

Withered Earth

"A Violent September Moon"

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Today I found the real reason we fight.
I shine my gun before we deploy.
The sky glow above me while the
ground shakes below.
The moon in fullness guide us tonight.
I am paralyzed by its yellowish stare.
Lined for about a mile the Steeds approach.
Thier hooves pound across our land.
Restless... My mind must focus on the enemy.
My weapon gleams in the melancholy light.

The horizons emit a brimstone glow.
It lights the Dark Cold Night.

Riders clad in black with leather mail.
Horse's eyes red and smoke funnel's from
thier muzzles.
The trees melt away as they come.

WE HATE
Entrenched the fire destroys the enemy.
Blasts slam the earth.
The snow falls.
Over-run, I lay on the ground until the
view leaves my eyes.

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