Battle of San Korinar Poetry Week 2

by Macron Sadow 4856

Purpose

Our wrath is ageless

An executioner’s blade

We have true purpose

‘Tis for destruction that we were made

To sally forth and slay the foe

Destroy life, hearth, and home

Eliminate the weak, blow by blow

And drink sweet marrow from ruptured bone

We act together, a destroying force

An exploding heartless sun

To rend planets in their course

My brethren and I all are one

We wait to wrap our fists around their necks

With hot, lustful, bated breath

Now crush life from worthless specks

Our purpose is naught but Death.