**MIRAGE DE RIGHTEOUS VICTORY.**

Say But Well Nigh De Seven Thousand Suns.

I Know Sol Dawn Rise Dusk Set.

They Say My Time Hath Come.

Though I Still Be.

Mere Budding Youth.

Bare Eighteen Tender Years.

N'er Quite. Mere Verge. Nor Yet.

A Man.

They Say My Killing Time Is Near.

This Fateful Day.

Say Off To Devout Faithful.

Temple Flag Blessed Holy War.

To Fight. Slay.

My Twin Mortal Brethren.

In Far Off Infidel.

Non Believer.

Foreign Lands.

My Own Pere Mere Brothers Sisters.

Shed Sad Rain.

Of Sorrow Mournful Tears.

As Ships Trains Planes.

Carry We Cannon Fodder To The Maw.

To Feed Church King Hungry War Machine.

So Doomed Say I.

Say One And All.

Perchance Perhaps.

Say Still Wraith Ghost Mirage De Righteous Victory.

May So Appear.

As Right Might Crown Pulpit.

March In Our Path.

As Dark Grim Reaper Once More Chortles.

Tabs. Totals. Scores. Demented Heedless Mindless Needless.

Dead With Dark Cruel.

Cold Satanic Laugh.

Say Should More Youth Women Babes Die Than We.

Fall To Our Ordained Wrath.

Say Pray How Else One Tally.

Such Crazed Manical. Senseless Ledger.

Of War Spoils.

But Sum De Death Maimed Minds Flesh. Blinded Eyes. Shattered Arms Legs.

Body Count Of Fellow Enemy.

What With Raw Carnage Slaughter Exceeds.

Unfathomable Horror. Of Such Sacrifice.

Of Precious Life.

Of Youth.

As I. Thee.

On Crusade Campaign

De Mendacity.

To Far Off Crown Church Domain Avarice.

Driven Conquer.

De Distant Shores.

Pray Say That Though We Die.

We Have Killed Far More.

What Else Our Tragic Mort Offering Of Self.

Be For.

As So Avec All Myopic Mad War.

Conquest. Killing Days Of Yore.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 9/3/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

*Copyright C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*