A Poem for the Fallen

Those we lost in conflict,
Those friends we had made.
Those fallen before us,
At the hands of an evil Crusade.

Those voices we cannot hear no more,
Those faces we'll never see.
Those who tortured their souls,
Overthrown by other's victory.

Those who fought so very hard,
Those who fought so very long.
Those gone, but never forgotten,
Sing loud, so they can hear their song.

Those we come together for,
Those we unite to mourn.
Those who once held us together,
From us were brutally torn.

Those who were like our family,
Those who were like our brothers.
Those who we valued dearly,
Are merely few of many others.

Those we will miss terribly,
Those we think about each day.
For our tomorrow,
They gave their today.

Lest we forget