**War’s Defeat**

*May 8, 2013*

It came in tonight on the Telegraph.

Looks like the War is won.

Though most of our Sons now dance with Death.

The Hour of Triumph and Victory is Ours.

We have them conquered on the run.

For we have killed for each of our own dead.

At least at three to one.

We threw in women and children so it is said.

Nor matter. Rejoice.

Their Defeat. Total. Complete.

We have overcome.

Our reign and creed secure and pure.

Our destiny begun.

Now what pray will become.

Of those our bombs gas and bayonets.

Nere reached.

Escaped our guns.

No worry we just have not killed them yet.

We will before another Sun.

Such Blood Score Glory Gore of Righteousness.

Such raw proof we were so right.

How else to Cyper Toll of Killing Fields.

Face Merciless Carnage war doth yield.

Horror so better so concealed.

By Flag Crown Pulpit who praise and bless.

Such slaughter of pawns poor serfs and innocents

No more nor less Than farthings fodder chaff well spent

In just pursuit of manifest and holy quest

A shield from infidels and pagans who would loot defile crush our very

Gods Peace and Way of Life.

But for they feel our hand and wrath.

They as Our Spawn Clash and die alone on a Warriors Path.

We smite them with no heed of their own suffering.

Or our own flesh and blood who fall prey to Reapers call and fade into eternal night. Why care for Souls so lost no more to Breath the Air live see think know the light.

They serve as well that we may tell of how

They served as ordained to save our dogma tenets of

Our race and cannons of our faith with their just and fatal sacrifice.