**Righteous Hand**

*June 22, 2014*

When Fair Children Of The Cannon.

Lie Down To Holy War Gift Of Stygian Rest.

As Drone Strikes Rain With No Quarter Nor Heed Of Who Or Why.

Crush Terrorists So Decreed Alike With Blow To babes A Suckle At Their Mothers Breasts

We Cheer. Care Not That Too The Aged. Infirm. Innocent.

So Suffer Same. So Die.

Therin Lyes The Lie.

As From The First Strike Of Chief Despot Or King All Those Have Known Such Wrath.

From Out The Cave.

Crusade. Gettysburg. Boer War. Wounded Knee. Dresden. Hiroshima. Iraq Afghanistan

For All Time.

From All Mankind.

Mans Raw Inhumanity For Fellow Man.

The Righteous Hand. Sword. Rod. What Smites Such Cursed Foes Of Church. Crown. Flag. Race.

Infidels Pagans Who Dare. Deign. To Walk. Believe. A Sacra-religious Path.

Such Joy Of Carnage. Rare Ecstasy Of Victory.

To Kill So Well. With Style Ease and Grace.

For As We Master Heavens To Cast. Spawn.

Such Silent Hail Of Death.

With Mere Wish Command.

Monitor. Light Button Touch.

From Ten Thousand Leagues.

Cross Seas.

Round Globe In Sterile Towers.

Divorced. Safe. Secure. No Need To Hear Shreiks Moans Screams Of Such Innocents.

Nor Behold Anguished Face.

We Touch With Fiery Horro.

Y With No Mercy Nor Note Of Just. We Crush.

From Out Of The Fickle Night. Strike. Smite.

With Our Fearsome Power.

So Consigned To Cry Why.

With Final Breath.

Why Must We Die.

Why Now. Why Here. This Place.

This Day. Moment. This Witching Hour.

Ah Darkly Reply.

The Reaper Sings.

The Answer Rings.

As For All Time It Has And Will.

We Are Right.

You Are Wrong.

All Thee Who Ne’er Belong. To Our Creed.

Faith. Race. Flag. Empire. Instill.

The Very Terror In Our Hearts Souls Minds Of Our Own Selves.

So We Must Conquer. Ravish. Vanquish. Erase. Annhilate. Obliterate.

With Myopic Righteousness.

So Soothe. Dispel.

Reality Of Our Own Mortal Flawed Being And State.

With Blind Mantle Of Our Perfect Craft.

Preserve Our Mirage. Peace Of Self.

So Self Ordained.

Kill. Kill. Kill.