**Cold Steele**

*May 8, 2013*

Cold Steele.

Dawn breaks say through the Fog of Hate Thy fellow men appear.

Pagan or race color creed what bear no Grace for

Thy own dear Church or Bourne.

Nor care of near embrace those given mortal codes and fears

Thy own King and Kin hold dear.

So by such the Bonds Love and Union of Man are Torne.

Across the fields of death dead brothers await though

Know not yet they be dead.

Until thy offer up in Righteous wrath and charge

Swift thrust gift of Cold Steele.

Which Command has so ordered ordained and

Decreed will serve as fine instead.

To kill as well as precious gas or bombs or lead.

Yet therein fly Lies in fatal ointment of War and call of Morte.

For as One so speeds in deadly rush and taste of

Saber stab of bayonet pierce heart lung or throat with mortal blow.

Score for Thy Church Nation King another hollow Triumph of Bloodsport.

When combat be such as face to face one so beholds thy foe.

Thy doth perceive in Fog of Hate and Death Thy meet not a Dark Wicked

Baseless Being Scouge of Earth Faith Man nor

Comrade of the Devil so encribed on Evils Rolls.

As Thy own Elders and High Priest may Deigh thy believe.

But rather just as Thee fodder for their conquest greed might and power.

A brother sister with Thee of the Mystic Cosmic Soul.