**DEVINE**

Who Will Dig The Soldiers Graves.

When All The Boys Be Dead.

Where Lies Last Corpse Of Hallowed Brave.

As Fields Run Full Wet Red.

With Blood Hot Spilled From Torn Hearts.

Mangled Limbs.

Pierced Breasts.

Shot Through Chest.

Shell Blasted Face.

Brain Empty Heads.

So What. So What.

Why Care. Why Care.

Flag Still In Glory Waves.

One True Pontiff Rules.

As Death Winds Blow.

Mort Storm Rains.

Poor Innocent.

Multitudes.

Woman. Child.

Be So Consigned.

To Stygian Narrow Clay Room.

Clod Root Worm Fashioned Cold Gelid Bed.

Crown. Church.

Throne. Pulpit.

Heed Not.

Such Carnage.

Senseless Sacrifice.

Nor Populace Dare.

Question Why.

Nor Where.

The Answer Lies.

Pourquoi.

From Out Such War

Plague.

Of Dark Riders.

De Kill Crazed Night.

They Be Such Sheep.

So Shorn Of Life.

Such Horror Be.

Decreed. Justified.

Only Good Young Must Die.

For Deity. King.

Be All Wise.

Righteous.

By Edict.

Be Omnipotent.

All Knowing.

Supreme.

By Devine Right.

E'er.

O'er.

Humanity.

Be Deigned.

So Reign.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 12/23/15.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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