**Take the Hill**

*November 12, 2013*

Command Comes Down From High At Night.

We Take The Hill At Break Of Day.

At Dawn. Pass It On.

Ten Thousand Dead at Morning Light.

No Need To Hope Or Pray.

For War God Plays No Favorites.

When Time Has Come To Die.

Cares Not For Youth Or Innocence.

Nor Grants Quarter To Mere Mortal Fear.

Heed Mercies Sigh. Plea.

Or Mournful Cry.

Perchance Our Ten Thousand Dead Will Fall.

Not In Vain Defeat.

We Kill Thrice That Of Faceless Foe.

Ah Victory Sounds So.

Precious. Sweet.

When King. Ministers. Generals.

Need Never Know.

Taste Of Lead. Gas. Cold Steel.

Or Meet. The Reaper As He Smiles And Calls.

One Neath Clod. Blood Red Grass.

Torn Earth What Holds Thy Eternal Bed and Narrow Room.

Say Should Indeed.

Ten Thousand Dead.

Not Take The Hill.

No Need. To Fret. Or Cede. Not Yet.

Call Another Thousand Score or More.

To Meet Their Fate.

They Too Can Pass.

Deaths Glory Gate.

Mere Fodder For.

Hungry Wheel of War.

When Fable Of Grand Victory.

Be Scribed In Blood.

With Quill of Death.

In Ledgers Of The Fallen Heroes.

Tales Of Such Battles So Bravely Fought.

Neat Endless Rows Of Headstones So Dearly Bought.

Chiseled With Hollow Praises Carved And Wrote.

Of No Import Or Note.

They Passed So Young.

So Soon.

Take The Hill. At Dawn.

Ask Not Why. No Question. Pass It On.

Command Comes Down From High.

Neath A Blood Red Moon.