

# Lamentations

Ares Kingdom

Few know the true lined face of mars  
To charge across the desolation  
Bayonets fixed for close quarter...  
Sawbacks gleam red perspiration  
Who among us would dare...  
Dare to walk the killing fields?  
The heather that drank the blood of our fathers  
And bled from trenches... slashed...

By what authority are we granted peace?  
Over dead bodies of the more worthy  
More worthy than we  
Like the moth, we serve the light blindly  
Ever colliding with another servant  
Capitulation, resignation

The rot seeps everywhere  
Unstemmed tide of ruin  
Entropy gathers and engulfs instead

Few know the true lined face of mars  
But the lessons of the learned  
Drawn from killing and burning fields  
Offer a tourniquet to staunch the flow  
But we'd rather stand and bleat  
Flashes of the storm our only light

Perhaps it's time to burn again