

## **Kakistocracy "Whispers"**

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When the flags have all been folded and the fools parade has ceased, and the images of fiery death have numbed all our sorrows. When the well of poisoned ideas begins to run dry, your idiocy will be proven accurate in one unfortunate phrase: "These colors will not run." The bombs will continue to drop and the death toll will rise and the unheard cries of the unknown victims will remain as whispers spoken into and untamed wind. Not so long as the empire looms overhead and the shadow of doom is cast upon countless people in a host of countless nations. "These colors will not run." These colors will continue to expand their borders, claim new territories, and create new orders until god has given his blessing and the globe spins from it's axis of power and the world bears grimly a uniform stained the three sole colors of Red, White, and Blue.

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