

Kingston Falls

"Curse of Might"

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Would you believe the prophet who comes in the name
of change?
Hell-bent and deranged, your logic is estranged.
The Burning Legion threatens peace.
Who do you trust? Who do you believe?
When granted zero reprieve, what would you achieve?

A zeitgeist pertinent to you,
your generation's pop vernacular becomes so
spectacular
and keeps you coming back to her for protection no
matter the cost.
Temporarily suspending hate, imminent truce to relate,
a blending of traits.

Convince the entire Horde and penetrate hearts of the
Alliance.
No more self reliance. United in defiance!

If we must fight, we need every fist to strike.
We need the gentle cover of night to win.
If we must breathe, we need every heart to bleed
to inoculate disease and let new life begin.

Name your God. Don't be ashamed.
After all, you lived this way.

The beast of the free dispenses his decree: "Women
and children first!".
They rotted into earth. Everyone would die. The glory of
war a lie.
Screams then turned to moans, broken burning bones.
Erie calm of death marked by pungent stench

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