**Dungeons Dark Gates**

*April 14, 2013*

Pray may that be the boot at the door once more.

Might we heed the call in the night.

Of the warders who seek their prey as before.

Alas the dread quandary and plight.

Of we Freemen who live in cages and chains.

Forged with the wrath of the law.

Decrees of the King what decree ordain and deign.

To command what we do.

What we think. Who we are.

How we speak. Smoke.

Drink. Eat. Read. See. Love. Hate.

No hearth garden farm shop store without tight fist of the tax.

Still they want more.

No Tribute nor Tythe serve to sate.

Such hunger or lust for blood spoils of the poor.

Cruel hand of the Iron Fist of Fate.

No say Thee no guns may comfort thy side.

Nor Thy dare to Muster or Marshall Militia or Friend.

To stand together as One.

Nor will they forebear or abide.

Call for Peace. All Foreign Wars End.

Yea the Camps now await.

With the Towers Walls Dogs Bars Gas and Wire.

More sheep human cattle to fill trains.

To deliver their meek captives to Chambers Dungeon Dark Gates.