

Sprinkled by the trappings
of words that make the outlines
Blur on the showplace of made history
The folk is willed
to parrot the dishes up tale
The lure of a higher meaning

cheat to had to create
an enemy stereotype
to receive your absolution
A frothy poor excuse for your foray
to disengage from deeps
of your encumbrance

Behold
All our gods
Thousandfold
Bereave me
declined
thruths ensign
forever mine
Bereave me

March in with ten legions
Whilst the crucial weapons not the pillum
but the feather held in your hand
penned in blood
your tall-tales rule the forum
Altering it into the battlefield

I, the spectral guise
evoking these barring fears
pestering your conscript fathers
i smile at my demise and while i die
I cherish the roots of my persereverence

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