

Prussian Blue

"The Snow Fell"

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He sat in a room in a square the color of blood. He'd rule the whole world if there was a way that he could. He'd sit and he'd stare at the minarets on top of the towers, for he was the Beast as he hatched his new plan to gain power.

And the snow fell, covering the Dreams and Ideals. And the snow fell, freezing the Blood and the wheels. And the snow fell, they had to keep warm for survival. And the snow fell, and defeated the Beast's only rivals.

They took the old roads that Napoleon had taken before. They fought as the forces of Light against the Darkness in a Holy War. One day they were looking out on the sun shining on the cornflowers. The next day they were freezing to death in the snow and the ice cold showers.

Then came the deadly roads back in the steps of their retreat. The cold racked their bodies, but worse was the pain of defeat. Many people who had hailed them once now turned and walked away, for these people now knew that the Beast was on his way. You finally came back to the borders of our Fatherland. Now enemies came, traitors everywhere at hand. Many people who had fought and died knowing that they had to win. And still it sickens my heart to see a picture of the red flag in Berlin.

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