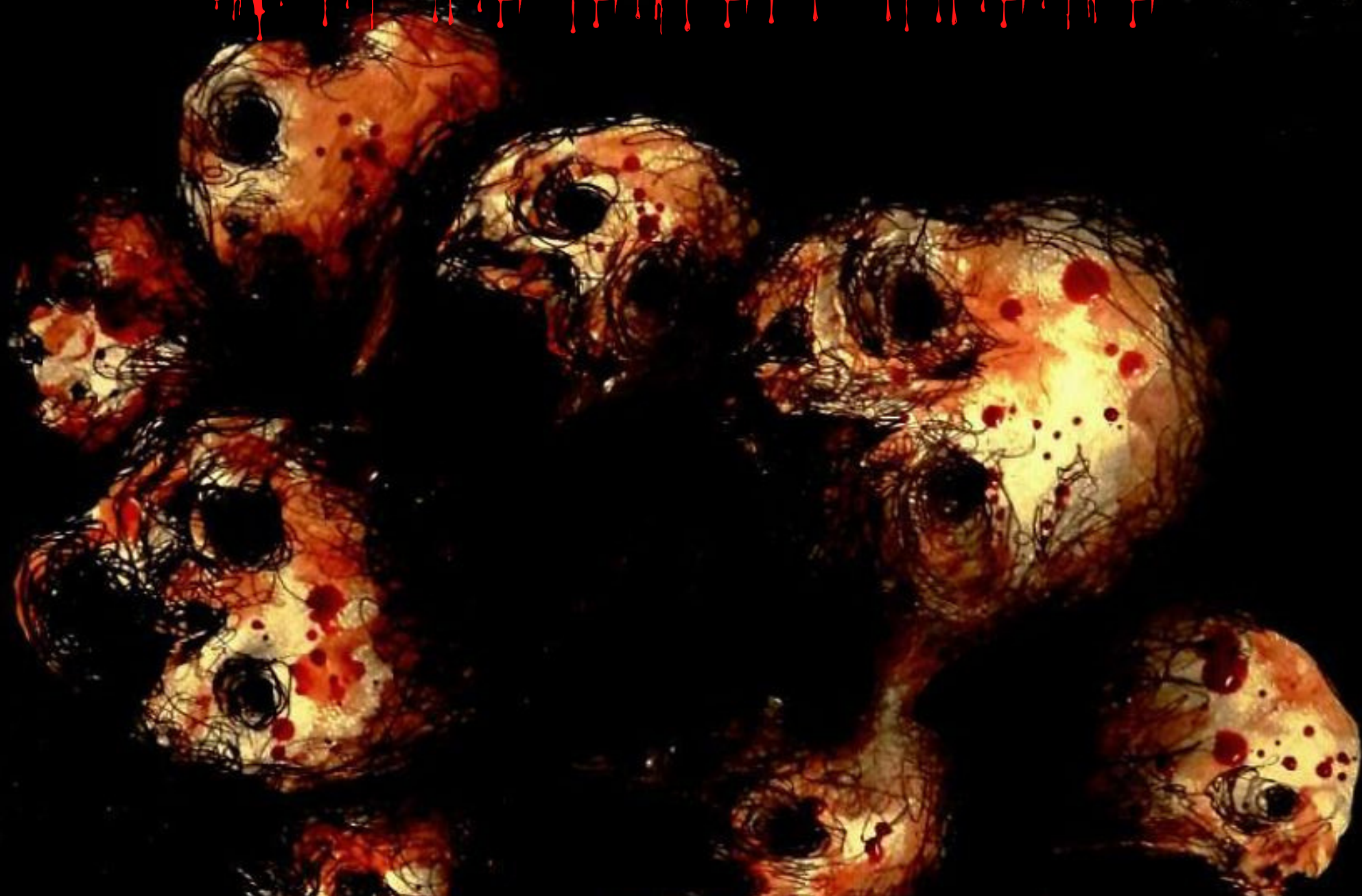


A Ballad of Atrocities!



The Brooks of blood've flown
down the walls of dead silence
The mountains of skulls frown
upon the leaders sithence.

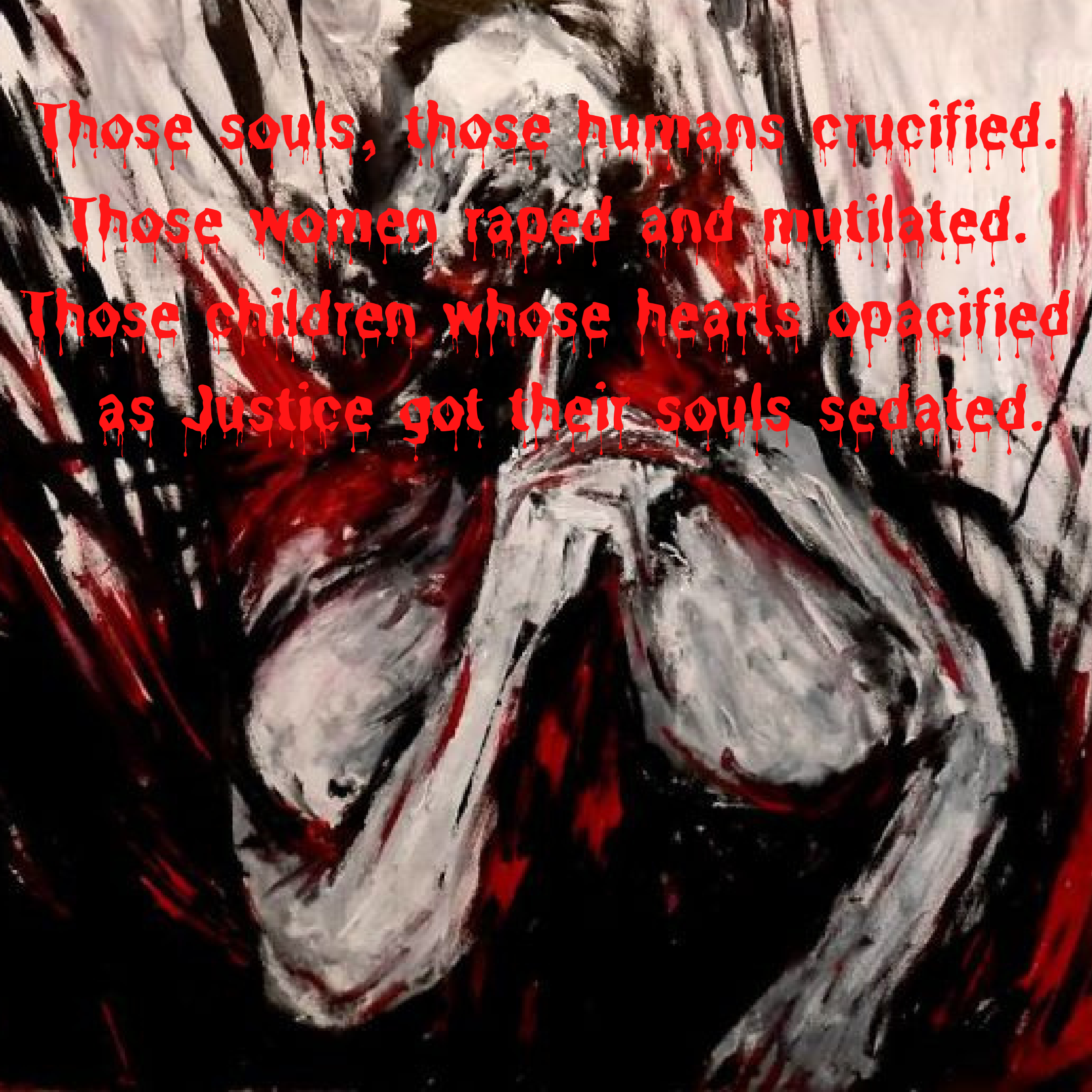


Every broken skull questions
'What doth humans gain
from History?' Blood, death glistens
In a tale of astounding Horrors and Pain



Every Victor demanded trophy
of the innocents to satiate
his hunger for power to posey
the atrocities to somehow deviate





Those souls, those humans crucified.
Those women raped and mutilated.
Those children whose hearts opacified
as Justice got their souls sedated.



Those corpses ,that were once alive,
demand a retribution requisite.
Disparity! Thy name wilt revive
to get associat'd with the Ruling Elite.



**No tangible justice is served
unless victims are given justice'd.
! Get thyself nerved
for thou wilt again be sacrificed!**



**Ye the Champions of Humanity!
Thou wert also an accomplice.
Thou wilt have to desert vanity
and let humanity get thou entice.**