dare to walk the killing fields?
The heather that drank the blood of our fathers
And bled from trenches... slashed...

By what authority are we granted peace?
Over dead bodies of the more worthy
More worthy than we
Like the moth, we serve the light blindly
Ever colliding with another servant
Capitulation, resignation

The rot seeps everywhere
Unstemmed tide of ruin
Entropy gathers and engulfs instead

Few know the true lined face of mars
But the lessons of the learned
Drawn from killing and burning fields
Offer a tourniquet to staunch the flow
But we'd rather stand and bleat
Flashes of the storm our only light

Perhaps it's time to burn again