

## Julia Ecklar

### "Terminus Est"

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The shadow hovers o'er us, old and long,  
It's power fuligin and vast.  
Tradition slithers 'round us,  
Like serpent's coils it's bound us,  
Bound us to the shadow of the torturer's mask.

An ancient place the one I have and hold,  
An ancient lesson I do learn.  
Our job to slay the people,  
Our place to do the evil.  
"Pity the poor prisoners, may the torturers burn!"

We must not sway beneath our heinous work;  
Compassion is the greatest crime.  
I take one life in kindness,  
They damn me for my blindness  
And I'll bear that stigma 'till the end of my time.

Her memories haunt me when I'm most alone;  
No longer can I see the right.  
Unwilling penance claws me,  
Conciliation draws me  
Into my grim future, into Urth's blackest night.

The sword of this sad lictor of uncounted deaths can  
tell.  
Her blade marks the division between living death and  
Hell.

So as I journey toward a hated post,  
Despair is in her finest hour.  
Upon God's path must I tread,  
My fate to make and raise dead,  
Wielding like a sword an old and Urth-saving power.

If I but knew the use of what I've learned  
Some hope might override my strife.  
Can death be so appalling?  
Humanity is calling  
Me to be their Savior at the risk of my life,

While I must sow the Death from which a new sun must  
rise.

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